

November 25, 1959

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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NOVEMBER 25, 1959

Vol. 27, No. 23

Our cover

• The charming mother-and-daughter or big-and-little-sister summer separates on our cover team skirts of gingham—the season's favorite fabric—with lace-trimmed blouses. Patterns are available. Details and how to order, page 47. For more gay young gingham fashions to make, see Teenagers' Weekly, pages 8 and 9.

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Teenagers' Weekly, 16-page pull-out, featuring Here's Your Answer, page 10, Listen Here, page 12, and Teena, page 14.

THE WEEKLY ROUND

• An Australian accent is a disadvantage in the Hollywood film world, said Victoria Shaw, the former Sydney model Jeanette Elphick (color pictures, story, pages 8 to 10).

"WITH an Australian accent, you get typed in British and 'foreign' parts," she said.

"In the new film I am doing with Curt Jurgens I speak with a German accent."

One of the reasons Victoria did not make any films for so long after her first film, "The Eddy Duchin Story," was that she turned down two offers.

"They wanted me to do two films in England which would have fitted in with my accent," she said. "That meant being away from my husband, Roger, and the children for about three months."

"I refused and I didn't care if the studio suspended me. I hate the thought of being six weeks in Germany for my new film, but that's not quite as long."

When Sydney model Jan Carmody visited Hollywood recently Victoria took her to see the talent head of her studio.

"He thought Jan could do well in films if she could get rid of her Australian accent," said Victoria.

STAFF member Betty Nesbit and staff photographer Keith Barlow spent three hours trying to keep two Siamese cats and 10 kittens still long enough to photograph them.

The cats are owned by author Barbara Jefferis (pictures and story, pages 28, 29), who lives at Gordon, N.S.W.

Betty said: "As soon as we would get the cats and kittens posed, one would hop up and the others would follow. We'd have to run and collect them and start again."

"Keith gave me the job of standing behind him and being 'noises off stage' to attract their attention and make them look at the camera."

"I whistled, hooted, and sang until I was hoarse."

This is the second time Keith has had trouble photographing Siamese cats.

Trying to get a color picture for a cover, two cats refused to come anywhere near him. They disliked men.

Hours later the owner finally got them into a tree while Keith hid in some bushes waiting for the right moment to take the photograph.

NEXT WEEK

• Charming ways to make Christmas in your home this year the most attractive ever are featured in nine pages in our next issue. Superb illustrations show decorations, cookies, sweets, and party favors to prepare for your own family or as gifts for others.



PARADING to the beach are (front to rear) June O'Connor, Adele Apte, Jan Huckstep, Kathy Fraser, Lilian Renard. Story and pictures by Robert Feldman.

The heat's off **ON FIRE ISLAND**

● Six bachelor girls from Australia and New Zealand have just spent summer on the liveliest sandbar in the world — Fire Island, 50 miles east of New York in the foggy shipping lane to Europe.

ACCESSIBLE only by a daytime ferry and primitive by New York standards, the island offers the girls a place to forget the sophisticated, high-pressure world they inhabit during the week.

They share a house, spending weekends and the odd fortnight's holiday amid the shifting sands. Their nondescript shack, hired at an outrageous rental for 14 weeks, sits in a nameless street and bears no number. Strangers find them simply by asking for "the Aussie house."

The two "senior" girls (this is their third successive season on Fire Island) are Patricia Bell, 24, of Mascot, N.S.W., and Lilian Renard, 30, of North Caulfield, Vic.

The other girls are Jan Huckstep, 28, of Auckland, N.Z., Kathy Fraser, 27, Adele Apte, 27, of Bellevue Hill, N.S.W., and June O'Connor, 26, of Bondi Junction, N.S.W. They all work in New York.

Though Fire Island is spotted with the rich and the famous, little snobism exists.

Author Herman Wouk, who lives like a recluse in Manhattan in winter, warmly greeted the Australian girls when they called at his weatherboard beachfront home.

His second best-selling novel, "Marjorie Morningstar," was written on Fire Island.

The rules at "the Aussie house" are tight: No men, except in the lounge-room. No overnight guests. Each girl brings and cooks her own food and washes-up. Social drinking only—and no sand in the bath.

The best thing about Fire Island is that it is a great leveller. "Nobody can be a successful snob in swim-trunks," Kathy Fraser told me.

LILIAN AND PATTY BELL (right) play beach games with two friends on the island.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 25, 1959

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AUSTRALIAN COTTON TEXTILE INDUSTRIES LIMITED



● Gowned Latvian soprano Olga Pijols on the stage of the N.S.W. Conservatorium, in Sydney, at a special concert she gave for her mother. The songs were sung in Latvian, and during the first half of the concert they were all about "Mother."

By
HELEN FRIZELL,
staff reporter

MOTHER'S DAY came in November for tiny 80-year-old Latvian Mrs. Berta Skudra when she sat in the front row of Sydney's Conservatorium listening to a concert.

Mrs. Skudra, wearing a new navy-blue silk dress with amber beads and brooch, was holding a bunch of roses. For this was not just any concert. It was a concert being given especially for her.

On the stage the soprano Olga Pijols, sang: "Your life was hard when I was small. Now I am grown and strong my heart has been tempered, and I am ready to meet life's hardships."

Sixteen years of separation had passed since Mrs. Skudra last heard her daughter, Olga Pijols, sing.

And now Olga was fulfilling a vow made long ago.

She had promised herself that if ever she managed to bring her mother from long-Curtain-bound Latvia, she would hire the Conservatorium and sing the old songs Mrs. Skudra loved.

Hardship over

This was the night for which both had waited. The years of hardship were over.

Olga, then in her twenties, a graduate of Riga's Academy of Music, was giving a recital on the night when battle broke out between invading German forces and the Russians, who had occupied Latvia in 1940.

In the confusion that followed among the civilian population, Olga became separated from her widowed mother.

The war took Olga west into Germany. After the war



● Lemons and oranges grow in the Pennant Hills, N.S.W., garden of the Pijols' home. Olga's mother (left) had never seen them growing until she came to Australia. Because of a song, they had a special significance for her.

A MOTHER'S DREAM COMES TRUE

... in the land
where the
lemon trees
are blooming

she was in a displaced persons' camp, where she met her husband, Konrad Pijols. They married after landing in Australia in September, 1948.

For two years the Pijols worked for the Australian Government. Then Konrad began paying off a block of land at Pennant Hills, N.S.W.

From timber car crates (cost £60) he built a tiny house — into which he managed to squeeze a piano for Olga.

Then, as Konrad established himself as a builder and bricklayer, he and Olga began work on the 12-square house which now stands on their land.

In one day Olga trundled more than 700 bricks.

As room by room was built, painted, and furnished, one was left empty — for Mrs. Skudra.

Visa worry

The search for Olga's mother took several years. She was finally contacted with the aid of the Red Cross.

Then came the technicalities and the worries. Would the Russians, who again occupied Latvia, grant Mrs. Skudra a visa?

Left alone after the war, Mrs. Skudra had been ousted from her flat and lived in one room. She supported herself by growing vegetables, flowers, and berries, which she sold at market.

Later, a small pension and warm clothes sent from Australia by Olga and Konrad helped.

But it took more than three years to get Mrs. Skudra to Australia.

Once she had learned that her mother was alive, Mrs. Olga Pijols applied to the De-

partment of Immigration for permission to bring her to Australia.

When this was granted, she approached the Red Cross and the World Council of Churches.

The Welfare Division of the Red Cross sent papers to their Geneva headquarters, which contacted the British Embassy, the Russian Red Cross, and the Red Crescent Society of the U.S.S.R. in Latvia.

At last came the clearance. Mrs. Skudra travelled by train to Moscow and flew from there to Frankfurt, Brussels, and on to Sydney.

The World Council of Churches made all travel arrangements, provided money for the fare (which Mrs. Pijols will repay), and had representatives meet Mrs. Skudra at each point of the journey.

Not sure whether Olga would recognise her, Mrs. Skudra had written to say that she would be wearing a blue scarf for identification.

"But I would have known my Mummy anywhere," said Olga Pijols. "Those minutes waiting for her to come through Customs seemed longer than all the sixteen years."

Special room

Home at Pennant Hills they talked until three in the morning before Mrs. Skudra went to her bedroom, furnished specially in Latvian style, though the rest of the home follows the Australian pattern.

Windows facing north-east are bordered by folk-weave curtains. Natural wood beams stripe the ceiling, matching the carved wood chandelier which hangs in the centre of the room.

A reading-light and row of



● Eighty-year-old Berta Skudra, newly arrived from Latvia, shows her happiness during the concert. Many Latvian migrants were among the audience, and usherettes wore Latvian costumes.

shelves are behind the divan-bed, where Olga Pijols has placed small cushions, hand-woven and embroidered in traditional cross-stitch patterns.

(For a certain type of weaving, Olga has won a first prize at Sydney's Royal Easter Show.)

Today mother and daughter are picking up the threads again — literally as well as figuratively. Mrs. Skudra brought from Latvia needlework which Olga had left unfinished 16 years ago.

But Olga cannot concentrate on her sewing for long.

She can hardly bear to take her eyes off her mother, whom she impulsively hugs and kisses as they pass in hall or room.

New range

Mrs. Skudra is settling in. Instead of cooking on a kerosene stove as she did in Latvia, she is making goulash and soup on a modern range. And she is eating the foods she likes — particularly cream cheese thickly spread on biscuits.

She has met the neighbors and their children.

"Lovely, healthy children,"

she said, in translation. "In Latvia we were told only bad things about Australia. Men had no work, and the children were starving. Before I left a friend said to me, 'Aren't you afraid to go?'"

"I was, rather, for we believed what we had been told, but now I am here I know it is not true."

Sixteen years ago in Latvia Mrs. Skudra heard Olga's voice for the last time in a verse from the opera "Mug-non."

If you know the land where the lemon trees are blooming,

And where the golden fruit is ripening in the shadows of the trees.

There are blue skies and soft breezes,

And all the nicest flowers are blooming there,

Which the Lord is giving us. I wish to be there with you.

Only with you."

This in the song is a dream-land. For Mrs. Skudra it is Australia. For she walks in her garden picking lemons and oranges, fruits which she had never seen growing before, and practises her one English phrase, "Thank you. Thank you."

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HOLLYWOOD

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Meet J. B. Priestley...

AUSTRALIA "HIS KIND OF PLACE"

By BARBARA WALLIS,
Staff reporter

● Famous English author, playwright, and essayist John Boynton Priestley sprawled bulkily in his hotel armchair behind a smokescreen from his ever-present pipe and announced amiably: "I like Australia . . . I like the people . . . the democracy. It's my kind of place."

A FEW minutes before he had sat up suddenly waving his arms in indignation when I asked if he'd seen any Australian theatre.

"Theatre!" he snorted with a dragon-like burst of smoke. "I haven't time to shave, let alone go to the theatre. They work me fourteen hours a day. I'm lucky if I can even take a bath."

"Not that I didn't expect it," he said, settling back again and once more looking like a friendly bear. "Australians have a reputation for working visitors to death."

"And this in a country where they insist on short

hours and never seem to work. It is rather amusing."

Sixty-five-year-old Priestley and his wife—English writer, poet, and archaeologist Jacquetta Hawkes—were in Melbourne as guests of the controversial Australian and New Zealand Congress for International Co-operation and Disarmament.

He had addressed the Congress day and night since it opened on November 8, and had received wide publicity for his pleas for disarmament and his condemnation of Communism.

Priestley considers himself "an old-fashioned English radical." He's never been a member of any political party, but says his sympathies are

with the poor rather than the rich.

"Actually, like most artists, I have a leaning towards anarchy. I hate all forms of suppression and regimentation," he says. "So I can't be a Communist."

The Priestleys both work in a disciplined fashion when they are writing.

Hard worker

"Only the amateur sits and waits for inspiration or the right mood," J. B. said contemptuously. "The professional uses technique. You have to discipline yourself."

"I might go to my study at 9.30 in the morning rather reluctantly, but before long I

am back to where I left off the day before."

"I work with terrific concentration—completely lose myself."

"Usually I work through till lunchtime, after which it's back to the study till dinner-time."

Mrs. Priestley now keeps the same working hours as her husband.

"I found it necessary for us to have any time together," she said. "I worked a lot at night before I married him, but I've trained myself to work in the daytime."

"Now that's something I can't understand," interrupted her husband. "If I work at night my brain gets so keyed up I would need a knock-out drop to go to sleep."

The Priestleys have joined forces in some of their writing, to produce a travel diary, "Journey Down a Rainbow," and two plays one of which they quietly describe as "a disastrous failure."

Their more successful play, "The Dragon's Mouth," had



MRS. PRIESTLEY, who is noted English writer Jacquetta Hawkes, pictured in Melbourne.

only four characters, so that the play developed easily with the authors taking two characters each, and replying to each other's dialogue.

Mr. Priestley enjoys writing plays more than novels or serious works.

"There isn't really much writing, just a lot of smoking and thinking, and I'm awfully good at that," he said.

Mr. Priestley once took a part in one of his own plays when an actor was taken ill suddenly. The play was "When We are Married" and the year 1938.

"I believe I was very good," he chuckled, sucking his pipe with relish at the memory. "It was the part of a drunken photographer—just my sort of role. I played it for only 10 days, but it was quite an experience."

It was J.B.'s only experience on the boards professionally, but he has run his own producing company and produced 16 plays as well as being a director of two London theatres.

"In my teens I couldn't make up my mind whether to be an actor, a writer, or a musician. Eventually I decided to be a writer," added Mr. Priestley.

"I still love music, but I

seldom play the piano now. I conduct records—on a stereophonic radiogram. I am very good at that."

Then, settling back into his aura of smoke, he said, "You know, there is one thing I can't understand about Australia. The size of your drinking glasses."

"Here is an enormous continent, filled with great, brawny, bronzed men, and you all drink out of thimble-sized glasses."

"Your beer glasses are tiny enough, but I ordered a martini today and they served it in an eye-bath. Can't understand it."

Family man

Mr. Priestley has five children by a former marriage and 12 grandchildren.

"Not a very impressive record for a man who thinks the world is over-populated," he said with a chuckle.

The Priestleys have just moved to a new home in Ulverston, outside Stratford-on-Avon, and in the shifting process went Mr. Priestley's 10,000 books, weighing eight tons, from his former country home on the Isle of Wight.

They also have a small flat in London, in nineteenth-century chambers built originally for wealthy young male bachelors coming down from Oxford and Cambridge.

"Though it is only one minute's walk from Piccadilly, it is as quiet as a country house," Mr. Priestley said.

Mrs. Priestley, who is an archaeological correspondent for London's "Sunday Observer," hopes to visit Central Australia to gather information for articles on the Australian aborigine.

With her first husband, Professor Christopher Hawkes, Mrs. Priestley wrote "Prehistoric Britain" in 1944. She has published 10 works altogether—mostly archaeological—and a volume of poetry, and is also co-author of the UNESCO History of Mankind, Volume 1.

J. B. considers his most important work is "Literature and Western Man" and proofs of it are already in Melbourne.

"I've been writing this for 50 years," he said.

I asked J.B. about the description of himself which he personally wrote about 10 years ago.

"I'm often considered too blunt, brusque, or downright difficult, but actually I am amiable and rather shy," reads the self-description.

"Yes, that's me," he said happily.

"I am shy. And very amiable. I must be amiable—look at how I'm working now. And I'm very soft hearted—you can put anything over me. Yes, amiable, that's a good description."



● "Amiable. That's me. And very soft hearted—anyone can put anything over me."



● "I'm all for women running the world. They couldn't do worse than men."



● "Can't understand why they serve a martini in an eye-bath in this country."

Vicky's favorite role is at home

By LILIAN ROXON, in Hollywood

● Her face has smiled at me from a score of posters and magazine covers in Australia. Now it smiled at me in Hollywood across a low marble coffee-table in an elegant off-white living-room. "Don't think all this has been easy," said Australian film star Victoria Shaw, looking round her beautiful new home in the luxury suburb of Encino, near Hollywood. "And don't think I'm not grateful. I thank God every day of my life that I have all this."

AS she poured my coffee and cut me a slice of the coconut-iced cake she'd baked herself ("I'm a good cook but I hate it"), she told me something of how Jeanette Elphick the model became Victoria Shaw the film star, what the change took from her, and what the change gave her.

"Have I changed?" she asked as she looked down at her boyishly slim figure.

"Of course I've changed. I'm the mother of two children now. I'd hate to think I hadn't changed. Haven't YOU changed in four years?"

"I'm slimmer, of course. I was 10st. 5lb. when I first came to Hollywood four years ago. I lost 15lb. in ten days on a public-appearance tour."

She was just 7st. 11lb. after her son Jody was born last October, but since then she has got back to 8st. 6lb., and that's the way she likes it.

"Hollywood didn't change my face, of course," she said. "Frankly, I learnt more about make-up from back in Sydney than the studio experts could show me."

I looked at the simple check pants and black cotton shirt Victoria was wearing, and asked her whether, as a movie star, she required a glamorous wardrobe.

Victoria laughed. "You know, I don't even own a mink," she said. "I refuse to. They are like a uniform here in Hollywood. I have one fur, a white fox that my husband, Roger, gave me on my last birthday."

"When I was a model in Australia manufacturers would make clothes to fit me for a parade, and later, because they didn't fit anyone else, I could buy them very cheaply. But I like extreme clothes, and in this town they are too darned expensive. I just can't afford them."

I must have looked surprised, as though I thought: "Surely a film star's salary is big enough to cover a big wardrobe. After all, this new house..."

Victoria pouted some cream into her coffee, pulled up a green cushion, and sat down.

A false impression

"I'm going to be very frank with you," she said. "People get a completely wrong impression of what a movie star earns."

"First of all, remember that though I've made three movies this year I am under contract and I get paid a set weekly salary. I signed that contract when I was an unknown and until the studio rewrites it that's what I am getting."

"The same goes for my husband. His TV show '77 Sunset Strip' is a success, but he still gets what his contract gave him when no one knew him."

"But I'm not complaining," she said.

"We both regard it as an apprenticeship. We understand that the studio took a gamble on us, a gamble that they might have lost and which could have cost them a great deal of money. But I want people to know that we are not making a million."

"Mind you, it's not bad money, but out of it we pay 50 per cent. taxes, agent's fees, house taxes, and so on."

"A few months ago we would have spent every penny we earned. Now we have got ourselves a wonderful business manager and he invests it for us."

"I get 25 dollars (about £11) a week for food and another 25 dollars has to cover the cost of any night out. Not that we have so many. We have this new house and wonderful plans for it, because our business manager regards it as a sound investment."

Victoria took me out to the garden and showed me the neighborhood.

"There's a good Catholic school two blocks away where my kids will go," she said. "Clark Gable lives in the next street."

"We paid 70,000 dollars (about £32,000) for this house but can't lose, because it was the cheapest house here and this is a fast-developing area."

"Houses just nearby cost 120,000 dollars and 140,000 dollars. On that hill there's an oil millionaire with the most fabulous place. He has colored fountains in his swimming-pool, and a



VICTORIA SHAW plays her most favorite real-life role—a happy wife and mother. Here she nurses her daughter, Tracey, who is now 27 months old.

ROGER SMITH, who is best known to Australians as one of the stars of the TV series "77 Sunset Strip," is the handsome American husband of actress Victoria Shaw — formerly Australian model Jeanette Elphick. Victoria sent this picture to her family in Sydney.

In this exclusive Hollywood interview, Australian-born actress Victoria Shaw explodes some of the myths about the life of a film star and tells of her own happiness as a wife and mother.

special marble table and underwater chairs so he can play cards in the pool."

Victoria told me she plans to have seven children. "This house will only hold four, so we'll have to move after that. And now, please let me show you round," she said.

The house has three bathrooms ("one for us, one for guests, and one in the babies' wing") all pink and carpeted in what looks like soft pink fox fur, but is synthetic and washable.

The babies' wing has three rooms—one for the nurse, one with toy kangaroos and koalas for 12-month-old Jody (Jordan Francis), and another with Brownie Downing aboriginal pictures for 27-month-old Tracey.

In the hallway Victoria stopped before a painting. "This is the biggest watercolor Namatjira ever painted and I'm the girl who's supposed to hate Australia," she said.

Victoria's pride and joy is the kitchen—a positive museum of gadgetry.

There are two waist-level ovens, gas-burners built into a tiled counter, a refrigerator that never needs defrosting, a gadget to keep butter soft, another to release ice-blocks. A special motor unit is built into one of the counters, which can be used with any electrical appliance.

"And this," said Victoria, "is the intercom system we have in every room. It works two ways. But I can switch it on at night and hear the babies if they wake, though they can't hear me."

"This is going to sound far too luxurious to everyone at home," Victoria added in a worried way.

Those cheap TV sets!

"Australians don't realise that some things are much, much cheaper here. Take TV sets. We have three more on order. One is for our bedroom, another for the nurse's room, and we want a little one for Tracey, who watches the cartoons. Three of them will not cost more than one set back home."

I asked Victoria if she kept in touch with Australia.

"Of course. I miss my family and my friends dreadfully. Do you know, my mother hasn't seen my kids yet?"

Blond, blue-eyed Tracey walked in with a picture of Roger Smith in a TV magazine in her hand. "Daddy," she said to her mother. "Daddy." Victoria nuzzled her cheek. "You love your Mommy?" she asked. Tracey nodded.

"I won't have the kids photographed for publicity, you know. I want them to have their own lives," she said.

She turned to Tracey, "Now go out and back to your room, honey." Tracey hesitated. Victoria's voice got very stern. "Go. Now. This is the BOSS talking." Tracey went.

I then told Victoria that many Australians thought she'd given up her career for marriage and asked if this were true.

"Well, not really," she said. "This year I will have made four films. But four films are too much. I'm tired. I want to see my kids. I hardly know the boy."

"Ideally, I'd like to do two movies a year. But my husband and children come first."

Victoria admitted to me that she was wooden and nervous in her first film, but she's much warmer and easier now.

"I have one person to thank for the improvement in my acting," said Victoria. "That's the drama coach at Columbia. He's a brilliant teacher and a most wonderful man."

"First he told me that acting is a hideous disease. By acting he means being phony. That's why I prefer to use the word 'performing.' You have to be honest about acting."

"Here's one way to do it. When I get a script I go over it with my coach, and together we write an autobiography for the character. If the script doesn't say where she was born, then I say she was born in Sydney, Australia. I entwine my life around the character's life."

Acting by "method"

"When I'm finished all the gaps are filled in with my own experiences. She's a real person. She's me and I'm her."

I asked if this were some kind of Method.

"This is not THE Method," said Victoria, "but A Method. THE Method is phony."

"Look at Brando. He is supposed to be a great performer. But he had to get drunk to play a drunk scene, and then they had to revive him with oxygen so he could direct the scene."

Explaining the difference, she said: "We believe performing is real life caught by accident."

"Another principle I learned was 'talking and listening.' Mostly a performer is so busy trying to remember his lines that he forgets he should be listening to the other person. If you don't do this the camera shows you up as a phony."

"My coach has made me love performing. If I weren't

(Continued overleaf)



MOTHERLY PRIDE is shown on Victoria Shaw's face as she looks at her baby son, Jody (Jordan Francis), who recently had his first birthday. Victoria, who wants to have seven children, has just one slight regret about her happy glamorous life in Hollywood — she wishes that Australia, her family, and her friends weren't quite so far away.

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The secret of a famous husky voice

● Diminutive film star Glynis Johns can thank negro
bass-baritone Paul Robeson for her "trademark"—
that husky, cracked voice her fans know so well.

THIS admission came
direct from blue-eyed
Glynis, who is in Aus-
tralia to appear in the
Warner Brothers produc-
tion "The Sundowners."

Her tones in no way
resemble the velvety outpour-
ings of Mr. Robeson, but that's
not for want of trying.

As a schoolgirl in Britain,
Glynis collected Robeson
records, and as she played
them in her room she "sang
right with him, as far down
as I could."

This was in the 1930s, the
era of the film "Sanders of the
River," and its hits, "Sandy
the Great" and "I-ee-oh-ko."

Glynis, the would-be bass-
baritone, beefed them out till
her vocal cords reacted in
protest—leaving her with
that permanent throaty
timbre now so much part of
her allure.

Miss Johns' singing voice
has been heard in only one
film, "State Secret."

In this she gave a surpris-
ing rendition of a number
running: "I Want to Buy a
Paper Doll That I Can Call
My Own."

What was so surprising
about this?

"Well, I sang it in Vosnian,"
said Miss Johns.

"And Vosnian was a made-



GLYNIS JOHNS, the husky-voiced English movie
star, who is here for filming of "The Sundowners."

up language in which I had
to learn a vocabulary of more
than 1000 words for the film."

Miss Johns is a 5ft. 3in.,
8st. 3lb. package model whose
frame seems to contain an
enormous amount of pent-up
energy and nervous drive.

Her nose is tip-tilted and
her hair a surprising grey.

"This isn't MY hair color,"
Miss Johns hurriedly pointed
out during her Sydney inter-

view. "Mine's lighter, a bit
reddish. They did this to me."

("They" being the film
company which is bringing
Miss Johns to the screen in
the guise of an ageing woman
hotel-owner.)

This is Miss Johns' first
visit to Australia, though her
mother came from Ballarat,
Victoria.

She was pianist Alys Maude
Steel-Payne, who married

actor Mervyn Johns in Lon-
don. And their daughter
Glynis was born 36 years ago
in Pretoria, Africa.

Glynis doesn't think she will
attempt to retrace family steps
back to Ballarat while she's
here.

"I haven't that kind of
sentiment," she said bluntly.

"I had the chance of going
to Pretoria once, but didn't. I
don't like that feeling of look-
ing at graves."

Glynis had her first taste of
show business when she was
carried on stage at the tender
age of ten weeks, and by the
time she reached double fig-
ures she seemed set for a danc-
ing career.

"At ten," she said, "I was
qualified to teach ballet
dancing. At 12 I held the ad-
vanced teacher's degree."

But her acting talent came
through.

Glynis, whose 14-year-old
son, Gareth, attends Stowe,
one of England's best public
schools, has been more suc-
cessful with movies than with her
marriages (she has divorced
two husbands).

In her films she has created
some memorable roles—par-
ticularly "Miranda," a long-
haired mermaid who caused
such a furore when living on
land.

Like many of the film
colony, she has now settled in
Switzerland, in the Canton
of Vaud.

Continued from previous page

Vicky's favorite role

in movies I would join an amateur dramatic group and be a
big splash in a small puddle."

I then asked about all those people in movies who are
famous and can't act. "A star doesn't HAVE to be a great
performer to be famous," said Victoria.

"Every picture of someone has what we call a 'statement.'
Clark Gable, Gary Cooper, and John Wayne have physical
statements. You don't have to show them close-up. In fact,
they look better full length. Distance shots show their build,
the maleness."

"But," she continued, "take Deborah Kerr, Donna Reed,
Dick Clark (one of my co-stars), my husband, Roger, myself—
we are NOT physical statements. We are love statements."

"We HAVE to be photographed close-up so you can see
our eyes. We work mostly with our eyes. Pictures of us say
'Love me and I'll love you.'"

"How can a happily married woman like you play a love
scene with a strange man honestly?" I asked.

"I've been very lucky," said Victoria. "My last two co-
stars, Dick Clark and Glenn Corbett, I liked personally. Both
have this strong love statement Jimmy Dean had."

"I got Glenn the part in 'The Crimson Kimono' because
I adore him. You look at him and you want to say, 'Never
mind, darling, I will look after you.'"

"When I play a love scene I CAN'T say, 'I won't mean
this. I am a respectable married woman.' I say, 'Nuts to
that.' You MUST love everyone. Hate and fear are dread-
ful diseases for an actor. They block every other emotion."

"But in every movie I do I am a nice girl in love with a
nice guy. I long for a change," she added.

Asked if there were any truth in rumors that she and Roger
Smith planned to get divorced, Victoria smiled.

"Does it look like it?" she asked.

"We have just bought a new house. We have two nice

kids. We are happy. We have good friends in common.
Tell me, how do these rumors start? You can quote me as
saying we'll NEVER get a divorce. Like our friends Effie
and Steffie Zimbalist, we just don't believe in divorce."

Victoria and Roger have a simple social life. "Eddie Byrnes
(don't call him 'Kookie,' he hates it) is a good friend of ours.
So is Jimmy Cagney. And Dick Clark, of course."

I told Victoria I had met Dick, a big disc jockey and TV
personality in this country, on the set of the film she made
with him, "Because They're Young." He told me Victoria
was a talking Chamber of Commerce for Australia.

Is there something Victoria wants out of life that she
doesn't have already?

"After Roger's illness," she told me, "I know nothing
matters except us and the children."

"But we still do have financial problems. How many
people know that actors are paid for only 40 weeks a year?
The other 12 weeks they 'rest' without pay. I'd make a
little extra by modelling, but my contract won't allow it."

"Roger, who is a marvellous singer, could get 10,000
dollars if he did a concert with Eddie Byrnes, but the studios
have learned from experience that you can control an actor
better if he doesn't have too much money."

"I'm being too honest now and saying what I mean. A
good old Australian trait I never hope to lose," Victoria added.

"If I want anything I'd like the chance to bring my kids
home to Australia to see the family. Perhaps someone will
ask Roger and Eddie to do a concert there and we can all go."

And the girl who had everything—glamor, money, friends,
a new home, a husband who loved her, children—looked a
little sad for a moment.

Australian girls might envy her, but there isn't a moment
when Victoria Shaw, the star, doesn't envy them a little for
being closer to their families than she is to hers.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 25, 1959

GOLD AMONG THE GHOSTS

AMID the desolate ruins of the Western Australian goldfields, abandoned for years to the winds and harsh red dust, are men who refuse to believe that the booming goldrush days have gone forever.

Convinced that one day soon they will find fortunes on the deserted fields, they refuse to leave the ghost towns and tiny settlements where once thousands lived—when champagne was cheaper than water.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Pullman, of Como, W.A., met some of these never-say-die optimists on a recent driving holiday through some of the towns that were famous in the 1890s; places like Menzies, Kookynie, Malcolm, Leonora, Lawlers, Wiluna, and Meekatharra in an area more than 600 miles north-east of Perth.

Some of the settlements they found were merely cleared spaces in the bush, with only ground-level ruins to show there had once been life, where women had trailed their long skirts over dusty roads, and tents had dotted the landscape.

Niagara, centre in the 1900s for the eastern Murchison goldfields, had 8000 citizens and claimed fame by having a hotel on each street corner. Today one chimney stands.

Four miles away the Pullmans saw a magnificent dam with elaborate masonry wall and tower valve house. A partially open valve has allowed a river to form, and trees, grown tall through the years, line the banks. The dam was built to last—but no humans need it now. Roos and goats drink there at sunset.

Doyle's Well Hotel, a leisurely day's drive from Niagara, was only two crumbling walls and a chimney among white gums. So the Pullmans drove on past an old well with a white-ant-ravaged windlass by which horses pulled up the buckets.

Mrs. Pullman posed by the windlass while her husband took a photograph. As she touched the windlass the whole structure collapsed.

The two-storied buildings of Lawlers, silhouetted in the evening sky, looked impressive—from a distance. But when the Pullmans drove in they were alone among the hushed, broken-down buildings and rusted tanks and windmills. By moonlight kangaroos bounded silently through the empty streets.

But in Agnew, a suburb of Lawlers, the Pullmans found a hotel that had been moved from the old town to its present site, a well-known custom in the gold area.

Agnew became important in 1938 when the de Bernales mine opened. In 1946 de Bernales' financial empire crashed and the mine was closed. Only ten people live there now.

● Sinking a shaft

One of the ten, Joe Poletti, an Italian, was grateful for an evening's conversation in his native tongue with Mr. Pullman, and gave the couple a small gold nugget.

The publican of the Agnew Hotel has bought the mine and is sinking another shaft. There may be payable ore.

Approaching Wiluna the Pullmans saw ruins scattering the countryside, but when they came to the heart of the town there were well-stocked shops. "Wiluna once had 8000 people and 48,000 tons of ore went through the mills every month. Now there are 200 people," Mrs.

Pullman said. "The Weeloona Hotel—it's being pulled down—had the longest and most famous bar in the world."

Only one hotel, the Club, run by Big Barney O'Shaughnessy, is still open at Wiluna. And like all goldfields hotels they visited it was spotlessly clean. They noted one carryover from goldrush days: the custom of allowing women into public bars.

● Waiting for wealth

Mr. and Mrs. Pullman said they hurried through many places without stopping, because of an oppressive, sad air of loneliness.

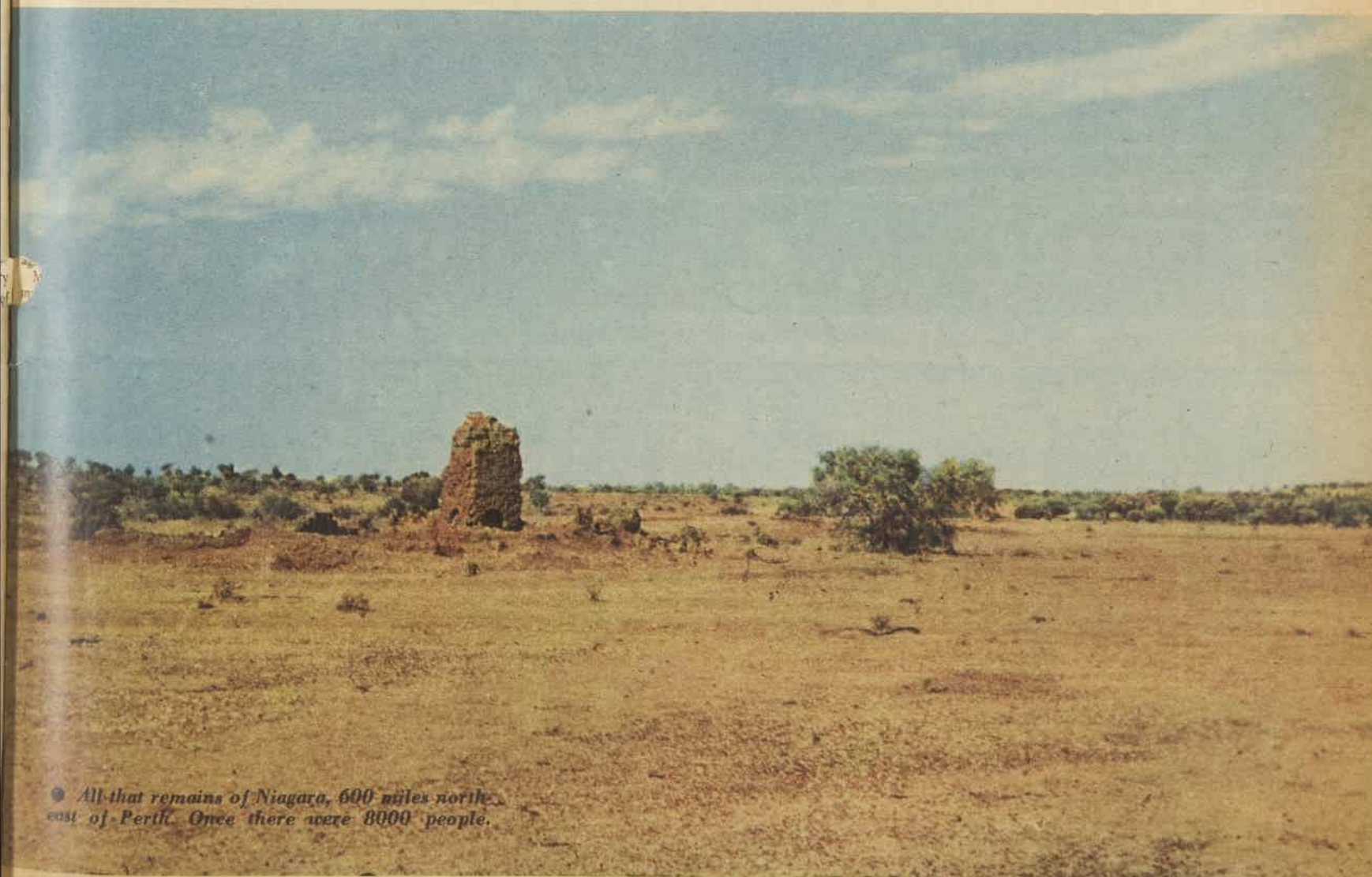
At Kathleen Valley they met Mrs. Moriarty, who is keeping the hotel licence until gold is found there again. Mrs. Moriarty is alone most of the time—her husband is developing a station property—but scoffed the idea of loneliness. "Why, quite a lot of people pass here. At least one car a fortnight."

The first sight of Big Bell township was the hotel, enormous and green-roofed. It once catered for a population of 1200. There are now five people in Big Bell—the licensee, Eddie Hannan, his wife, a hotel worker, and two prospectors.

The prospectors, Jack Farrelly and "Mac" MacIlwee, gave the Pullmans two pieces of ore from their mine. The two men never come to town together; one always stays home to cook dinner.

At Big Bell mine billiard-tables still stand in the miners' club, there is an 18-hole golf course and a dried-up Olympic swimming-pool. Eddie Hannan keeps himself busy with a flourishing vegetable garden and poultry farm, supplying eggs, vegetables, and fruit to people in the surrounding district.

These are some of the men of the West. "We know the gold is here," they say. "If only we can get it out."



● All that remains of Niagara, 600 miles north-east of Perth. Once there were 8000 people.

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FATHER



"Shall I play something lively for you?"

MOTHER



ELISABETH MACINTYRE

"How is your headache, Mum? ... Will you be able to cook the dinner?"

It seems to me

BACK in the old groove, I should soon stop chattering about my travels, though maybe not yet.

When you go away, as some Frenchman once said, the world moves with you. It takes you a day or two for your world to settle down in its old surroundings.

For instance, when I first came back I was still interested in a man called Grunwald, central figure in the great financial scandal that was rocking London while I was there. I discovered that nobody in Sydney cared about Mr. Grunwald. They were interested in a man called Simmonds.

THEY were interested, too, in the weather—their weather, not mine.

I had taken an umbrella for a ride round the world, and had never unfurled it. Back in Sydney it has had plenty of use, while Nature continued to be thoroughly unbridled, with floods, gales, and storms.

Nature, as a performer, must be delighted by her audience, which lives in a continual state of amazement at the show she turns on. "But this is most unusual," Sydney people say regularly each October and November, as they delay putting away their winter clothes.

When you reply that consistent warm weather seldom arrives until late-December people react as if you were in the pay of an enemy tourist power.

ONE thing I'm convinced of, after handling foreign money, is that the Australian conversion to decimal currency should be sooner, not later.

You get used to the decimal currencies fast enough. What is tiresome is the mental arithmetic necessary to convert them into pounds and shillings.

It's not so bad in France, where 1000 francs are worth roughly a pound Australian.

But in Italy, where 1000 lire equal about 14/- Australian, looking in shop windows made my head spin.

HUMORIST James Thurber, in a recent telecast, said that modern Americans were jet-propelled, and mistook velocity for felicity.

One may sympathise with Mr. Thurber's implied dislike of high-speed rushing to and fro, but there's nothing to be done about it.

Travel will get faster and faster, and some of the machinery of life—like currency—will eventually have to be standardised.

It would be nice, too, if the world could agree on traffic laws.

"I thought I'd never get out of England alive," an American told me.

"I could get used to driving on the left, but on foot I couldn't remember to look the correct way when I crossed the street."

I knew what he meant, though it is on the Continent, with its right-hand drive, that an Australian has similar troubles.

By



Dorothy Drann

A BEAUTY kit for me is reported to be selling extra well in New York.

It contains all kinds of beauty aids, including eye drops and face cream.

Its designer, beauty expert Georgette Klinger, says that men are desperately interested in their appearance, and worry more about wrinkles than women do.

Everyone knows that men do care what they look like, but the worry about signs of age is probably more intense in America, where of all

countries a youthful appearance is prized as essential to success.

If you want to keep on working in a venerable old age, and not give a damn whether you look it, I'd recommend England.

This applies especially if you're a taxi driver. I never saw so many cab-driving great-grandfathers in my life, and their age seems to have increased, not impaired their efficiency.

FRIEND of mine owns a cheap alarm clock. Last week she took it to a rather elegant jewellers' shop for repairs.

Since it came home, she swears, the ring is three notes higher and quite refined.

ADDRESSING the Brisbane Rotary Club, Mr. John Robson, director of the Father and Son Welfare Movement, said that modern fathers were losing their authority and that the absence of the family figure from many homes was causing great social difficulty. He blamed comic-strips and caricatures for part of "the decline of the father symbol in Australian homes."

Bill and Mary, in their teens,
Playing records, wearing jeans,
Passing through a social phase,
Neared the end of youthful days.
Bill said, "When I'm twenty-one
Let us both stop having fun.
May I be your father symbol?
Are you good with stove and thimble?"
"Yes," said Mary. "When I'm bigger,
Guess I'll make a mother figure.
Let us study things domestic,
Raise, at first, one small statistic.
Later Nature can be trusted
To add others, well adjusted.
Undelinquent, they'll conform
To the proper social norm."
"Gosh," said Bill, "it's so romantic,
Honestly, it drives me frantic."

The girls land on their feet

By
RONALD McKIE

"WHY don't you all start a business of your own?" Tom Poidevin leg-pulled.

The girls — his wife, Rita, Mary Daish, and Jacqueline Hickson — laughed at the suggestion. Amusing, but not to be taken too seriously, especially from Tom.

They were still discussing the hopeless struggle — how to keep one jump ahead of the bills — when Mary Daish nearly dropped her drink and yelled, "And why not?"

"Why not what?" someone said.

"Start a business of our own, of course."

"Are you SERIOUS?"

Three weeks later, on June 22, the Chevron Real Estate Agency opened its doors somewhat cautiously on Kingsway, Cronulla — and on a future which terrified its three amateur partners.

Amazing

The Girls — as they were soon to be called throughout the Sutherland Shire — were in business, and in a business which sold more than £60,000 worth of property in the first three months and is flourishing.

"Amazing . . . quite amazing," their bank manager mutters as he watches the money roll in, and all the still-bewildered Girls can do is meekly agree.

Mary Daish, wife of Commander Peter Daish, of Navy Office, Melbourne, has two children, Jane, 12, and Annabel, 10. Jacqueline Hickson, wife of Lieutenant-Commander Jack Hickson, stationed at Nowra, has four children, Andrew, 13, Carol, 12, Mark, 5, and Kim, 4. And Rita Poidevin, whose husband is a businessman, has two children, Jacqueline, 9, and Rodney, 6.

Mad weeks

Mrs. Daish, fair and grey-eyed, was Mary Inglis, of Perth; hazel-eyed Mrs. Poidevin was Rita Wheeler, of Orange, and brown-eyed Mrs. Hickson was Jacqueline Lang, an English girl who met her husband in World War II when she was a Waaf and he was a pilot in the R.A.A.F.

Now they all live in the Cronulla area and are not only partners in real estate but long-term friends.

"The three weeks before we opened were the maddest of our lives," Mrs. Daish says. "We tramped the town looking for an office until we found this miracle — the ground floor of a new building.

"We had to raise £400 for



deposits and furniture and carpet. And then we had to get the office ready.

"The husbands — the two naval ones were on leave — scraped desks, stuck down carpet, even made our window-display board, and all the time they bombarded us with advice: We must organise ourselves, must have everything in black and white, must keep proper records, must be ship-shape . . .

"We soon reached the stage when we listened, agreed with everything they said, took no notice whatever, and handled everything in our own sweet way.

Husband ban

"To our astonishment it has worked. We don't even allow our husbands, if they're here, to answer the phone."

Mrs. Poidevin took up the story.

"We first thought of calling ourselves Les Girls, but dropped that, for some reason none of us can remember, for Chevron.

"We spent the first three days after opening driving madly all over the shire calling on builders and architects and people we knew, and even asking our friends the butcher and the milkman, to pass on the word that we were in business.

"Six days after opening we sold our first house and our bank manager got his first shock.

"Later, we sold three houses in two days, but there have been times when we got down on our hands and knees and cut our frocks on the carpet, and once when it rained we closed the doors and played scrabble for three days."

It was Mrs. Hickson's turn.

"And what about that week when we didn't have the 1/8 each — we share everything three ways — to pay the window-cleaner and lived on paste sandwiches?

"Our business has been a wonderful break for me. It has even changed my personality. I was shy — still am. But now I'll talk to anyone, handle any situation."

"Jackie was so shy when we started she wouldn't even answer the phone," Mrs. Daish said.

"And she has stopped biting her nails," Mrs. Poidevin added.

They bluffed

Before they opened business Mrs. Daish had once worked for six months in a real-estate office, and Mrs. Poidevin had been a secretary. But they knew nothing about how to run a business and virtually nothing about leases, deposits, titles, and things like that.

They bluffed at first, learnt fast, and now, if they run into

a snag they can't solve, they go straight to their lawyer, who is an expert on property problems.

Other estate agents in the area have also helped a lot, particularly the owners of the Beach Agency, who has been "wonderful" while an accountant friend has advised them how to keep their once-chaotic records in order.

Apart from their business, much organisation has been necessary to keep their home

fronts, which include eight children, in order.

"We each have two days off a week," Mrs. Daish says. "We take turns looking after the children, taking them to school and picking them up, and we employ a woman to look after the youngest.

"We all bring our mending to the office, make our own clothes here, and even prepare the vegetables."

The girls are certain that, because it's the woman and not the man who buys a home, the secret of their dramatic success is their ability to talk woman-to-woman with their clients.

Sex plus brains

As Mrs. Poidevin says: "After we'd sold a house for a woman she said to us, 'You girls have not only got your sex but you've got brains. Some men I've dealt with couldn't sell fish on a Friday.'

"What we all feel most is that we're out of a rut, our wits have been sharpened, we're no longer bored, we're making money and proving that women can make a success of anything if they try — and our husbands think we're wonderful."

After that declaration of faith in themselves it's no wonder that the catchline below all their advertisements in the local paper proclaims, "Leave it to the Girls."



Rita (left) and Mary cut out dresses on the floor of their office when business is slack.

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For further information on Yardley Beauty Preparations, write Susan Foster, G.P.O. Box 3326, Sydney, Australia.



PROUD parents Anne and Bill Alderson-Smith display baby Leslie John to his grandmother, Mrs. L. Alderson-Smith (left), and godmother, Mrs. Ron Hatchett (right).



LEFT: Wedding at Warren for Sue Ward and Robert Crozier. Sue is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. Ward, of Warren, and Bob is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. William Crozier, of Nyngan.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS



LEAVING HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, London, are Mr. and Mrs. Francis Newdegate. The bride was formerly Rosemary Norrie, elder daughter of the former Governor of South Australia, Lieut-General Lord Norrie. The bridegroom is the only son of Commander and Mrs. J. M. Fitzroy Newdegate, of Nuneston, Warwickshire.



JANUARY seems to be coming far too quickly to Judy Whitelaw, of Merrivale, who is trying to combine all the usual pre-Christmas gaiety with packing for a trip abroad.

With her sister Penny and Canadian cousin Nicola she will leave for England on January 7 for an indefinite stay. Nicola will arrive in Sydney at the end of this month, and Judy and Penny are already planning a welcome party to let their friends say "hello." In London they'll be looking for a flat for four, because Roslyn Weedon is flying over to join them in March.

CABLES, telegrams, and flowers from all over the world arrived for Mrs. Margaret Kerr, of Bellevue Hill, when she celebrated her 100th birthday early this month.

LOVELY luncheon at the Roseville home of Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Pyke after the christening of their first baby, Jonathon Henry, at the Roseville Congregational Church, where they were married. Jonathon's christening robe was more than 100 years old and was worn by his great-great-grandmother.

HONEYMOON on the Hawkesbury for Lorraine and Edward Nicholls. Lorraine, who chose St. Michael's, Vaucluse, for her wedding, is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Hainey, of Vaucluse. Edward is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Nicholls, of Dover Heights.

MY lunch-hours from November 25 to December 4 will be spent in David Jones' Art Gallery watching demonstrations and listening to talks on how to make a Christmas tree, how to wrap Christmas parcels, and how to prepare for Christmas parties. This is all part of the exhibition of Christmas decorations, opening on November 25, in aid of the Forest Lodge Day Nursery.

RIGHT: Twenty-first birthday party for Margaret Donohoe, pictured with her father, was given by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Donohoe, at their home at Centennial Park.

LONDON WEDDING for Catherine Boug, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Boug, of Macksville, who married Peter Pyle, of Brisbane, at St. John's Church, Putney. The couple left for a honeymoon in Scotland and the Continent. They plan to live in Sweden.

RIGHT: They're engaged . . . Sheila Child, eldest daughter of Dr. Albert and Dr. Margaret Child, of Roseville, to Peter Clapin, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. John Clapin, of Killara.



HOME at St. Ives for newlyweds Dorothy and Paul Simpson, who were married at St. Swithin's, Pymble. Dorothy is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Hay, of Mona Vale. Paul is from Orange.

THERE have been some lovely brides lately . . . Barbara Hayes, of Concord, who married Edward Oakes, of Beecroft, at the Concord West Methodist Church . . . Pam Nicholson, of Concord, who married Colin Wulf, of Cammeray, at St. Mary's, Concord.

ROUND of visiting in the Tarce district for Dr. and Mrs. Frank Chapman, who are just back from a Hayman Island honeymoon. Mrs. Chapman was formerly Ann Earl, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Earl, of Hurstville. Frank is the only son of Mr. A. C. Chapman, of Tarce.

HEAR that Sam Walder and Diana Dawson have set the date for December 12, at St. Stephen's, Macquarie Street.





How could she be sure of any decision made
so quickly, so suddenly? . . . a dramatic short story

By MARGARET BONHAM

A TIME TO THINK

ILLUSTRATED BY MILLS

THEY met at a sherry party, in someone's house off Knightsbridge. William, the young man who took Harriet along, told her whose party it was, but Harriet was very bad at names and she instantly forgot.

She was not much interested in parties; she was there because William was interested in her, and she had a free evening, and he talked her into it with great eloquence. She ironed and put on a dark green taffeta dress, three years old, which seemed as near as her wardrobe could get to Knightsbridge standards—if it proved some way below them she was not greatly concerned—and let William hold her hand in the taxi.

Ten minutes after they arrived, pinned in a corner by a man with enormous eyebrows who talked about satellites, she stood bemusedly holding a glass of some unidentifiable brew and saying, "Yes, no, I suppose it might, how fascinating," while her mind wandered irrepressibly back to her flat and a hot-water bottle and the book she was halfway through.

Superimposed on this pipe-dream was an impression of a large room done up in champagne brocade, with expensive floral arrangements and little furniture, and an awful lot of people and noise. Harriet was not used to noise, and neither knew nor thought she wished to know any of these people.

The man with the eyebrows, loudly but almost inaudibly, said, "Question of whether gravitational compensation fuel injection stratospheric pressure, you see." Or something of the kind.

"Oh, yes," said Harriet, pulling herself together. "Are you a scientist?"

"Heavens, no! I'm a stockbroker."

"Oh!"

"But I could have been. I read these things up, you know. I mean, it's the future; everyone ought to read them up. Take a pretty girl like you—"

"Excuse me," said Harriet, feeling a muscular pressure applied to her elbow. It proved to be William. "Sorry," he said, removing her. "Was he a bore?"

"Yes."

"I am sorry—I got caught up. Let's find someone amusing. You must— Good heavens!"

"What?"

"There's Dion Davis."

"Who's he?"

William paused in propelling her through the crowd, and looked at her closely. He said, "Harriet, I know you have brains, but you must surely read the newspapers."

"Not those newspapers. Football?"

"Or are you being an intellectual snob?"

"Not—wait a minute. I do seem to—is it motor-racing?"

"It is indeed motor-racing, and not only that, he's simply the greatest—"

Words failed him.

"Oh!" said Harriet again. She could think of few occupations more tedious, except perhaps stockbroking or working out stratospheric pressures. She followed the lighthouse beam of William's gaze and saw a man of about twenty-eight, two or three years older than herself, talking emphatically to a middle-aged couple.

He was a little taller than Harriet; he had a round, brown face, a long and clearly modelled mouth, dark hair that was already resenting a palpably recent application of a hairbrush. Though his features were compelling rather than attractive, he was at least an improvement on the scientific stockbroker.

"Do you know him?" she said.

"Well, sort of. I met him once, but I shouldn't think he'd know me. Shall we have a go?"

"Why not?"

William, who was not lacking in self-confidence and was so much in demand at parties that his technique was first-class, did an expert shuffle, hover, and hook that brought them face to face with Davis at a moment when the conversation with the middle-aged couple died.

The couple, defeated, faded away. Davis,

meeting William's ardent stare, did not switch on a social smile but returned it seriously, and after an agonising moment he said, surprisingly, "Watcher."

"You wouldn't remember me," said William, for once flustered.

"Oh, yes, I would. You were in the pits at Silverstone. With Andrew Black."

"Yes, I was, but I didn't think—"

"The time he ran off at Stowe. I'm afraid I never heard your name."

"Knight, William Knight."

"And this is Mrs. Knight?"

"No, no! I'm sorry. I should have — Mr. Davis, Miss Denzil."

"How do you do?" said Harriet sedately.

"The prospective Mrs. Knight, perhaps?"

"No," said Harriet over William's noncommittal murmur.

"Then, if you'll forgive us, Knight, Miss Denzil and I will go and find a drink and talk over the time when Black ran off at Stowe."

"That was me," said William, stupefied. "I mean, Miss Denzil wasn't—" His voice retreated, was engulfed in the general roar. Davis found an angle of wall and two drinks and arranged himself with his back to the room where no one could cut Harriet off from him. "Not very kind," he said, "but suffering purities. What's your first name?"

"Harriet."

"How nice. I am not transatlantic about Christian names. I only wanted to know. Mine is Dion. Dion the Track, they call me in Pontypridd. They think I will."

"Is that where you came from?"

"It's where I was born. What do you do?"

"I work for an archaeologist."

"Help dig things up, do you mean?"

"Help dig things up, help put them together, take notes, type lectures, make appointments, keep an eye on the petrol gauge, look up trains, and retrieve gold-mounted umbrellas from all the lost-property offices in Britain."

"Ah, an absent-minded genius. Are you in love with him?"

"Madly," said Harriet. "He's fifty-seven and bald and has chronic catarrh and a wife and five children. I try not to show it."

"Must be a strain. Look, let's go and have dinner somewhere. Parties are intolerable; I can't think how I got into this one."

"But William—"

"Oh, curse William! I'll go and tell him."

In the taxi Dion sat moodily on the edge of the seat. He said, "I hate being driven."

"Was William cross?"

"He wasn't exactly pleased, but he was too polite to show it. Anyway, he promised to bring you down to Goodwood on Saturday."

"What on earth for?"

"To see me race."

"Suppose," said Harriet carefully, "I have an engagement on Saturday? Suppose I don't want to watch motor-racing? Suppose I loathe the sight of it?"

"Do you?"

"I've never seen it. Which implies I can't be very keen."

"All it implies is, you don't know what you're talking about."

Dion turned towards her; his eyes, which were dark and oval, with clear-cut lids, shone anxiously in the moving lights. He said, "Do come. I like you very much. You calm me down."

"Do you need calming down?"

"Except when I'm racing."

Even after Goodwood Harriet was not sure whether she liked it or not. It was something quite different; it repelled and fascinated.

She drove down with William, who owned a small and noisy red sports car some years past its prime, not because he couldn't afford a new one but because he was one of those who consider nobody can make real motor-cars these days.

He was torn between despair about Harriet and elation at being asked to the meeting by the great Davis, an achievement about which he would be able to boast to all his car-minded friends for months to come.

On the way down despair won; Harriet's curling hair, gold-brown and cut short (a style adapted for digging antiquities in the English climate, but also becoming to open-air motoring), blew distractingly in the gale; her normally pale cheeks were stung to carnation-pink.

Passing a van and changing into top gear, below which it was difficult to hear oneself speak, he said darkly, "You don't want to get mixed up with these racing boys, you know. They're all so far round the bend they can practically see their tails."

"In what way, round the bend?"

"It's their life; it's everything. If motor-cars were banned they'd shrivel up like leeches and die. You'd never be more than a shoulder to lean on between Syracuse and Le Mans."

"I thought you liked it."

"Oh, Harriet, I'm a spectator. I like driving, I like motor-cars, but I haven't got a throttle growing out of my right foot. They're not human."

"He seems to me quite human, in a sort of way. He didn't talk about racing, either."

"Didn't he? Where did you go?"

"Some obscure little pub round the back somewhere, because he doesn't like taxis. It was nice, though; the food was heavenly."

Remembering her qualms about whether Dion's idea of going out to dinner would be Claridges or the Savoy, and how far Claridges or the Savoy would raise their eyebrows at the dark green taffeta, she smiled. William saw and misinterpreted the smile. Closing his lips on another question, he drove gloomily and too fast round the next bend.

It was a clear day, white clouds rolled high above the down. Harriet's impressions, afterwards, were not clear at all, for she understood little of what was going on, although she and William had a brief word with Dion before the race.

She carried back a memory of crowds and noise and colors, and the absolute hush at the start which was not a hush at all because of the organ-note of the engines, and how small and low and menacing and brilliant the cars looked; and how she must keep in mind the green one, No. 9, which was Dion's; and then the clear and wonderful moment when they were off.

That was beautiful but transitory, and soon she became confused. "What's happening?" she said to William, who was gripping the rail.

"He's taken the Ferraris."

"He's winning, do you mean?"

"Heavens, girl, nobody's winning; they've only done ten. Anything can crop up."

Nothing did; loudly, malevolently, the cars passed and passed, in glittering sun or blue shade. After a time Harriet said, "But he's behind that blue one."

"He's lapped him. Look, it's all on the board."

Harriet studied the board, but could make nothing of it. She said, "William, why is he so good?"

William tore himself from the track and looked at her. "It isn't easy to explain, if you don't know about driving. It's just an art and he's just the master of it. No one else can do it like that."

"He drives as if he were asleep."

"Yes, relaxed. The others, you see, are men in cars—he's a car and a man in one piece."

"Like a centaur."

"Very like." William took her elbow for a moment, gently, but she was looking away up the track.

After the race there was a great crowd and a great deal of confusion. Harriet stood hemmed in by people,

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With her eyes and ears full of the color and sound of the scene, Harriet, with William, had a few brief words with Dion before the race began.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 25, 1959

Page 17

Packed for gift giving...

MOUSON
Pronounce—Moo-sang

is magnificent!

Here are just a few of the famous Mouson continental gift sets—the most elegant gift sets ever available—and the demand increases every day nearer Christmas.



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• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters signed for publication.

Where are the dear old grans?

WHERE have the dear old grannies of yesteryear gone? A gran who looks like a gran now belongs to a nearly extinct species. They have been replaced by an army of blue-rinsed, bridge-playing, cigarette-smoking dynamos. And, because they are forever rushing somewhere, they never seem to have the time for gracious living or the serenity that all grannies once seemed to possess.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Bertram, Maryborough, Qld.

A national lesson

SINCE arriving from Western Australia I have been surprised by the difference in school standards in the various States. At present I am having quite a problem giving my children home lessons to bring their studies up to the standards required here. Why can't all Australian States use similar textbooks and have common standards? Ideally, our schools should not be State but Commonwealth concerns.

£1/1/- to Mrs. W. O'Brien, Sunshine, Vic.

A real hitch

IT is confusing for children when parents correct them for pronouncing "aitch" as "haitch" and then they hear their schoolteachers calling the word "haitch." I have heard several State schoolteachers in Queensland saying "haitch," and also ending questions with "eh?" They don't do it in Victoria.

£1/1/- to Ashley Hill, Atherton, Qld.

Beds for the sick

TO meet the shortage of beds in hospitals, wouldn't it be possible to use adjacent nurses' quarters as hospitals, allowing nurses to sleep out and report for duty in the same way as other workers? As it is, even when off duty the nursing staff is still under hospital discipline. And often the nurses' blocks in which they live are half empty while accommodation of patients in the hospital is over-taxed.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Henry, Sawtell, N.S.W.

She wants a chance

WHY is being a New Australian such a handicap in finding an office job? I have tried over and over again, but when the manager discovers I'm a New Australian he seems to freeze and says how hard the job is, hoping I will be discouraged from wanting it. I went to school in this great country and my education is as good as any other young Australians. Why can't I have a chance to prove it?

£1/1/- to M. Mario, Wentworthville, N.S.W.

In the swim

HAS "P.L.A." who made a plea for the manufacture of suitable swimsuits for "older mums" (28/10/59), thought of making her own? From an Australian Women's Weekly pattern for a romper-style play-suit I have made two attractive "covered-up" swimsuits at a cost of 18/- each. Under them I wear a pantie-girdle and bra and feel smart and comfortable on the beach, even if not in the sylph class.

£1/1/- to "Sunshine" (name supplied), West Preston, Vic.

Wisdom for wills

EVERYONE making a will should put the names and addresses of all aunts, uncles, and cousins on the back of the document. Three years ago a cousin of mine died in South Australia and the trustees are still trying to find some of the relatives to finalise the will. Had their names and addresses been included, a lot of worry, work, and headache would have been avoided.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. Finnis, Carlisle, W.A.

Dangerous play

I FAIL to see how Mrs. John McArthur (7/10/59) can let her small son play under the shower and have no fear of his drowning. What is to stop him from slipping, knocking himself out, and blocking the plug-hole with his body, or having the hole blocked by a sponge or toy? To drown he has only to have his nose and mouth covered for a few minutes.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Deirdre McInnes, Darlington, N.S.W.

No finer example . . .

I WONDER if "Royalist," who dislikes the idea of our future King being a fag at Eton (4/11/59), has read the 13th Chapter of John, telling of Christ washing the feet of His disciples?

£1/1/- to "Meg" (name supplied), Ashburton, Vic.

Technically dumb

I'VE heard it said that a technical education is only for "second class" or "dunderhead" primary scholars. In view of Australia's urgent need for trained technologists, surely this is a most unintelligent attitude.

£1/1/- to "Sputnik" (name supplied), Brighton, S.A.

Sweet approach

WE have a wonderfully friendly shopping centre in Chatswood. When children go into the different shops they are given sweets such as musk lollies and minties. Some shops even ask the children their names and addresses, ages, and birthday dates, and send cards to them when their birthdays come round. Who says people today are only interested in making money?

£1/1/- to Mrs. Alma Small, Chatswood, N.S.W.

Electrifying views

WOULD Mr. J. Jamieson, the "mere male" who protested (28/10/59) against the latest Dior collection, regard as monstrosities the fashions of great-grandma's day, with the long, flowing skirts, nipped-in waists, and plumaged hats? No, because they were worn with elegance, just as the fashions of today can be. A woman is built symmetrically, and this means she could wear a lampshade for a dress, a flashlight for a hat, and still electrify 99 per cent. of mere males.

£1/1/- to Mrs. V. M. Stone, Bald Hills, Brisbane.

Forgotten youth

THERE should be hostels with accommodation, cafeteria, laundry, and recreational facilities in every country town for young people working away from home. Too often in country centres no one is concerned how these young people are accommodated or spend their leisure. Churches, local organisations, employers, and the Government should combine to provide such hostels.

£1/1/- to Mrs. L. Teale, Nundah, Qld.

Ross Campbell writes...

IN one of the newspapers a girl of 20 described herself as a "fashion executive."

It set me wondering what an executive is.

The word used to mean somebody who told other people what to do. A sort of boss, in fact.

But there are so many executives now that they will soon outnumber the non-executives.

The business world is getting to be like an army of officers with no private soldiers. Or a tribe of chiefs with no Indians.

Take this 20-year-old girl fashion executive. It is not likely that she gives orders to many people.

Perhaps she works in a clothing business and sends the office boy out for sandwiches.

From the office boy's point of view she is an executive. So she feels she has as much right to the title as the head of Imperial Chemical Industries.

As far as I can make out, the few men who are not executives are expected to imitate executives. They are urged to buy suits and

When everybody's somebody

smoke cigarettes of the type favored by "up-and-coming young executives."

In the old days you could tell an executive by his black Homburg hat. But it is getting harder.

When everybody dresses like an



executive, you won't know who is one and who is not.

There is the same plague of executives in books and films.

Girls in novels don't fall in love with young men who just have jobs. The men they go for are young executives—usually advertising executives. (I suppose that is because

advertising executives sound clean and eager and nicely dressed.)

This idea of calling everybody an executive is part of a modern tendency to give things polite names. Cars aren't small now, they're compact. Women aren't thin, they are slender. People aren't hard-up, they are on a budget.

The swarm of phony executives must be irritating to real executives. I know of an instance—Mr. Mike Salami, owner of the Supersnack delicatessen.

He heard that the senior sandwich cutter had been describing herself as a delicatessen executive.

Striding into the sandwich department, he thumped the table and yelled: "There is only one executive here and I'm him—is understood?"

When everyone's an executive, then no one's anybody. The real executives will have to think of another name for themselves.

Still, a man might as well be in on the trend. I have a one-tenth share in the services of a secretary, so I can call myself a journalistic executive. I'll just go and see if she'll give me a second cup of tea.

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Girl in a Whirl

Life was wonderful, life was so gay, but where would it all end? . . . a complete short story

By MEL HEIMER

SHE hadn't let herself think about it all day. But now it was an hour before midnight and she was sitting at her regular table in the corner of Johnny Leonard's King Club and thinking about it at last.

She was sitting as usual next to some joker—this one's name was Freddie Richards, but it didn't matter—half listening to Pinky playing the piano softly in the angular, candy-striped room, and she was thinking: "I'm alive."

In the King Club at eleven o'clock, with the place half empty and the dark man playing sad little tunes on the piano, with the sleek bartender halving limes impassively in the dim and gilded light of the bar up front—at a time like this you could think. An hour later everyone would be there, noisy and overgay, and you'd be lucky to make your shout heard across the room.

But this was eleven, not twelve, and Liz Carson was leaning back against the wall and letting the smoke from her cigarette curl to the ceiling and thinking: "I'm alive."

She thought it in a dull way. Not dramatically, not exultantly, not particularly happily. Elizabeth Dowell Carson just thought about the state of being alive, not dead, and she did it clinically, almost detachedly.

Nearly, but not quite, disinterestedly. It went through her mind something like this: I'm alive, and what do you know about that?

There really hadn't been much chance of the—the other thing's happening. But it had been meditated. The seed of suicide is deep inside those who accomplish it. Their dams have weak points that give way to let the waters pour through and at times the dam cracks a little, but it holds.

It hadn't even been because of a man. You'd think it would be, but it wasn't. Maybe it had been the grey, warm June morning. Maybe it was something stupid and simple, like dreading the thought of once more getting up and making some coffee, as on a thousand other mornings. Liz Carson couldn't remember what it had been. Or didn't want to.

It had been strange, though; just the realisation that she was thinking about it had been strange and frightening. She had sat on the edge of the bed for a little while with it mushrooming in her mind, and then she had gone into the bathroom and slowly opened the medicine cabinet and looked—just looked, that was all—at the razor-blades there.

You use one of those things, she thought, and then you lie in warm water in the bathtub, and they say it isn't bad—not bad at all.

She remembered Amy, in "Young Man With a Horn," who had kept her Phi Beta Kappa key hanging in the shower to remind herself that she was too bright a girl to try anything funny in the bathroom like drowning herself standing up or drinking iodine through a straw.

Liz Carson didn't have a Phi Beta Kappa key. She had long legs and honey-blond hair, and she had a red-leather address book with a lot of names in it, and she knew an archduke named Fritz and a Texas oilman named Frank.

She knew twenty men with money, all named Billy, and when Gene Heller, the actor, came into Manhattan from Hollywood he usually did so without his wife and would telephone Liz Carson and say, "Hey, let's have some laughs."

After a while she had brushed her teeth and combed her hair and gone out of the bathroom, shutting the door slowly behind her, and made some coffee in the kitchenette.

That had been roughly a dozen hours ago. Now the day had gone and she had made her way through it, and it was night and she was sitting in Johnny Leonard's King Club with

someone named Freddie Richards, who was saying something about "Oh, baby doll, you should have been at El Morocco the other night . . ."

I'm alive, Elizabeth Dowell Carson thought. I wonder why!

There were five—three men and two women—in the party that came into the room just then. She knew them all—all but one man, and she arched an eyebrow and turned on the faintly amused smile.

That was the way people thought of Liz Carson. "Sharp?" they would say. "Listen, this girl has a mind like a steel trap, and so much fun . . ."

"Lizzie!" exclaimed Nell Forest.

"Hello, doll," Liz said. "I recognise all the tired faces but one. Which is not so tired." It was the way she talked. Six years in New York, in her set, and you talked that way.

"Darling," Nell said, "I want you to know Ben Ross. Ben, this gorgeous thing is—"

"I know," the new man said. "Liz Carson."

"My reputation precedes me," Liz said, an edge to her voice. She had looked at this man and immediately gone on the defensive. He was dark and wiry and of medium height; he had brown eyes that were clear. In Johnny Leonard's King Club he seemed to have the amused air of an adult in the nursery.

"Everybody's heard about Liz Carson," he said with a grin. "I see your pictures in the society columns. What is it they always called you? 'Society's honey bun'?"

"That's me. Once seen, never forgotten."

"I want you two to know each other," Nell Forest said. "Now, you draw up a chair there, Ben, and talk to her." She looked over, like a mother patting a child on the head, at Freddie. "You don't mind, do you, Freddie?"

"Heavens," said Freddie, "maybe I'll have someone to talk with now. L'il ol' Liz hasn't given me the time of day." He shook hands with Ben Ross. "I'm Freddie Richards. Listen, I wonder if you happened to be at Morocco the night that—"

"Morocco's a little off my beat," Ross said.

"Why, how can it be off anyone's beat?"

"Do some tick-tack-toe on the tablecloth, Freddie," Liz said. "The grown man and I want to talk."

"We do?" Ben Ross eyed her.

"Well, I do, anyway. You look interesting. What are you?"

"Tired."

"No, you know. Please don't be witty. I couldn't bear it."

"I'm a lawyer."

"A good one?"

"Sure." He gave her a cigarette and lighted his and hers. "I represent show people. It's very lucrative. They're always in trouble."

She looked around the club, beginning to fill a little more with customers now, beginning to pick up its customary absurd momentum. "You don't hang out in places like this much?"

"Not much." She thought she heard an insult in his words, and she bridled.

"They're not dens of vice, you know. And the people wear clean shirts and dresses and wash behind the ears."

"I know." He smiled. "They're all very pretty."

"But silly?"

"Oh—only fools generalise. Let's say I don't have much in common with them. Maybe I'm the silly one."

"But you don't think so?"



Illustrated by Batten

Liz awoke with a start and lay staring ahead, thinking with terror of her nightmare.

"No, I don't think so."
"I wish I knew what you people were talking about," Freddie said. "Hey, look! I just beat myself at tick-tack-toe."

Liz leaned back and smoked in silence for a moment, enjoying looking at the new man, thinking about the way he talked, knowing he was right in the way he felt—about all this.

"How do you happen to be here?" she asked.

"I know Nell Forest. She said you might be here tonight and I said I wanted to meet you."

"Why, particularly?"

"Just that I've heard about you." He smiled and put his head to one side. "And I thought you were pretty in your pictures."

"And people told you that I was lots of fun, New York's original laugh-a-minute party girl?" She stubbed out her cigarette.

"Something like that."

"Well," she said, "do you think I am, now that you've seen the great auk?"

"I wouldn't be surprised. You don't look or sound boring."

"Oh, I'm not, I'm not," she said. "I know all kinds of funny stories, terribly subtle, and I do the best Charleston south of Sixty-first Street. Let me tell you about . . ."

So they sat there and talked and laughed and smoked too many cigarettes and later they went on to the Slipper Room for more of the same, and at a little after four in the morning he took her home to the apartment on East Seventy-third Street and kissed her at the door and told her he'd call her. She knew he would.

The quiet panic didn't set in until she had put up her hair and creamed her face and was lying in her darkened bedroom with her hands behind her head.

How was someone like Liz Carson supposed to get through the shell of someone like Ben Ross—and try to get it through his head that she was a woman, not as good as some but better than others, who could love, honor, and obey a man, who wasn't just a trophy to be tacked on the wall of a den like the head of a spotted yak?

How did someone like her go about getting someone like him to take someone like her seriously?

Almost nobody took Liz Carson seriously.

A man named Wally Redfield back in Chicago six, seven years before had. Or almost had. He had seen her three nights

To page 56

To snap them out of Summer Sag...

It's marvellous
what a difference
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Don't let summer heat take away your energy. Keep yourself on top of the world... right on your toes... with regular glasses of delicious, nutritious ice-cold Milo. Every sip of energising, chocolate-flavoured Milo is body-building, invigorating, zestful. Made from pure country milk and malted cereals fortified with health-making vitamins, iced Milo is the most vitalising... as well as the most delightful summer drink you ever tasted.

So easy to prepare.

Just add two teaspoons of Milo to a little warm water, stir, then fill the glass with cold milk. For extra frosty Milo, add ice cubes or Ideal ice cream.

NESTLÉ'S MILO TONIC FOOD

Yesterday's Heart

A short story complete on this page

By ELLIOTT CHAZE

somewhere below. His thoughts dissolved into the fly-away hair and prominent front teeth of Nancy. From long practice he conjured her, complete to the smallest detail.

Was it three years ago he'd gone to the recital at the Saenger, Miss Lacey Binn's Academy of the Dance? Nancy, her legs powdered and clean as pearl, scissored swiftly on strange pointed shoes of strawberry satin with ribbons around the ankles. She skimmed in a golden bubble of light for a long time until the sweat began to show on her face, and anybody watching could tell her toes hurt, although she kept smiling.

He had clapped until his hands had felt as if they were covered by thick leather gloves; he could feel the thumping only barely through the numbness. A fat girl had come on stage then, a girl who didn't look — if she could touch her toes, but did cartwheels, a drum booming each time her feet hit the floor. He'd laughed out loud at her, because he wanted Nancy back again.

Mum told him to be quiet, that the fat girl was just as sweet as she could be. Mum was always saying somebody was as sweet as could be. She said it to Tucker himself whenever he did a noticeably polite thing or washed unusually clean in the tub or when he remembered to bow hard and low for grace before a meal.

She thought Nancy was sweet, too, except for a short time after he stole a dollar and a half for a box of candy to give Nancy on St. Valentine's Day.

He had walked slowly and proudly down the street and knocked on the door to give the box of candy to Nancy, but somehow, when no one came right away, he began getting scared and finally he threw the box down on the porch and ran. Someone, a man, called for him to come back, but he only ran faster, a strange weak thrill filling his legs until he was afraid he'd fall on his face on the sidewalk.

He imagined her sticking piece after piece of the fine brown chocolate into her beautiful mouth and chewing it, swallowing his candy and wondering who had been bright enough and good enough to leave it on her front porch at just the right time, Valentine's Day.

He still remembered how he had ached from the ivory-backed hairbrush Mum used after she discovered the money was gone from her purse, how she'd put him to bed and told him to pray to be better. But he didn't want to lose the fine trembling picture of the candy going into Nancy's mouth.

He was afraid to risk a half-hearted prayer, because if God could open up the Red Sea — or was it the Dead Sea? — just as easily

as if it had a drawstring on it, he wouldn't have any trouble opening a little old pea of a brain to see if a person was faking his prayer.

Finally, when he'd quietened down a bit, he remembered Mum's saying that, if a Christian believed, he could whisk mountains around from one place to another. He gave it a test run on a coat-hanger hanging from a nail behind the door, but the coat-hanger moved only slightly. It didn't move at all unless a truck went by.

He prayed then that Nancy would discover that he was the one who dropped the candy. This prayer tapered into a stomach-tightening scene where she whipped her hair about and breathed: *No one but you could have done it.* This pleased him so much he leaped up in his bed of penance and swung his arms towards the ceiling, soaring higher with each jump until the maple bedstead threw a slat.

Mum came in and locked him in the clothes closet, where he screamed in terror in the camphor-smelling blackness. Finally he prayed loudly for the Lord to release him and Mum let him out, perhaps because she wanted to show him how snappy a prayer could work. Even though he was only nine, he sensed it was a kind of trick, but could not quite put his finger on the kink in it.

Later, in the afternoon, he was allowed to go out of the house, so he headed for the home of his best friend, Dade Maugham, reaching the railroad tracks at a lope, but slowing suddenly.

He looked right and left, then walked deliberately in the dangerous dents between the brick street and the steel of the rails, jolting his heels down into the creases. He imagined a heel sticking tight, trapping him, and her little heel sticking, too. He seemed to hear the scream of the steam whistle. He saw the black tons looming over him and his feet were no longer floppy things.

They were strong and stubby and quick, and the calves of his legs were corded with strength as he leaped clear of the roaring destruction at the last possible instant, jerking Nancy with him, leaving one of her tiny black patent leather slippers still pinned under the edge of the track. He brushed a tear from her bright dear cheek. *I'll never forget this, Tucker, even if you flunk out and we're in different grades.*

He shrugged it away and laughed as if the train had been made of licorice, then carried her home with everybody looking, so she wouldn't get her sock dirty on the foot that lost the shoe. *Tucker, you must be worn out.* As if anyone could tire of carrying her, the fly-away hair brushing against his arm as he walked.

The fantasy dimmed when he reached Dade's house beyond the

tracks and began telling him about throwing the candy on the porch.

"But Nancy can't eat it," Dade said, a funny look on his face.

"You're crazy."

"Nancy got her tonsils out last night and she died," Dade said, almost prissily, like he was reading it from a book he'd never read before.

"You're crazy—you don't die getting your tonsils out."

"Well, Nancy did," said Dade.

Crouching against the parapet of the Mobley Bank Building, Tucker prayed that when he opened his eyes and looked down again on the hot street, Nancy would be there. Maybe

she'd be reading the name he'd scratched under the soldier.

Then slowly, as if afraid he might juggle the delicate balance of that absolute prayer, he opened his eyes, pulling himself erect to stare at the thirsty statue on the white shaft. Sliding his gaze down the shaft he scanned the street for the result of the prayer.

The people were small and round, heads floating slowly on a pond of stone and melting tar.

She wasn't anywhere down there.

The tooth the dentist had drilled began aching, dully at first, then a great deal worse as he headed for the skinny steel stairs.

(Copyright)

Illustrated by

As Tucker leant over the parapet he was thinking of Nancy in her pretty ballet dress.

FROM the top of the Mobley Bank Building he could see most of the thickest part of the town pressing its scorched dirt edges against the wet, red curve of the river. This side of the levee there were little stores with little men standing in front of them, waiting, their legs no bigger than pins. Over on Second Street some pool halls were mixed in between the stores.

Across from the Mobley Bank Building was the City Hall, in front of which was a sugary white shaft coming up round and tall out of the green grass. On top of it was a Confederate soldier.

Tucker liked to go to the dentist because later he could sneak up the skinny steel stairs that led from the top floor to the sunny, gravelled roof and blink down at the soldier. The stone brim of his hat was cracked. The white bayonet of his white rifle was sharp and perfect, and whoever had chiselled the wrinkles in the shirt had done it so good you expected the wind to flutter the stone.

The Confederate soldier looked down at the plume of water in a small fountain that never cut off, come rain, shine, or Sunday, his hard knees bent inside the hard pants, like he wanted to leap off the shaft and suck the whole fountain into his hot rock stomach. But the truly marvellous thing about the statue was neither its thirst nor its cracked hat nor its white gun.

The fine thing was that at the base of the round shaft Tucker had once scratched with a rusty nail in the sugary stone a single word, "Nancy." He knew it was still there, tall and narrow on the stone, although he couldn't see it from such a long way off.

Tucker blinked now, thinking of the word and of the shape, and of the meaning it had for him.

Tucker sniffed and realised suddenly that the concrete brim of the parapet of the building was stinging his bare elbows. The heat was awful. Transparent wrinkles of hot air came out of the tarred brick of the streets and off the top of the hat of the Confederate soldier, so that when he squinted at a slant over the hat it seemed as if he were looking through a bad pane of glass.

He leaned forward, elbows stinging, half-way expecting to see Nancy

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BOND'S

B92 B

THE RENDEZ VOUS

Part 2

By DAPHNE DU MAURIER

POMPOUS author ROBERT SCRIVENER, whose novels and poems are acclaimed in highbrow literary circles, is shaken out of his customary complacent existence by ardent fan letters arriving from Switzerland from a woman who signs herself as A. LIMOGES.

He makes a rendezvous with her in Geneva, where he is due to give some lectures. Greatly daring, he books a suite of rooms for her in the same hotel. Feeling younger than he has ever felt in his whole life, he arrives at the luxurious hotel to find that Annette is already there and more attractive than he ever imagined her to be. NOW READ ON:

ROBERT was still considering the menu in consultation with the maitre-d'hotel when she returned—better than her word, the minutes were seven—and she had changed into a bright red frock with a deeply scooped neckline, showing to great advantage the already bronzed arms and shoulders. The blond hair, worn long when she first appeared, was now coiffured to the shape of her head, very chic, very becoming, and the touch of green eye-shadow made the eyes themselves seem lustrous and large.

Scrivener felt his own dressing inadequate. Her appearance warranted a tuxedo, a buttonhole, and his dark suit somehow seemed out of place, more fitted to a doctor, a lawyer.

"You can't imagine," she said as she sat down, "what it means to me to do this. After the long hours in that terrible store, where I care for no one, and no one cares for me, to be transplanted, by the wave of a magician's wand, and you are the magician, you, sitting there in front of me, just as I imagined. Robert. Robert Scrivener."

He smiled and made a little gesture of deprecation.

"The martini," he said. "Is it iced enough for you, is it how you like it?" "Perfect." She embraced him with her smile. "But then everything is perfect. Geneva, the hotel, the lake; and you."

The waiter was at his elbow again, and Scrivener had to take his eyes away from Annette Limoges and concentrate upon another perfection, the final decision of what they should eat and drink.

It seemed to him immensely important that he should not fail her in this, that their first dinner together should be as momentous as everything else had been to her.

"You are quite sure that is what you would like?" he asked for the third time, over-anxious in his desire to please, and she nodded and sipped her aperitif, and the waiter bowed and disappeared.

"Well . . ." Robert Scrivener looked across the table at his correspondent over so many months, to whom indeed he had quite often bared his heart, released his innermost thoughts, and he found himself inarticulate, he did not

To page 86

The three of them stood there in the dimly lit espresso bar smiling at one another, then Scrivener, the host, ordered a round of drinks.

Entirely new... *R*... from Revlon!

A gentle-strength deodorant
created for a woman's
special needs!



FILM star Anne Baxter, in Sydney recently, described her hat as a mad little multi-colored fez sitting on the back of her head.

"It's called a 'hair-don't'," she said.

This is because it hides the fact that its wearer hasn't had time for a hair-do.

And Anne certainly wasted no time in beauty salons (not that she needs to) on her rushed two weeks' trip to Australia.

We met the day before she flew off home to Los Angeles. Anne had just recorded a radio breakfast-session interview; then we sandwiched (sorry!) in a brief ten minutes' conversation.

"I love Australia," she said.

As an international executive of his company, Mr. Nathanson travels a lot. He's visited every country except Indonesia and India and "I'm going there on the way home."



HAT worn by Anne Baxter is a "hair-don't" because it hides the fact that she hasn't had a hair-do.

"I feel so at home. It's the people here . . ."

"And I've met a lot of the graziers. I call them Cambridge Texans. It's extraordinary; they're tall and fearless—but, because a lot of them have been educated in England, the polish is there, too."

You could practically say Anne's taking Australia home with her. She is, in a way, because she's now wearing a charm bracelet with a map of Australia dangling from it.

"American women seem to wear so many charms; they sound as though they're in chains," she said; "so I just wear one charm."

"My family gave me one last Christmas. It's a gold globe, and the countries where I've made films are marked with jewels. There's a piece of coral for Australia."

Now she is back in Los Angeles, Anne is settling into the new house she's just built there.

"I bought five beautiful Japanese screens when I went through the East on my way home from here after filming 'The Summer of the Seventeenth Doll.'"

"So," she shrugged, "I had to put them somewhere."

"It's an extraordinary house. I suppose you could call it modern."

Anne picked up a knife and drew a rectangle on the tablecloth. "There's an open room in the middle," she explained.

"And there's a pool there, and a lot of ferns and plants."

"So the heart of my house is light and green."

WORTH REPORTING

Gina is good

MAY we introduce Mr. Mort Nathanson, director of international advertising and publicity for the United Artists Film Corporation?

Mr. N. is a high-powered publicity man. But with a difference.

While we were talking, he didn't once describe a film as "super-colossal" or "the mightiest-ever."

He was proud of them, in a restrained sort of way.

But he did tell us a beguiling story about Gina Lollobrigida.

She was watching a private screening of her latest film, "Solomon and Sheba."

"When it was over," said Mr. Nathanson, "Gina turned round and said in a surprised tone of voice, 'But I'm good.' She is, too."

As an international executive of his company, Mr. Nathanson travels a lot. He's visited every country except Indonesia and India and "I'm going there on the way home."

A COLLEAGUE has just received a letter from her grandmother.

"I haven't been very well lately," she wrote. "Still rather weak—my legs feel like empty banana skins."

Blazing away

WE'VE just met a man who has set (a little bit of) the world on fire.

He's American "Sas" Bedig, head of special effects on the Warner Brothers film "The Sundowners."

For a bushfire scene in the film "Sas" assembled flamethrowers, fog machines, special burners, colored smokes, and sprays to blacken leaves and trunks of trees.

Nicknamed "Firechief" by his workmates, "Sas" is a skilled incendiary. He positively glows with enthusiasm as he describes the time he burnt Troy to the ground.

Reconstructing this B.C. drama on film, "Sas" had blazing arrows whizzing through the air and war machines going up in flames.

But Mr. Bedig is really a mild man.

He says there is always variety in his job. With slight understatement, he told us he never gets bored when he's conjuring up snowstorms, battle effects, flaming oil-wells, or "violent death" from the arrows of those traditional baddies, the Indians.

YOUNG Australian actor Terry McDermott has quite a problem: he's a member of the newly formed J. C. Williamson Shakespearean Company and he was telling us about a critic's review of "King Lear."

"The review ended with . . . and a word for Terry McDermott," but it didn't say WHAT word," Terry moaned despondently.

"One of the stagehands suggested 'dreary.'"

Window-shop for weather

THE British Meteorological Office recently opened London's first weather shop.

No, no. You can't go in and order a shilling's worth of sunshine. Or a pound's worth of rain if your garden hasn't been looking its best lately.

The "shop" is part of the London Forecasting Office.

It displays up-to-the-minute maps of weather conditions.

There's also a consulting-room, where a forecaster provides personal callers with information about weather conditions in any given area.

And for window-shoppers: a simple chart, showing the hour-to-hour state of the weather, faces the street.

Designing wife

VISITING Swiss textile designer Theodore Mosimann was sporting an unusual bowtie when we met him at a party in Sydney recently.

The tie was a (rather bedraggled) bow of black grosgrain ribbon.

"Umph," murmured Mr. Mosimann, "I must get some more ribbon."

He explained that he always wears a ribbon-tie; he buys about five yards and merely hacks off enough for a new "tie" when he needs it.

Why?

His wife, Trudi, designs fabrics. So she designs the materials for his shirts. So she doesn't like those designs to



TIE worn by Swiss textile designer Theodore Mosimann is just a piece of black grosgrain ribbon.

be "broken" by an ordinary long tie. So Mr. Mosimann wears bowties.

And ribbon is very economical.

We were fascinated. "We'd like to see a photograph of your wife," we said—with the help of the interpreter.

Mr. Mosimann beamed. He reached into an inner pocket and pulled out a cardboard folder. And opened it.

We gazed upon a speaking likeness of . . . a world-weary boxer dog.

"No, no," we said. "Your WIFE . . . spouse . . . helpmeet . . . better half . . ."

Mr. Mosimann nodded. He opened the folder a bit further—and there was a picture of his wife. At least as much as could be seen of her—yes, behind the boxer.

Finally! Freedom from perspiration
break-through!



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Simple Arithmetic proves that...

ONE BOTTLE OF TRIX CAN SAVE YOU OVER 20 HOURS WORK IN WASHING-UP ALONE!



1 IT TAKES ONLY
ONE TEASPOONFUL OF TRIX
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USING SUDS—
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A HOUSEWIFE SPENDS AN AVERAGE OF
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THIS AMOUNTS TO 40 HOURS 32 MINS.
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4 NOW LETS SEE HOW TRIX
CUTS WASH-UP TIME IN HALF



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TRIX SAVES $\frac{1}{2}$ MINUTE
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**A SAVING OF
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FOR 128 WASH-UPS!**

6 AND AS
TRIX ELIMINATES DRYING-UP
(ESTIMATED AT 9 MINUTES EACH FOR
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**YOU ACTUALLY SAVE
ANOTHER 19 HOURS 12 MINS.**

**ADD TOGETHER THE SAVINGS ON WASHING AND DRYING
AND YOU HAVE A TOTAL OF 20 HOURS 16 MINUTES SAVED!**

TRIX SAVES TIME
AND WORK IN
PRACTICALLY EVERY
CLEANING JOB
—washing clothes,
cleaning windows,
upholstery, floors,
the car.



* ... so you're going to ask "Why DON'T you dry-up when you use Trix?" Well ... when you wash-up in suds, you **have** to dry-up to remove the greasy film and soap streaks that cling to the plates. But Trix is not "sudsy"—every plate, glass, knife and fork comes out gleaming; you just stack everything in the rack—to dry sparkling clean, without a trace of film or streaking.

Trix is a modern "miracle" detergent that actually "swallows" grease and waste particles ... absorbing them right into the water itself—to be flushed down the drain, **not re-deposited on the dishes**. That's why Trix means a **cleaner** wash-up. Microscope tests show that suds-washed-and-wiped-up-dishes teem with bacteria—but Trix-washed dishes are virtually germ-free!



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THE CAT THAT INSPIRED...



• Manda (sitting up, above) with her daughter Yakamini and son Half Angel, named after Miss Jefferis' new book. Below: Staff photographer Keith Barlow waited nearly an hour to get the ten kittens still enough for this picture.

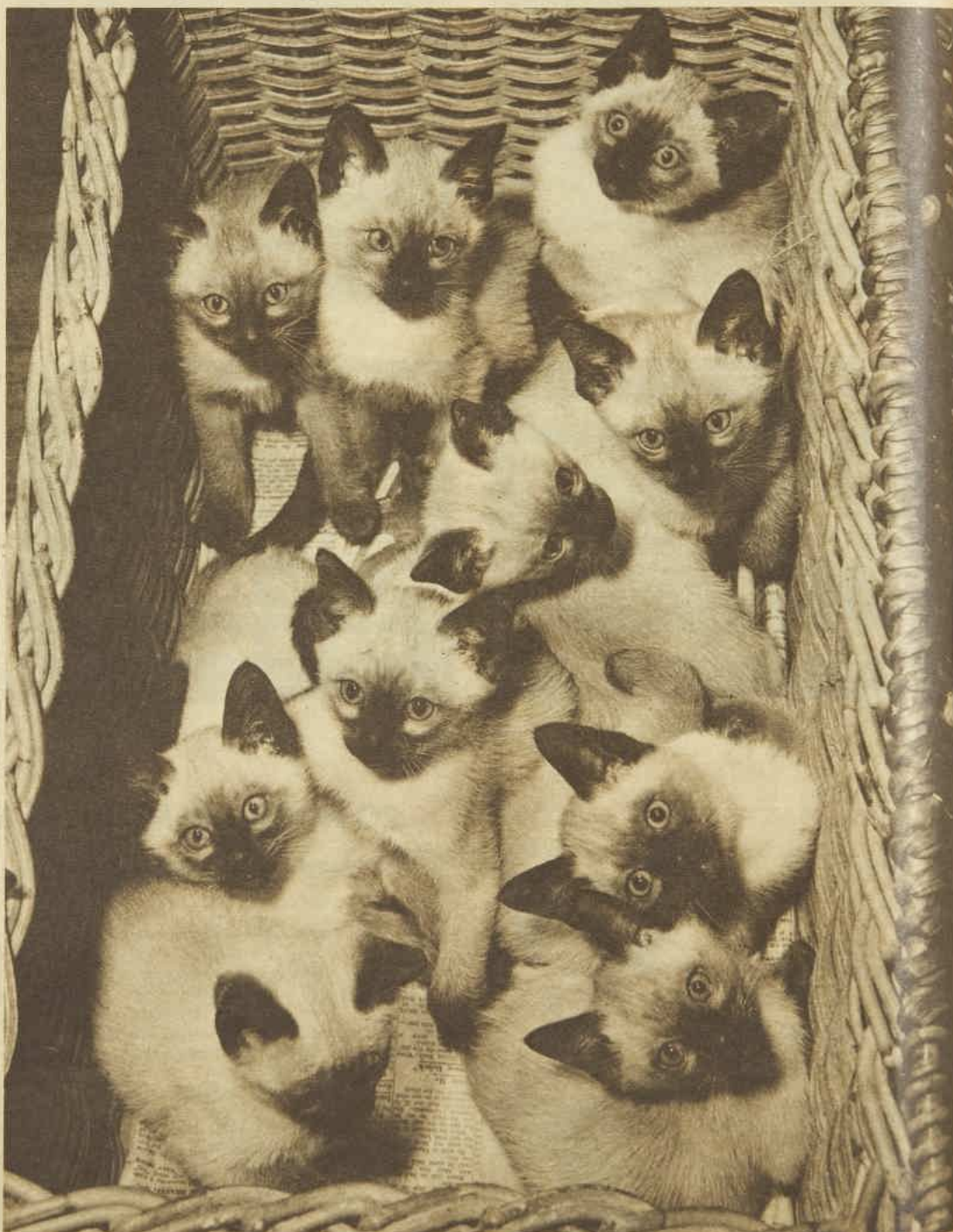
• A two-month-old Seal Point Siamese kitten frisking around the gardens of a house in the Sydney suburb of Gordon doesn't know that he is named after a novel which is an outstanding success in America.

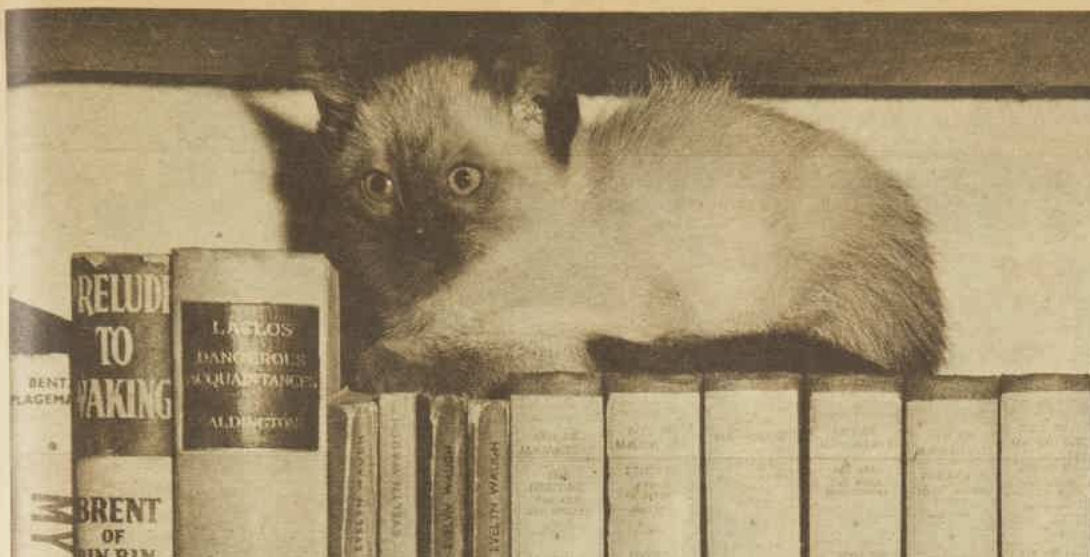
THE novel—and the kitten—is called "Half Angel," and the author is Australian writer Barbara Jefferis.

"Half Angel," which begins as a two-part serial next week in *The Australian Women's Weekly*, is the poignant story of Tim, a farm boy who finds a Siamese cat in the bush near his home.

The cat, Lady Chichiboo Precious Gem, has run away from her owners, who were travelling through the district. Trapped by a bush-fire, they are unable to risk an extensive search for her.

Tim is fascinated by the cat and her strange blue eyes, but, knowing his father will never let him keep her, decides to hide her. The kitten,





• This one of the ten kittens is obviously a fan of Guy de Maupassant.

... A BEST-SELLER

NEW SERIAL NEXT WEEK

Half Angel, is one of five belonging to Barbara Jefferis' Siamese cat, Manda, who was the model for the cat in the novel.

"Half Angel" was published as a complete novel in the October issue of one of America's leading magazines, "The Ladies' Home Journal." The American publishers have just released the book for sale, and an English edition will be out soon.

"The Ladies' Home Journal" has already asked Miss Jefferis for the first option on the manuscript of her next novel.

Miss Jefferis is one of few Australians to have had a story accepted by this magazine, which has one of the biggest circulations in America. It means tremendous prestige in the literary world, because the "Journal" accepts only first-class fiction.

The "Journal" pays its writers extremely well — so that Barbara Jefferis now becomes one of the best-paid Australian authors.

In private life Barbara Jefferis is Mrs. John Hinde, wife of a Sydney journalist. She chose to make a Siamese cat her "heroine" because these are the cats she knows and loves best. "If I have a hobby," she said, "you could call it Siamese cats."

Husband's gift

"I began breeding them with Manda, who was a birthday present from my husband four years ago. I named one of the kittens in her first litter Yakanini. We call her Yarkie, and I liked her so much that I decided not to sell her. She and her mother, Manda, are mothering a family of ten. Each had five kittens at the same time.

"Each cat has two names: the familiar ones we use and their pedigree names. 'Yarkie's five (all males) we call Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, and Simon (these are the family names), and Manda's three females and two males are Butch, Snooks, Ro, Prue, and Tweenie.

"Tweenie's full title is Dandalun Half Angel. Dandalun is the name all my cats bear. The breeders call it 'the cattery name.'"

Barbara Jefferis began writing as a journalist on Sydney's now defunct "Daily News." She worked for The Australian Women's Weekly ("I wrote captions most of the time") and a pictorial magazine before she left jour-

nalism to have a baby—Rosalind, now aged 15.

About this time she decided to make writing a full-time job, one that would not interfere with bringing up her child and looking after her husband.

"I'm grateful to those years as a journalist, because they taught me my craft," she said.

"I work hard when I'm writing, just as I did each day on a paper. I make hundreds of notes, jotting down phrases and words, just as a reporter makes notes. I plan my story in my mind before I start putting it down, and then I usually write it straight off.

"I work in my study from 9 a.m. until 4 p.m. with no interruptions."

Barbara Jefferis became a literary critic and feature writer for the A.B.C. She won a novel contest in the early

'fifties with her book "Cotango Day," then wrote a historical novel, "Beloved Lady," which was serialised by the A.B.C. and a Book Society Recommendation.

"Half Angel" is her third novel. Is a new one planned?

"Well, yes," she said thoughtfully, "I have already started on one, although I would have liked some spare time to work in this big house we bought not so long ago, and to have a go at taming a very wild garden."

However, Barbara Jefferis is so efficient that she could paint and redecorate her house, browse in antique shops for furniture, look after the ten kittens and two cats, tame the garden, and finish her new novel — all at the same time.



• Barbara Jefferis in her Gordon, N.S.W., home, with one of the Siamese kittens which, she says, are her hobby.



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a way
with
silver

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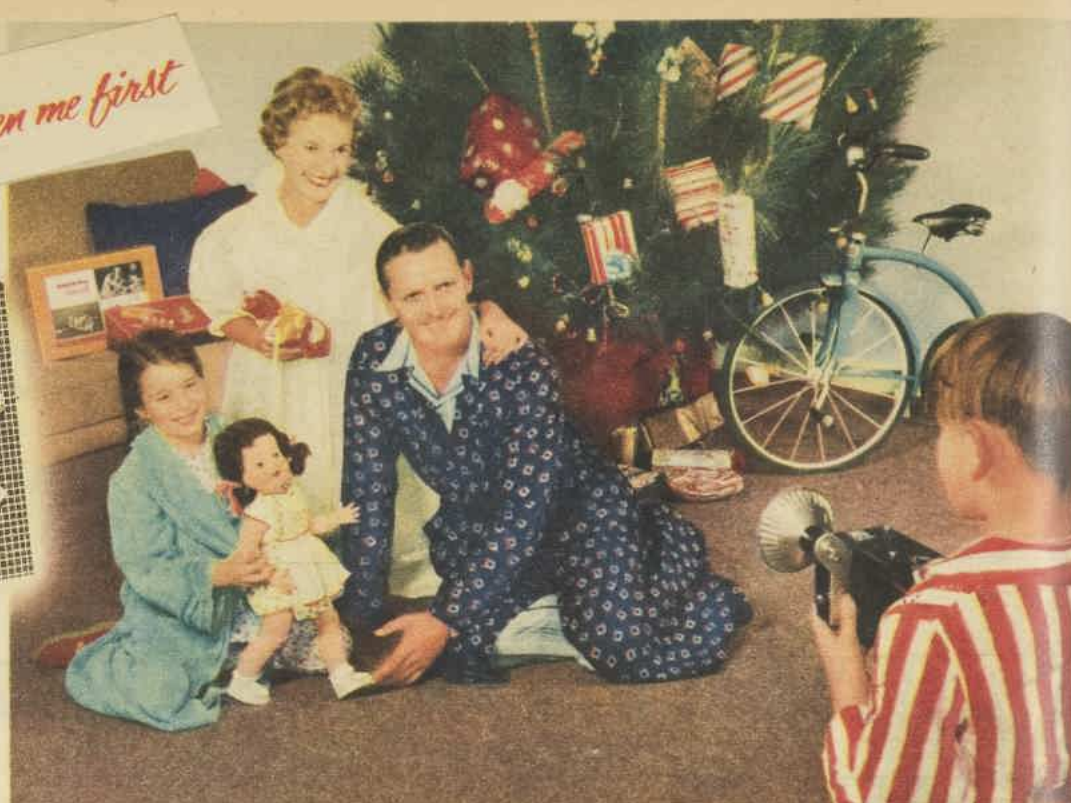


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"What the experts didn't tell us"

By B. M. ATKINSON Jr., with drawings by Whitney Darrow Jr.

● A father of four, after finding that a textbook on child care didn't tell ALL about children, has written a book to warn parents of some of the shocks in store.

We have already published some of the "ailments" he discovered for himself, and more are outlined below.

GOAT MOUTH—A dietary phenomenon in which babies, usually from nine to twenty-four months, are possessed of a great appetite for everything but food, showing a marked preference for coffee grounds, egg-shells, lamp cords, soap, soil, crib railings, dog biscuits, and other things.

It can quite often include the ear of the dog itself.

Just how the infant, with his limited number of teeth, can chew through crib railings, spaniel ears, etc., will remain a mystery to the parent unless, in an effort to remove splinters, etc., the parent is stupid enough to put a finger in said infant's mouth. Ouch!



● Goat Mouth

ROMAN SPINE—A sudden collapse of the backbone, occurring always at mealtime and rendering a child incapable of sitting up straight at the table; a regression to the Roman days of dining horizontally on couches.

A corollary condition, occurring in boys, is **SCOOTER FOOT**, which prevents a boy from keeping both feet under the table, the stray foot always being poised as if he were riding a scooter.

In small girls the condition may be in the form of **SNAKE LEG**, wherein the child has one leg tucked beneath her at an angle that would induce gangrene in a flamingo.



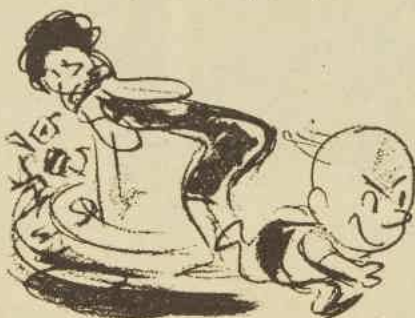
● Roman Spine

VAMOOSIE—In this ailment a child's powers of locomotion vary in direct ratio to a parent's vigilance or lack thereof.

A year-old child being watched by his mother will waddle about the room for hours with a lack of sure-footedness resembling a drunken midget and with his top speed never exceeding two feet per second.

But the moment the mother turns her back he assumes the grace of a gazelle and a speed exceeding sound. Mother is warned only by the crash of her best lamp.

Escaped children head for freshly frosted cakes, antique vases, and open doors, all at this terrific, suddenly acquired speed.



● Vamoosie

TEENER'S YO-YO—A sudden growing-up occurring in the teens; a phenomenon of the Fourth Dimension in which a child is asking for comic-cuts one day and the keys to the car the next.

Seemingly occurs overnight.

By all odds the saddest and cruellest of all the childhood afflictions that make parents suffer. For it's a warning that childhood days are almost at an end.

Teeners' yo-yo can bring tears to a parent's eyes.



● Teener's Yo-yo

Ordinary aspirin— THE MAIN INGREDIENT OF MOST PAIN RELIEVERS can cause stomach upset

ORDINARY ASPIRIN—the main ingredient of most headache and pain relievers does not readily dissolve. This means that it may enter your stomach as coarse acid particles. Medical experience shows that these undissolved aspirin particles can lodge in and irritate the stomach lining—a cause of serious conditions in some people, of indigestion, dyspepsia and heartburn in others.

DISPRIN, THE DISSOLVING ASPIRIN, is free from these defects. Disprin dissolves in seconds to become a solution so that no undissolved aspirin particles remain to irritate and upset your stomach. Disprin is far less acid too. And because Disprin dissolves so readily it is absorbed more quickly into the bloodstream to bring faster relief. That's why Disprin is the safe, fast way to relieve headache and pain.

PERIOD PAINS—Disprin, at such times, is a blessing to women. Pain is relieved and the nerves rapidly soothed. Keep the flat pack in your handbag.

SAFER FOR CHILDREN—Disprin is much safer for children because it dissolves and is far less acid. It can easily be given as a drink, and is most helpful when infants are teething.



but you avoid this risk
when you take
DISPRIN
THE DISSOLVING ASPIRIN



DOCTORS RECOMMEND DISPRIN—FOR HEADACHES, NERVE PAINS, FEVERISHNESS, COLDS, CHILLS, 'FLU' • From all chemists.

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ACRILAN[®]



CARDIGAN BY DAVID KEYS. SWEATER BY SHETLAND

on land or sea there's nothing like Acrilan!
(so pretty yet so practical—these sweaters of Acrilan)



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A prestige maker designs a new sweater. Knits it with ACRILAN, the acrylic fibre by Chemstrand. And there **you** have it—one of the prettiest and **most practical** sweaters a girl could wish for. Reason is: a sweater of ACRILAN feels baby-soft and looks luxurious. Yet it washes so easily, dries ready-to-wear

without the bother of blocking. And it stays true to colour and shape (no shrinking, no stretching) through all the launderings you like to give it. This summer, choose a sweater that leads a take-it-easy life—a sweater of ACRILAN.



There's no other fibre like Acrilan (it makes fabrics look and feel luxurious).



Less cleaning bills (sweaters made with Acrilan wash in a flash by machine or by hand and keep their shape).



Sweaters of Acrilan wear better and last longer.



Moths can't find a home here (Acrilan is also resistant to mildew).

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 CHEMSTRAND makes only the fibre—Australia's finest mills and manufacturers do the rest.

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THE COLORS OF SPRING

Spring, more than any other time of the year, is the time for flower arrangements, when gardens throughout Australia flaunt their sunlit colors in profusion. These three inspiring arrangements were shown at the spring flower exhibition in Paris.

• This all-green entry used combined spring leaves of young shoots of oak, azalea, prunus, gardenia, ferns, and curving trailers from rockery plants.

• Leaf-shaped candles form an attractive frame for yellow roses and orchids in this arrangement from England. The leaves are real.



• Twin arrangement from an American mother and daughter has cinerarias, harebells, cornflower, grape hyacinths, and forget-me-nots — all the fresh, vivid blues of spring — against a delicate tracery of dried stems.

Look what you Mother's Choice this Christmas

some to give... some to serve

What a carnival of cooking there'll be at your house starting very soon! With these kitchen tested recipes and Mother's Choice Flour (Self Raising and Plain) to help, your Christmas baking will be the brightest, tastiest, most successful ever.

And one of the nicest things about holiday cooking is the generosity it inspires — for who doesn't enjoy giving ... or receiving ... a Mother's Choice Christmas gift like some of these!

CHRISTMAS PUDDING

The unusual addition of apple and carrot makes a lighter, more delicious pudding. Can be kept up to 3 weeks by wrapping in plastic and storing in refrigerator.

COMBINE 1 lb. raisins; 2 ozs. sultanas; 2 ozs. currants; 2 ozs. chopped almonds; 2 ozs. chopped dates; 2 ozs. chopped prunes; 2 ozs. chopped cherries; 1 oz. chopped peel.
POUR OVER 2 tablespoons rum or sherry and allow to stand several hours.
CREAM 3 ozs. shortening & 4 ozs. brown sugar.
ADD 2 egg yolks — and beat in well.
MIX IN 1 cup marmalade.
SIFT TOGETHER 1 cup Mother's Choice Self Raising Flour; 1 level teaspoon cinnamon; 1 level teaspoon nutmeg; 1 level teaspoon salt; 1 level teaspoon bi-carb. soda; add 1 cup fine white breadcrumbs.

ADD ALTERNATELY the flour mixture and fruit.
MIX IN 1 cup grated carrot; 1 cup grated apple; 1 cup hot milk; 1 dessertspoon Parisienne Essence.
FOLD IN 2 egg whites stiffly beaten.
PLACE in 2 1/2 pt. greased pudding mould and cover securely, or in a floured pudding cloth and tie with string.
STEAM OR BOIL 4 hours and further 2 hours on day of serving.

CHRISTMAS RING CAKE

Ring shape makes for even browning and rising — takes only 2 1/2 hours to cook. Make one to give ... one to cut.

COMBINE 6 ozs. raisins; 6 ozs. sultanas; 2 ozs. each currants, chopped peel, cherries, almonds, dates and prunes in bowl.
POUR OVER 2 tablespoons rum or sherry and allow to stand overnight.
CREAM 6 ozs. brown sugar and 6 ozs. shortening.
BEAT IN 3 eggs and 1 dessertspoon Mother's Choice Coffee Essence, then prepared fruit.
MIX IN 4 ozs. (1 1/2 cup) Mother's Choice Plain Flour; 3 ozs. (3/4 cup) Mother's Choice Self Raising Flour; 1 level teaspoon salt; 1 level teaspoon cinnamon and 1 level teaspoon spice sifted together.
SPOON into prepared 8" ring pan and hollow out from centre.
COOK in barely moderate oven with decreasing heat 2 1/2 hours.
COOL in pan.
DECORATE with a strip of white icing and top with marzipan or crystallised fruits.
TO PREPARE PAN — Cut a circle of white paper to fit pan then cut out centre circle. Place in pan and grease. Cut a strip of paper 2" higher than pan to fit right round. Grease and place in position inside outer edge. There is no paper round inner circle.

MINCE TART

A Christmas treat served hot, with ice cream or cream. This recipe will make a dozen dainty small pies — cook 20-25 mins. in hot oven.

COOK 1 cup raisins; 1/2 cup dates; 1 cup sultanas; 1 cup currants; 1 large cooking apple (grated); 2 level tablespoons brown sugar; 3 tablespoons sherry; 1 level teaspoon each cinnamon and nutmeg until boiling then for further 3 minutes stirring well. Cool.
RUB 1 level tablespoons shortening into 1 cup Mother's Choice Self Raising Flour sifted with 1/2 cup Mother's Choice Plain Flour and 1 level teaspoon salt.
MIX to a firm dough with 3 tablespoons water.
ROLL to 2 rounds to fit an 8" pie plate.
LINE plate with pastry, add filling and cover with pastry.
ORNAMENT edge and centre if desired then brush with water and sprinkle with sugar.
BAKE in mod. oven 25 to 30 minutes.

SHORTBREAD FANCIES

Make lots of cute shapes from one mixture and decorate with Christmas motifs — an ideal Christmas gift, packed in festive box.

CREAM 7 level tablespoons (7 ozs.) shortening and 5 level tablespoons (3 ozs.) castor sugar.
MIX IN 2 cup Mother's Choice Self Raising Flour sifted with 1 1/2 cups Mother's Choice Plain Flour; 3 cup cornflour and 1 level teaspoon salt.
ADD cocoa, coconut, cherries or any other flavouring or leave plain.
SHAPE as desired. Christmas shapes may be traced from Christmas cards.
COOK on greased slides in slow oven — 20 minutes.
DECORATE with icing, coconut, cherries, etc.



For best results use

"Mother's

Self Raising and

"MOTHER'S CHOICE FLOUR — IN EVERY HOME"

and
can do



Choice"

Plain Flour



CLEANING is easier with a long-handled brush and dust pan, for no stooping is required.

Take it easier — and live longer

● Latest subject to be streamlined by the experts is housework. After study and research, the American Heart Association has evolved new techniques to help women who have heart disease do their chores without strain or rush.

● But of course you don't have to be a heart sufferer to benefit from their findings, which can lighten every woman's daily routine.

BASIC FACTS

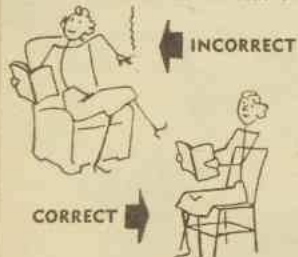
● It's good general advice to avoid worry, last-minute rush, overweight, overtiredness, heavy lifting, and running up or down stairs.

ONE of the easiest ways to save energy is to learn to use your body properly and with correct posture.

Some good rules

Keep your head balanced and erect; your shoulders relaxed and low; your chest high; your abdomen flat; your hips tucked under; your knees straight but not stiff; your weight towards the outside of your feet.

Sit well back on the seat of



your chair with your feet flat on the floor. Bend forward from your hips—not your waist.

Walking starts from your hips, not your knees. Swing your arms freely. A graceful walk takes less energy.

Lifting should be done with your leg muscles and not your back muscles. Bend your knees and get your body as much underneath what you're lifting as you can.

If you push a heavy object, use your whole body weight.

If you pull something, brace

your feet firmly, bend your knees, round your back, take hold of the object firmly, and let your body weight do most of the pulling.

For relaxation, lie on your back. Extend both arms overhead and stretch your entire body. Relax gradually. Begin with your fingers and continue until your entire body feels limp.

Your pace

The rate of speed at which you live is important. Hasty thinking and hasty working



seldom accomplish what you want.

Fast walking takes $1\frac{1}{2}$ times as much energy as slow walking; walking downstairs twice as much, and walking upstairs seven times as much, as walking on level ground.

Mental hygiene

Control of your mind is more difficult than control of your body. Avoid irritation, discontent, and general unhappiness.

On the other hand, interest, enthusiasm, and serenity of spirit are always helpful.

CERTAIN principles of work will help you—principles that have already been applied to your husband's job in business or industry, and have produced better work with less effort—in less time—without hurrying—with greater safety—and lower costs.

You need good lighting and a comfortable temperature. A cheery and harmonious color scheme helps, too, and if you have a pleasant view, all the better.

This is the way you study your job:

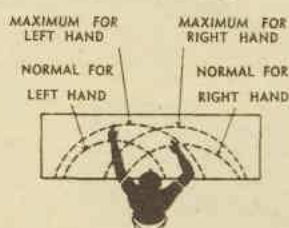
1. Break down each task

List all the details exactly as you do the job at present, making these three classifications:

Collection of tools and equipment, motions you use to do the job, and the putting away of equipment.



WORKING AREAS



● This is how you measure your working space that suits you best when you (a) sit and (b) stand.

2. Ask these questions

WHY is this particular job necessary? Does the result pay for the time you spend doing it?

WHAT is its purpose? Does doing this contribute to the physical or emotional well-being of your family?

WHERE should it be done? Is there a reason for shelling peas in the kitchen, or could you join the

family outside and do this? Could you use community services and have some things done outside your home—laundry, child care?

WHEN should it be done? Could you prepare your husband's or children's lunch while the dinner is cooking and save that rush the next morning?

WHO should do it? If it should be done at home are you the logical one to do it? Or could another member of the family do this particular job?

HOW is the best way to do it? Are you doing a lot of unnecessary running around to get this job done?

Also question the equipment:

Are you using the most convenient appliance you can afford? Long-



handled brooms, mops, etc., save much stooping.

Dusting mitts, or two dusters, will help you use both hands for cleaning.

Does your workchair have a comfortable back and foot support?

Are your knives sharp?

Have you a portable table?

Have you a shopping cart?



Simpler housework means . . .

MORE VIM Because all effort is cut down. Even the movable worktable has smooth-running wheels. **MORE TIME** Because of thorough organization. A low rocking-chair can be used to relax, or to cuddle the baby.



BETTER HEALTH Because there's no strain or rush. The most-used utensils are hung handy for use. **MORE FUN** Because it's all so easy. Vegetables are done sitting down, and peelings drop into a garbage can.

Even though you may plan to have another member of your team do the heavy shopping once a week, you may want to buy fresh vegetables a couple of times a week. If you don't have steps to climb you'll find a shopping cart helpful. You'll probably find other uses for such a cart.

c. Rearrange for better sequence. Measure dry ingredients before wet to save washing dishes.
d. Simplify all necessary details.

4. Make your work easier

Work Heights. — The height of the work surface — the table or whatever you are using — should be comfortable for work. This height should enable you to stand in a relaxed position and work, without stooping or raising the hand above the level of the elbow.

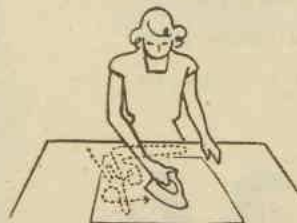
Adjust the height of your work-chair so that the relation of your elbow to your work remains the same when you sit as when you stand.

The average work surface — that is, the table area over which you work — recommended for such jobs as vegetable preparation, where you use short-handled tools, is 36 inches from the floor. For the use of long-

the bench (such as placing it in the sink).

Work benches (tables, etc.) should not be so wide that you must stretch to reach the back. Your most comfortable reach is 16 inches from each elbow in all directions. (See sketches labelled "Working Areas" on previous page.)

Storage. — Store the things you use most often on shelves where you neither stoop nor stretch to get them. You can save space and save lifting a stack of things to get one



WASTED ENERGY

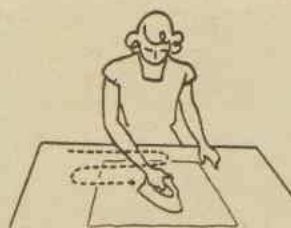
thing you want if you'll use shelves that are different distances apart — a bowl needs space but a cup needs little, and you can easily build shelves of suitable size between those you already have, to accommodate objects of different sizes.

Use vertical dividers for tall platters, trays, pie and muffin tins, lids, etc.

Deep drawers can have small trays built in the top section to make small things more easily obtainable.

You will save much stooping and other unnecessary motions if you keep your knives on a rack on the wall; and hang pots and pans on a cabinet door, or even on the wall, if dust isn't a problem.

Hang your rolling-pin on two hooks so you can reach for it and start to use it in one continuous motion.



RHYTHMIC MOTION

handled tools such as egg-beaters, long-handled spoons, etc., the lower height of 32 inches is better. If you can't arrange two work levels you may use a pull-out lap board; a portable table; or sink your bowl into

Sit whenever possible — sit to wash dishes, prepare vegetables, mix ingredients, iron, and feed baby.

When you iron, place your dampened clothes on your portable table at your left; a rack to hold ironed clothes at your right; and yourself on your workchair at a comfortable height to get the same arm movement you use when you stand.

Use a portable table for:

- (1) Extra work space.
- (2) To assemble and transport things — dishes and food to and from the table; groceries as you need them at the place you use them first; cleaning supplies from one room to the other (dust mits, furniture polish, glass cleaner, a container to empty ashtrays and



collect odds and ends), clean and soiled linens as you make beds and distribute towels, etc.

(3) To hold dampened clothes when you iron, and to carry them, after ironing, to the place where they are stored.

5. Arrange equipment

Pre-place equipment and supplies in the handiest possible way.

Ask yourself in which room you use an article most often, and store it there.

Group things that are used together, and store them near to where they will be used.

Cooking. — Store the things that are first used with heat at the stove — canned goods, seasoning, utensils for canned goods, serving dishes and platters.

Vegetable preparation. — Store the things that are first used with water at the sink — vegetables that don't need refrigeration, soaps, knives, and strainers.

Mixing. — Store the perishable and non-perishable ingredients for baking together with your rolling-pin, measuring-cups, mixing-bowls, baking-pans.

Lunch preparation. — If you prepare school lunches, assemble wax paper, bread, etc., near the perishable foods you use in the lunch.

Cleaning. — Store small things in a box or basket with your broom, mop, sweeper. Using this principle may mean you'll need two dust mops, two pairs of dust mits, dusters, etc., to save stair-climbing.

6. Work with both hands

Let both hands do useful work — for example, iron with one hand, smooth with the other.

Dust with both hands.

Put away dishes with both hands.



7. Use prepared material

Ready-mix for pastry, cakes, etc. Frozen vegetables and other frozen foods.

8. Unclutter your kitchen

Chances are that with a bit of drawer-and-soul-searching you can gather together a box full of gadgets you never use. Throw them away.

9. Apply your new methods

After you have developed a new method for any job, begin using it at once. It may take a short while to establish the new habit, but you will soon become accustomed to your new ways.

Check yourself occasionally to see that you really are following your newly established patterns, but at the same time be looking for still better methods of work which might be developed.

Work simplification can become a game at which you and your entire household can play, and it can save you up to 60 per cent. of the time you once spent on a job.

Find for yourself the rhythmic, relaxed way of doing things and you will accomplish more, have fewer accidents, and spend less energy.

Perhaps music would help here — records or the kind of radio programme that makes you feel happy, rather than restless and excited.

A Word on Shelves. — Some women like the gay color-note of cans and packaged foods ranged on



open shelves for easy identification. Other women say open shelves are distracting and dust-collecting.

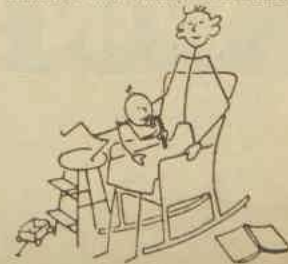
But it's easy to solve the problem of closed cupboard doors v. open shelves. Just ask yourself which you prefer.

When you have worked out something good, share it. The neighbor who learns about it will almost surely contribute something of her own, and good ideas grow that way.

Trading experiences with other people will help you maintain the good work methods you have established and sustain your enthusiasm for further development.

If you believe homemaking is creative and worth while, share this feeling with your family.

This will do much to help you direct your thinking along pleasant lines, and will bring you to the end of the day with much accomplished, and with time and energy for relaxation and family recreation.





DEEP-SHINE WITH SHERATON!

Furniture beauty is more than skin deep. American-formula Sheraton actually penetrates the pores, preserves as it polishes, penetrates deep-down to build up a foundation of lustrous, lasting beauty.

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No rubbing! No drubbing! American-formula Sheraton is the short cut to success. A few drops on your just damp cloth and you're off! American-formula Sheraton shines everything it touches!



CLEAN-SHINE WITH SHERATON!

It's a "must" when you dust! Shake a few drops of Sheraton on your dusting cloth and Hey! Presto! dust goes—everything glows! It's that wonder-working American formula.



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The world-famous polish that actually removes scratches as it speeds on a dazzling shine! Contains no harmful abrasives or sticky waxes to pick up dust and finger marks.

Make no mistake, American-formula Sheraton makes every other household polish old-fashioned! Sheraton works a wonder you can see. The shine is fine—but that's only the beginning. Sheraton gives timber a tonic, makes Laminex gleam, dazzles doors, rejuvenates the point on refrigerators! You'll be astonished how much work you get out of a bottle.



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OUTSELLS ALL OTHER FURNITURE POLISHES COMBINED

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SHERATON
Sheraton's unique action penetrates the pores, nourishing, reviving, building up a foundation of lasting beauty.



Product "B"
Other polishes only shine the surface, piling up a greasy, waxy film that shows dirt, finger marks.

3'9

THIS IS ALL YOU NEED DO:

Buy a bottle of Sheraton from your local store. Tick against the check list the uses of Sheraton that help you best. Experiment for yourself and then add to the list the new uses of Sheraton you have discovered for yourself.

Here's a clue: It's not on the check list but Sheraton is marvellous for cleaning and shining telephones! Add your discoveries to the Sheraton check list. The most interesting could win you £250!!! Address your entries to: The Sheraton Polish Company, Box 45, P.O., Alexandria.

Winner's name will be announced in the 20th January issue of The Australian Women's Weekly.

THE CHECK LIST

1. Sheraton for shining furniture.
2. Sheraton for shining doors.
3. Sheraton for shining radios.
4. Sheraton for shining laminated and Masonite surfaces.
5. Sheraton for shining Formica surfaces.
6. Sheraton for shining refrigerators.
7. Sheraton for shining stoves.
8. Sheraton for shining TV sets.

ALLURE FOR A SUMMER BRIDE

● *Four new headdresses for the summer bride . . . Tulle is an alluring choice for the veil — and the romantic way to wear it is overflowing from a decor of fresh or artificial flowers.*



WHITE organdie roses surmount this wedding coif, complete with a flower-scattered chignon.



ABOVE: The tulle veil in this headdress reveals the bride's face in a charming manner. Note the new look of the ribbon-tied bouquet.



LEFT: Cloudy tulle is caught with a circle of mother-of-pearl flowers in this romantic headdress. The same flowers are used for the posy.



RIGHT: Pale blue tulle, a new choice for the summer bride, is chosen for this headdress. The veil falls from a posy of forget-me-nots.

World-Famous

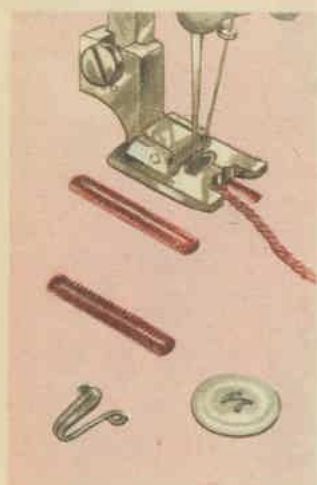
PHOENIX
Automatic

Sewing Machine

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Makes cotton locks absolutely impossible.

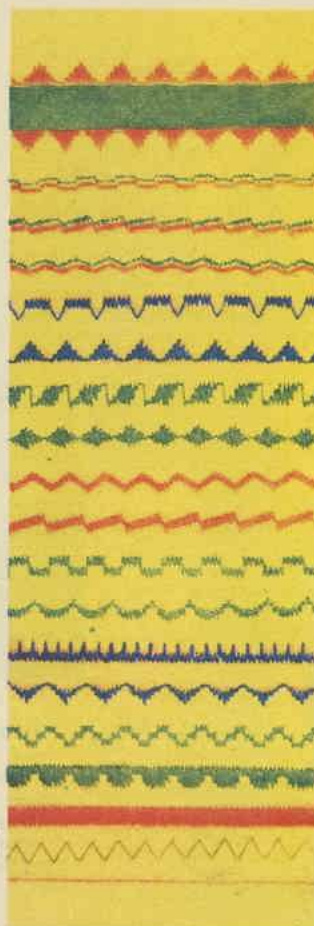
The modern woman and girl know very well how to keep pace with the quickly varying moods of fashion. Their dresses always prove their individual taste and ingenuity. Their secret is to take pleasure in designing and sewing their own dresses. With Phoenix Automatic there are no limits to creative sewing. Every woman can be a magician and produce—not only for herself, but for her entire family—personalised clothes that will be sincerely admired. Therefore, a modern Phoenix sewing machine should be your friend, too. It makes sewing so easy and a constant source of pleasure.

TRULY AUTOMATIC FANCY STITCHES

Distinctive embroidery stitches just flow out to give beauty and individuality to dresses, blouses, table linen, pillowslips, etc. So simple, you'll be always using them.

UNLIMITED VARIATIONS

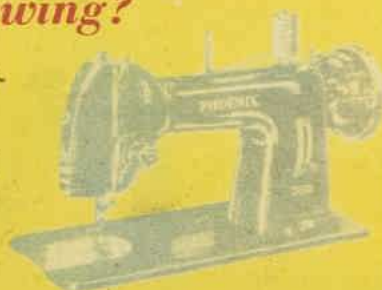
Although the push-button changes designs instantly without having to change cam discs every time, yet you are not limited to a few designs... new cam discs (from the ever-increasing range) can be inserted in a few seconds. And you can use twin needles.



*Or do you need only
Plain Sewing?*

Craftsman-
Built
PHOENIX

350
at only
£58



(£59 in Country Areas)

**EASY
TERMS**

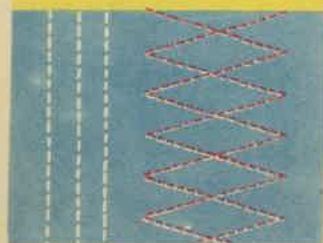
Backed by Phoenix experience since 1865, these most modern sewing machines are fully guaranteed so that spare parts and service, though rarely needed, are always available. Phoenix Automatic 283 is also available in attractive Cabinet or Swedish Table models. All voltages available, 240v, 32v, or 110v.

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Incorporating all the world renowned quality of the dearer Phoenix Models, the 350 sews forward and backward, hems, fells, quilts, sews in zips, in fact does all that a plain sewing machine can do. Also available in handsome cabinets, for all electric voltages or for treadle.

PAMPERED POODLE

● *French poodle Baba is the envy of her friends, with her new Parisian wardrobe of collars, leads, and her Paris haircut.*



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R074

Continuing . . . A TIME TO THINK

from page 17

and was wondering how to retrieve William, who had got separated from her. Since she could hardly move, the prospect was remote; she could only stay where she was.

After some time a stir and scuffle in the crowd materialised into Davis, who fought his way to her side through disregarded backslaps and embraces.

He had taken off his helmet; his face was dark with grime except for two lighter ovals round his eyes, which made him look no longer half asleep as when he was driving but like a very alert owl.

He said, without much troubling to lower his voice, though the noise was so great that few could have heard him. "Just let me get clear of this lot. I'll drive you back to London."

"But William—" said Harriet. Whenever I see him, she thought, I say that. It's got to stop. She said, "No."

"I've got a nice girl for William all lined up. William will love her."

"No."

"Look, if you must be so strong-minded we'll meet them for dinner, blast it—will that do? Tell him," he said with a kind of melancholy bitterness, "you want to see life on the road with Dion the Track. I'll be twenty minutes. Will you wait here?"

"I don't know," said Harriet, but he had gone.

Buffeted by the crowd, she stood conscious of several layers of exasperated thoughts. I don't know, she said to herself, I don't know how to cope with it; he makes me the sort of person I am not. But then if I really didn't want to go I wouldn't stay here. If I do want to go it must be subconscious.

I hate the thought of it; William drives fast enough, and goodness knows what—Anyway, it isn't fair to William. If he got furious it wouldn't be so bad, but he is too nice and he won't. I ought to go and find him, she thought, standing still in the diminishing hordes of spectators, and she was still standing there, frowning, hands in pockets, when William came up to her.

Her blond, rather monkeyish face was screwed up as if against the light. He said, "Well, it was a nice drive down."

"You've seen him?"

"He saw me."

"William, why do you put up with it?" said Harriet, suddenly angry.

"What else can I do?"

"If I were you I think I'd knock him down and slap my face."

"That would be crude," said William, not without regret. "And think of the publicity. Besides, you want to go. Best get it out of the system, I tell myself."

"I'm not sure I do want to go."

"I think you do, really, Harriet. After all, he hasn't got a gun."

"No, but he behaves as if he had."

"Well, they are very tiring, these types," said William hopefully.

"I don't deserve you."

Being driven back to London by Dion turned out to be not, in every way, what Harriet had expected. He kept her waiting half-an-hour, which she and William, and the girl lined up for William, spent drinking cardboard cups of tea and talking with a kind of cautious impersonal animation about motor-racing.

The girl ("William will love her") proved to have green eyes and a black crew-cut and tough but expensive clothes, and seemed to understand compression ratios; Harriet relaxed a

little. William liked green eyes, and appeared, though slightly wistful, not dissatisfied.

When Dion turned up he went off quite happily with the crew-cut, who looked well able to take all the fresh air she was certainly going to get; Dion had shown sense in not finding him an orchid.

Harriet also was prepared for fresh air and something about two feet high with a number painted on the side, and was surprised at being led to a small sports saloon in darkest olive-green, thoroughbred and of classically orthodox design. "Did you expect a Maserati?" said Dion, seeing her face as he got in.

He started off and apparently relaxed into a coma; soon they turned into a lane climb-



"Well, nobody told ME anything about it being the new clubhouse."

ing the downs, away from the stream of cars.

"Does this go to London?" asked Harriet mildly.

"It's the way I go to London. There's always a better route than the main road. Unless you'd rather do forty miles in a queue."

"I only wondered."

"You needn't. I said we'd meet them for dinner."

"We'll meet them for dinner, blast it," you said, and you seem a pretty unscrupulous type to me, that's why I wondered." Harriet, always (she now realised) slightly edgy in a car with William, had a feeling of such rock-like security with Dion driving that she could give her whole attention to talk. They seemed to progress with leasured smoothness, effortlessly; when she glanced at the speedometer she didn't believe what she saw.

"Do I?" said Dion. Passive in the seat beside her, his head tilted to one side and eyes half-closed as she had seen him in the race, he nevertheless sounded a note of injured astonishment. "Do you mean William?" he said. "Can't William look after his own interests? And, after all, if you want to be with William instead of me, you have only to say so."

"I keep saying I ought to go with William. You never take any notice."

"I kidnap you, do you mean, when you ought to go with William, because you have a conscience but not the strength of mind to walk off?"

"Not exactly that—I know it's mostly my fault. Only William has a nice character and you do take advantage of it."

"Hang it, that's William's lookout, and yours. You don't have to come with me when I ask you."

"It's very difficult saying no, the way you go about it."

She glanced at Dion and was alarmed to see him turn perceptibly paler. He raised his

eyes, which looked very dark, automatically to the driving mirror and drew off the lane on to a patch of cropped turf.

Gorse bloomed gold and spiky in the sun, the downs were folded in silence, when he switched off the engine. He said, "Perhaps that makes this easier, if it's true. I can't say it while I'm driving. How would you feel about marrying me?"

The silence, in the pause that followed, seemed to increase till it was unbearable, like a note too long drawn out on a violin. "You must be mad," Harriet said.

"So you can say no. Or is that no, or just shock? You don't have to answer if you want to think." He sat half-turned towards her, one arm on the back of the seat and the other on the wheel, without moving, his eyes on her face. He said, "I know I rush at things; things like this, I mean. I'm sorry. I have to."

Harriet looked through the windscreen at flying white towers of cloud, the unmoving curve of hills, not properly seeing them, as if instead of gliding to a standstill he had suddenly braked and thrown her against the glass. She said almost under her breath, "Why?"

"Why do I want to marry you?"

"Why do you have to rush at things?"

"I suppose, in case there isn't much time. When I'm there, when I'm racing, I feel I'm indestructible, nothing can touch me, but afterwards I wonder. I've seen people die in front of me, through no fault of their own; anything can happen."

"When there is something you need, you feel the pressure behind you. I can't play a sort of protracted game of chess with William; or with Tom or Dick or Harry. I said you don't have to answer now. Or if you can, and it's no, tell me."

"It's—how can I tell you? I don't even know you. It's fantastic."

"Look, Harriet—Christian names are one of the things I don't rush into, but having proposed to you I suppose I can call you Harriet—it is sound fantastic from your side, perhaps it does, but not to me. I have a feeling of absolute certainty about you. That it has to be you, I mean, or nobody. I knew it from the start. It would be an odd sort of marriage, are you thinking?"

"A shoulder to lean on," Harriet said half to herself, "between Syracuse and Le Mans."

"As well as having a nice character," said Dion after a pause, "William is perceptive."

"Oh."

"You can't, surely, have imagined I'd take that as one of your remarks? So he's been warning you about me; what did he say?"

Harriet, still dazedly inspecting the windscreen, said, "Not about you in particular. He just told me not to get mixed up with racing boys. They aren't human, William thinks."

"What do you think?"

At last Harriet turned from the scenery. There is a hypnotic quality in seeing a person for the first time after becoming, in some way, involved—this face may soon be more familiar than one's own, or will, at the least, be printed on the mind's eye and not to be forgotten.

Dion had not touched her and had not even moved; yet, as she looked at him, he seemed disconcertingly close. He returned her gaze with no expression but a serious concentration; she saw him, desperately, as a confusion of

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Myths about pregnancy...

● The Old Wives' tales about pregnancy — which everyone, from schoolgirls in milk-bars to the local butcher and chemist, delights in repeating—can sometimes be amusing, but are very often infuriating, says JOAN S. POLLACK, an expectant mother.

Here is her story of the myths which have been regardlessly tossed her way during pregnancy.

WENDY (aged 14 months), Wendy's mum (that's me, age 25), and "3" (age zero minus three months) were sharing a dish of ice-cream when a girl of about eight appeared at our table in the milk-bar.

She stared at me solemnly for a few moments and then announced sternly: "If you eat ice-cream the baby inside of you will catch cold!"

The spoon stopped halfway to my mouth and I stared at her as she went away.

It wasn't funny to me, nor was I in the mood to call her back for a lecture.

She was just another Old Wife — perhaps the youngest I'd encountered — but still one more in a long, depressing line.

Old Wives and their tales come in all sizes and shapes.

The meat man, the chemist, the ladies sitting on their porches, my college chums, my husband's colleagues all have their sage advice to impart.

In my proud, modern, well-read knowledge, I argued with them at first.

But after one pregnancy and part way through a second I've become so immune I only heave a sigh and put it down as additional experience.

Take my meat man, for example.

I seriously told me I shouldn't have come to the butcher shop in the rain, because getting my feet wet during pregnancy would flood the baby with water.

I suppose he meant amniotic fluid, but I couldn't be sure. Old Wives seldom give any source for their stories other than "women they know who..."

More Old Wives

With my present pregnancy the neighborhood Old Wives are predicting another girl.

They predicted a boy the first time, so I'm taking all bets.

Of course, if I'd wanted to place a definite order there was plentiful advice from my well-meaning friends.

If I wanted a boy I should eat peanuts and drink alkalies; for a girl, sweets and acids.

According to them, I must have loaded up on cake and lemonade for Wendy.

They ask which ovary has been hurting, shake their heads when I say neither, and tell me to pay attention, because the right ovary produces boys and the left girls.

Just try to tell them that the doctor said the father determines sex at the moment

of conception — they know better.

Most of the time the major hazard in passing on these tales is that a pregnant woman's system is off balance and she is especially imaginative.

She is concerned with protecting the child within and is only too likely to be scared by the myths.

One nice superstition that I, in my overabundant hip measurement, appreciated was the assurance by a grandmotherly baby-sitter that broad-hipped women have easier deliveries than those with narrow hips.

I believe this. Why not? It can't hurt, even though I do know that internal, not external, measurements determine ease of delivery.

My husband's colleagues get into the act, probably parroting what they are told by wives and mothers.

As soon as they meet me and note my condition, they have to show how much a mere male knows about birth.

have separate nervous systems, circulation, and digestion.

Modern physicians insist — and with proof—that cases of malformations are pure coincidence.

Not only can a mother never mark her baby in a detrimental fashion but she'll only bore herself if she reads highbrow literature or listens to piano recitals 10 hours a day in hopes of influencing her child to be a brilliant scholar or pianist.

The difficulty with knowing that superstitions are bunk is that I can't get away with anything.

My grandmother used to tell gleefully of getting anything she craved by insisting the baby would be marked if she didn't get it.

My modern, unfeeling husband simply snorts if I ask for pickles at midnight and calmly assures me that it is only a subconscious desire for attention on my part.

Phooey.

He could co-operate in

"If you eat ice-cream, the baby inside you will catch cold," she said sternly.



system of bad substances and cleansing the body is true only if it follows a night of eating wild mushrooms, banana splits, and chilli.

One well-meaning neighbor, who should know better, scared me half to death when she screamed as I reached for the top shelf of a closet.

She informed me in an authoritative tone that this would wrap the umbilical cord around the baby's neck.

The real facts

This burned me, and I marched her to the bookcase where my well-thumbed volume on prenatal care states that the baby swims freely in amniotic fluid. No research has proved that stretching could wrap the cord around the baby's neck.

The book didn't help her. She goes on believing firmly in this superstition—it happened to her great-aunt.

This is the reason these myths have lasted so many centuries. Coincidence is bound to make one or two come true once in a while.

When I carried Wendy I was plagued with severe heartburn.

Practically everyone who heard me belch (with embarrassing frequency) insisted that the more heartburn I had the more hair the baby would have. If it got really severe, they said, the baby would have curly hair.

Naturally I pooh-poohed these warnings. So what happened?

Wendy was born looking like a little monkey with long, black, curly hair on her head and short black hair all over her back and arms.

This time I have no heartburn, so I guess the baby will be bald, although I KNOW there's no scientific basis for the idea.

Old Wives can take all the fun out of life if you let them.

As soon as I walk out of the apartment dressed up for an evening with my best guy, the women sitting outside will tell me that high heels cause cross-eyed children. And isn't that my sister's maternity dress? And didn't she miscarry? And don't I know that wearing it will doom my child?



All this happened while I was carrying Wendy, who is healthy as a horse and has wide-apart, perfect eyes.

So there, Mrs. Grundy.

I know that next month—my seventh—many women will again pelt me with assurances that if my baby is born now it'll be safer than if born in the eighth month.

This intrigued me, and I discovered that the Greeks believed a baby tried to get out during the seventh month and if it was strong it succeeded.

If it failed and tried again the next month, it would be so tired it would die of exhaustion.

The truth is that every day the baby stays inside the mother—up to the normal term—it gets stronger, healthier, and more likely to survive the outside world.

In several weeks I'll be in the hospital, enjoying the vacation that comes with having a baby. And the "no visitors" rule.

But as soon as I'm home, I know I'll have the constant stream of visitors with new sets of rules and regulations for the preservation of the newborn—boys mustn't cry or they'll rupture, a red ribbon means good health, etc.

Nothing daunts the Old Wives. They survive all forward thinking.

I know that when mankind visits Mars these misery-mongers will gleefully acquire a new batch of superstitions to plague young mothers in the 22nd century.

I like presents that last. They become more personal as time goes by and remind you of events. For my nineteenth birthday, father gave me a Parker "51" which I shall be using for years and years. It's beautiful to look at and it's so much more fun writing with a pen that's really individual. When you have a Parker "51" you really do have the best.

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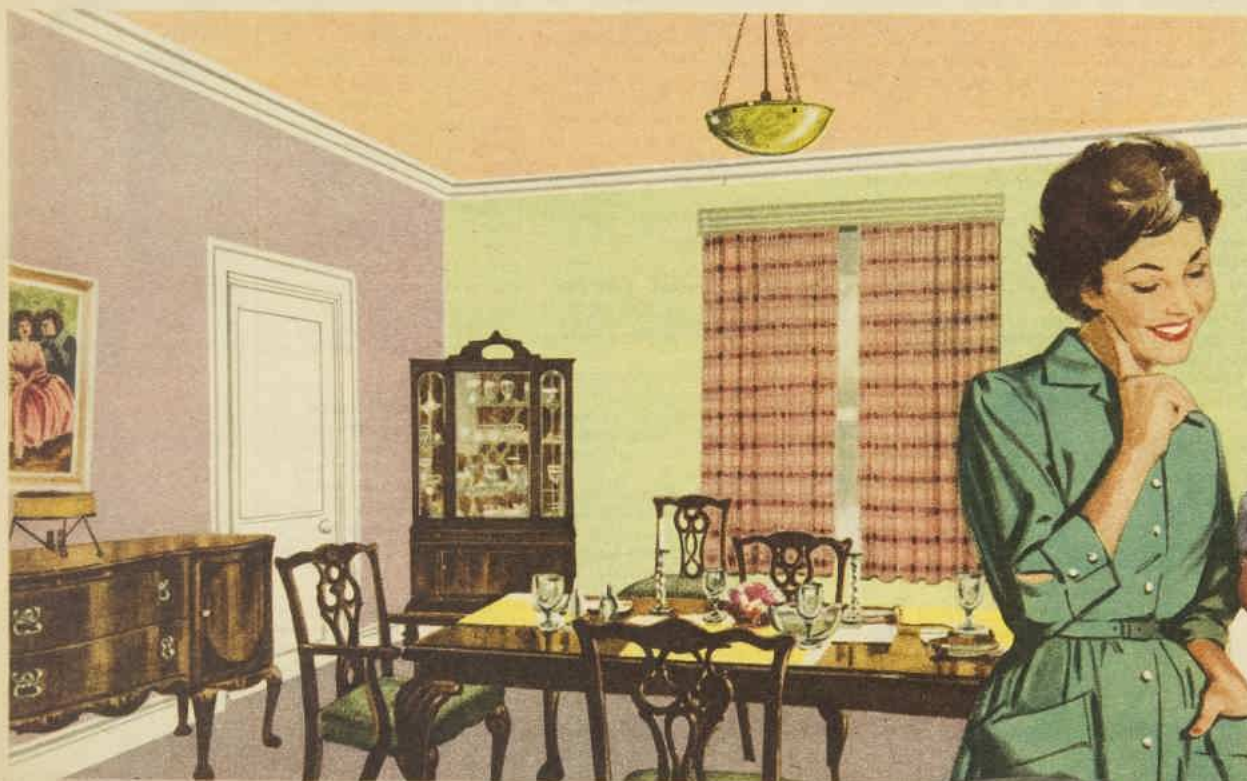
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DRESS SENSE *By Betty Keep*

● The belted one-piece illustrated here answers a Dress Sense request for a summer dress.

THE reader's letter, and my reply, are published below.

"I read your page every week and now have a request. Would you cut me a simple pattern in size 34in. bust for a summer frock? My fabric is a white cotton with an all-over rose pattern. I want a style with a belt, and the skirt not too full or fussy."

Illustrated at right is the design I have chosen for your rose-printed cotton. The dress has short sleeves, pretty, open neckline finished with a wide shirt collar, and a skirt with moderate fullness. You can obtain a pattern for the design in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Near the picture are further details and how to order.

"I HAVE 5yds. of light and dark blue check organdie for a short dance frock and can't decide on a style. I have good shoulders, rather full bust and a small waist."

Spotlight your waistline with a white taffeta cummerbund, and have the bodice top held up with shoestring straps in self fabric, and the skirt finished with large unpressed pleats bolstered out with a stiffened petticoat.

"WOULD it look too gaudy to combine three colors in one dress?"

No! Not if the colors are used discreetly. For instance, a coffee beige skirt could be joined to a white top with a shocking pink inset.

"MINE is a renovation problem I hope you will assist me with. I have a fitted sheath dress made of black taffeta, which is quite plain with a low-scooped neck and little sleeves. I can match the material and would like to convert it into a more dressy style."

My suggestion is a tunic overskirt outlined with a self-material pleated edge curving into an apron effect at back.

"I AM attending a formal late afternoon wedding in January and will be wearing an afternoon frock in a rose-and-white floral silk. As the style of the frock is tailored,



DS 378. — One-piece dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6. Patterns obtainable from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

I want to wear a very smart, striking hat. Would you please suggest color and style? I like French millinery designs."

My suggestion (this hat was shown in the Pierre Balmain autumn collection) is a sugar-loaf shaped turban made in rose-and-white tulle. Use the white tulle for the centre section of hat, with the upper and lower portions in rose. Have the rose in the same shades as the rose in the dress fabric.

"IS pale beige, nearly white, a popular shade for summer? I have some bone-colored accessories and thought they would be nice with a beige frock. Also, what would be the newest type of

costume jewellery to wear with these shades?"

Bleached and off-white are in the high fashion bracket for summer. These blond shades would look attractive worn with your bone accessories, plus gold costume jewellery. Bone also looks chic with white and all shades of pink, as does gold costume jewellery.

"WHAT style of belt would be correct for a dressy late-day frock? Leather or self-material?"

Depends on the design of the dress. Belts this season are often decorative, as well as waistline markers, and they often rise high above the wearer's natural waistline.

Our cover

PRETTY summer separates for mother and daughter — or big and little sister — to make from a pattern.

The cute lace-accented blouses tuck into full gathered skirts.

5537. — Adult outfit in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. check material, 1½yds. 36in. plain material, and 3yds. 1½in. cotton lace. Price 4/6.

5538. — Junior outfit in sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. Requires 1 to 1½yds. 36in. plain material, 1 to 1½yds. check material, and 2yds. 1in. cotton lace. Price 3/6. Address mail orders to Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.



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AMERICAN RESORT fashions (above) designed for free-and-easy summer hours. The fashions have many uses, seaside, poolside, sailing, or just beach-sitting. The materials, de luxe cottons, are brought into new focus.



ITALIAN-DESIGNED trouser ensemble (above) has a chic unbelted tunic top finished with an amusing tassel trim. The slacks are tapered and reach just to ankle length.



NEW COLOR combination and style details are shown in the Paris suit (above). The black-and-white-check trousers have a waistcoat top. Sweater is vivid blue.



BEACH SUIT (right) made in multi-colored striped towelling. The suit has a casual-cut tunic covering brief shorts. The flower-pot hat is in matching material.

TROUSER FASHIONS

International trouser fashions here take their inspiration from Paris, Rome, and New York. The look is young and refreshing. Trousers come in all lengths from thigh to ankle and are immaculately detailed. The resort hat is back in fashion. The newest shape is flower-pot, with a squared or rounded crown.



SKY-BLUE and white are the colors chosen for the Californian-styled beach suit (left). The top with its sailor-type collar is worn over tailored shorts. Note the square-crowned hat.

TYPICAL Italian designing and colors are combined in the beach shirt and brief matching shorts (above). The material is hand-blocked silk patterned in green, lime-yellow, and white.



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NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address on page 23. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 642 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

minute details, a dilated pupil in a brown shining iris, an edge of thick short lashes, the smooth curve of cheek from cheekbone, all magnified into some kind of yet ungrasped significance. "I don't know," she said. "I must think."

"Very well," said Dion. He kept his eyes on her for a moment, and then, still without touching her, pressed the starter and drove on.

At half-past ten William's car, with William and Harriet in it, stopped outside Harriet's flat. It was a bright, clear night, and still warm enough to have the hood down; traffic passed along the distant King's Road, but the small street where they sat under a lamp was deserted.

Dion had not offered to take her home; this, it seemed, was to be William's privilege. They had dined, all four of them, at a place chosen by Dion, which turned out to be a small Russian restaurant hidden somewhere off St. Martin's Lane.

"It's one of the countries we don't yet race in; it makes a change of food. Also," he said, "Russian food is romantic, I think. They have a genius with beetroot."

Harriet admitted that the Russians did things with beetroot, and with sour cream and other odd ingredients, that the English did not, and with unexpectedly pleasing results; she saw as well that the restaurant was quiet and that few people seemed to recognise Dion.

After the last part of the drive to London, when heads had turned in traffic queues or from the pavement, she wondered if this were another reason for his choice.

Considering the whole situation, the dinner had not been unsuccessful. William and the crew-cut, whose name was Nicolette, had begun by discussing

racings, and Dion had headed them off.

On other subjects the talk had been lively and intelligent, and Harriet, though with a dream-like feeling of unreality (especially when she looked covertly at Dion or raised her eyes from her plate to find his gaze austere fixed on her), took part and enjoyed herself.

from page 42

answer, "make an attempt on your honor?"

"On the contrary," said Harriet. "He didn't even hold my hand."

"How very extraordinary," said William, taking hers in a warm clasp, but with the air of

know?—I've hardly taken it in."

"At least you didn't turn him down flat. It's like driving off with him, isn't it? You say you don't want to, but you do it."

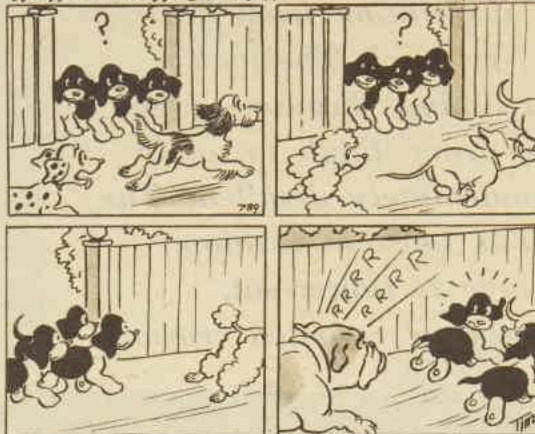
"I don't mean to; I've never behaved like this before. It isn't as if I'm in love with him. It just happens somehow."

"Oh, he's a compelling personality, all right," said William dreamily. "And in a tortuous way, maddening as it is; he's rather a nice one, too. You might be good for him. But it's you I was thinking of."

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



Now, sitting in the ageing little red car outside her flat, she could see trouble ahead. Relations with William, though not far advanced, had a directness which she valued; and he was, as Dion said, perceptive.

"Well," he said, "you seem to be putting a face on a state of blankness. What happened? Why am I allowed to drive you home? Did Davis," he added lightly as Harriet did not an-

one who feels everything is not yet clear. "What did he do instead?"

"He asked me to marry him."

After a silence, still not letting go of her hand, William said flatly, "You don't say."

Harriet looked at him mutely with sudden depression — the whole thing loomed over her but seemed absurd. "Are you going to?" he said.

"Oh, how on earth do I

The previous afternoon a seventeen-year-old Welsh boy, in a remote field on his father's farm, had been digging a hole in a stony earth bank for a new gatepost, and turned up several objects that he examined for a moment and then threw aside.

It was a warm day, and his mind was on other things, and it was not till he stopped to cool off, and was sitting on the bank beside his collie dog and drinking lemonade out of a beer bottle, that one of these objects caught his eye and started him wondering. He wondered why an old bed-spring should be buried on a steep hillside a mile from the nearest house.

He picked the bed-spring up and had another look at it; after that he collected the other objects and put them in his haversack with the empty beer bottle, and went back to his digging. At half-past five he returned to the farm, washed, took out his bicycle, and rode down to the village to see the schoolmaster.

To page 53



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Long after the Christmas spangles and stars have been forgotten, this precious gift will bring joy to any woman. A favourite Aunt, perhaps?

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Skin Perfume 9/11; de-luxe Talcum Powder 5/9; Concentrated Perfume Phial 3/11

Continuing . . . A TIME TO THINK

from page 50

The schoolmaster scraped some caked mud off the bed-spring and saw a fleck of rich, pale gold. He put all the objects in a paper bag and carried them round to the minister's house.

The minister had to go to a meeting in Aberystwyth the next day, but when he saw the bag's contents he left in the morning instead of in the afternoon. Within a few hours of his arrival the telephone rang in a study in Cheyne Walk, where the acknowledged expert on early Celtic art, who happened to be Harriet's professor, lived.

Twenty-four hours later Harriet found herself being driven out of London again, this time by the Professor and on the road to Wales.

Dion rang up before she left. "I thought we might meet to-night or tomorrow. The day after that I have to go to France, and then Italy."

"I can't get out of it. It's one of those finds-of-the-century things, from the sound of it: I had a job talking him out of leaving at dawn. Probably it won't take long; it's only a reconnaissance."

"Well, if you have to think, Wales is a good place. Quiet, like," he said, suddenly relapsing into purest Pontypridd. "I'll be back by the middle of next week. Shall I telephone then?"

"Yes. I will try to think in Wales."

"And William," said Dion. "Has William thought already?"

"How do you know I have told William?"

"William doesn't need telling. What did he say?"

"For heaven's sake," said Harriet, exasperated. "I'm not engaged to William. Does it matter what he said?"

"It matters to me. William is my rival and a nice character and perceptive; I respect his judgment."

"He said you were a nice character, too, if you must know."

"And?"

"He thought I might be good for you."

"He's right enough there; it's you he worries about. It's his strength as a rival that he is so kind to me. But don't listen to William, or to me, or to anyone. I'll see you when I get back," said Dion, and rang off.

Harriet had been working with the Professor for nearly three years, and in that time she had travelled in his four-year-old car over most of Britain, an indifferently acquiescing passenger; it was not until they were leaving London on the way to Wales that she realised how much one drive with Dion had subconsciously taught her.

It's just an art, William had said, he's just a master of it; he's a car and a man in one piece. Harriet had only half understood, but she now saw that the Professor and his car, far from being in one piece, were so remote from each other that it was a miracle either of them, or herself, had survived up till then.

The only thing that Dion and the Professor had in common was that they both seemed to drive in a trance; the Professor's trance, however, was in no way connected with driving. After Beaconsfield, when the traffic had thinned a little, he unwrapped his thoughts from early Celtic art, blew his nose (his catarrh was in full flood), and said politely, "Did you have a pleasant weekend?"

"It was interesting. I went to watch motor-racing."

"Really? And did you enjoy it?"

"I'm not sure."

"It must be very fascinating," said the Professor, "if you like that sort of thing. I'm told it's widely followed. The appeal, I imagine," he said, snuffling gently and accelerating up to thirty-three miles an hour to cut in between a lorry and a fast-approaching car with an inch to spare either way, "is that it's so dangerous."

Harriet was in Wales for four days, and there were moments, though not many of them, when she had time to think, but thinking is not so straightforward. She caught herself brooding over Dion while she was taking notes in



"I guarantee it won't stick now!"

a museum, because the profile of an assistant reminded her that Dion was a Celt, too.

But later, sitting on an earth bank while the Professor delicately prodded the hillside, in remote peace, ideal for thinking, her mind stayed on what had been found by accident in that earth, ornaments so assured, important, and beautiful that Dion did not seem to matter.

Then again in the primitive village inn (the Professor was indifferent to comfort, would indeed have preferred to spend the night on a pile of sacks at the site, but Harriet had instructions from his wife to discourage this), lying on a lumpy bed and listening to the cries of the sheep on the hillside, Dion came between her and sleep till the early hours of the morning.

What would it be like, she thought—crowds and cameras and always travelling or waiting? She could not imagine herself marrying him; and yet sometimes it seemed as if not marrying him would be nearly as unbearable as the alternative. It's crazy, she said to herself. I don't love him, but there's never been anything like this before. I don't know what to do.

When they returned to London at the end of the week Dion was still abroad. A letter from him was waiting at the flat. His writing was black and angular, with firm lines and few curves; the style was not flowery.

"There is a hot wind blowing dust about and it's intolerable here, all the people and the details and the flap. I can only get away when I'm driving. I wish I could have come to Wales, and sat on a hill without a car in sight. Will that ever happen? Have you had time to think?"

Too much time, said Harriet. She rang up William and said: "I'm thinking too much."

"That's bad — you know what happened to Cassius? Shall we go out tonight?"

"I'd love to, if it's all right with you."

"Dinner and dancing or a nice leg show to take the mind off?"

"No — I'd like to see a madly good film. Preferably French, and depressing."

"You are an extraordinary girl; or perhaps you've got something there. I'll call for you at seven."

After the film they had supper. Harriet said, "It does put life into perspective. When I watch a piece like that, nothing real seems so important."

"I know, Harriet, but you can't spend your married life in Continental cinemas. There aren't enough good French films, to begin with."

"I didn't say anything about married life."

"Don't be defensive. Are you going to marry him?"

"I don't know. I can't visualise what it would be like."

"Well, it wouldn't be curling up in a cottage and growing peas, would it? Cameras, pressmen, aeroplanes; Rheims, Aintree, Argentina, Le Mans, Monaco — disruptive, but a chance to travel. And watching — would you want to watch him race?"

"I wouldn't have to."

"Or not watching — waiting at home or in a hotel somewhere — wouldn't that be as bad?"

"You said he was so good, no one drives as he does. I don't think I should worry about that."

"Perhaps if you fell in love with him," said William gently, "you might find you worried after all." When she looked at her plate without answering, he added, "Or do you love him?"

"No," she said. "But I can't get him out of my mind."

"He's that sort," said William. "Nor can I?"

Dion telephoned two days later. "Back," he said. "The usual perishing rush. I've got to go down to Silverstone tomorrow, for practice and all that, hang it. Can I see you tonight?"

"Yes."

"Or sooner? Why aren't you digging things up today?"

"He's gone off to see another prof. about torques — he's in a kind of early Celtic daze, anyway; he wouldn't notice if I turned into Rita Hayworth. I tidied his papers up this morning and I'm not wanted any more."

"That's what you think. Ten-past-two: can I come and fetch you now?"

"Yes."

He arrived twenty minutes later in the dark green sports saloon. Uncertain of his plans, whether he was contemplating tea at Fortnum's, a drive to Hampton Court, or a soul-to-soul conversation in her flat, Harriet wondered what to wear; she looked through her inadequate wardrobe and decided a grey suit and a white blouse would do for any emergency.

In case it should be Fortnum's, though this seemed unlikely, she put a string of pearls in her pocket, brushed her hair hard, and went down when she heard his ring. Instead of getting out, he leaned over and opened the nearside door.

"Where are we going?" she said.

"Wales."

Harriet was speechless.

"Do you mind?" said Dion.

"No, but I haven't —"

"You'll be back tonight."

It took the Professor five hours to get from Chelsea to the border, finding herself speeding, apparently gently, along a dual carriageway at the moment when the Professor would have been negotiating Hammersmith Broadway, Harriet revised her time-table, and sat back. She said, "Do you never get tired of driving?"

To page 55

Brilliant! Gay! Seductive!



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WHEN YOU'RE ON A GOOD THING ... **STICK TO IT!**



Continuing . . . A TIME TO THINK

"Never. If I did, I'd hire a helicopter; I'd still want to go to Wales with you."

"Why?" she said.

"Partly because I didn't think I wanted to go back, but I do. Partly because I want to see where a boy dug up a bracelet and then you sat on a hillside wondering whether to marry me or not."

"Is that where we're going?"

"You will have to tell me the way."

By six o'clock, in the warm sun of early evening, they were sitting on the hill above the farm. The opposite slope was in shadow, veined with bluebells in the thin grass; sheep moved on the skyline, a pair of buzzards wheeled in the light. Dion took off his jacket and lay down on the turf.

"Dion," said Harriet, "you look exhausted."

"I can't sleep in aeroplanes. Do you know that's the first time you've called me by my name?"

"Go to sleep now."

"This is better than sleep. What happened when you sat here and wondered?"

"When I sat here I was thinking mostly about the things the boy found."

"Were they very good?"

"They were lovely. But I did think about you as well. I didn't come to any conclusion."

"Never mind."

He put an arm over his eyes and went to sleep. Harriet sat clasping her knees, watching the buzzards leaning and circling in air as clear as water.

She listened to the sheep, the distant fall of a stream, the sound of Dion's breathing beside her. The sun moved down and touched the hilltop; she turned to look at him and met his eyes.

He said, "I'm sorry I slept. I thought it might be easier, talking about it here."

"I suppose it might," she said. "I'm glad you did sleep. It's been wonderful getting away from things. But it would hardly ever be like this, would it?"

"Not often. It's a hell of a life, really; I wish I were good at something else. But I have to do it."

"I know that. There would never be any question."

"We have one great advantage; we don't try to persuade each other. Harriet, if I took your hand I should be persuading you, and I shouldn't stop at that, either; I should persuade you till you hadn't any breath to say no. You'll say no to me of your own free will. Or yes, whatever it is."

from page 53

Let's walk down to the pub and have a beer."

Crossing the stile, Harriet was conscious of something bulky in her pocket. She could not help laughing, producing, like a conjurer, a string of pearls that swung ludicrously in the solitude of the evening. She said, "Shall I tell you why these were there?"

"Because you don't trust me; you've got your diamonds in



"I'll never understand grown-ups if I live to be a hundred!"

your stocking-tops, I expect. Why?"

"I never have the right sort of clothes, and I thought you might want to take me to tea at Fortnum's."

From the other side of the stile Dion looked at her; he was smiling, but very pale, his hair untidy, his jacket slung over one shoulder. He said, "If you thought that, Harriet, you do need more time."

"I forgot you were famous."

"That's a thoughtless remark, too."

"I'm sorry. It's not the way I meant it."

"No, I see that now — only it touches me off. Look, will you tell me, one way or the other, on Saturday? Tell me after the race, at Silverstone; I don't want to know before I drive. William will bring you down."

"All right; but do you think William will want to, if you take me back again?"

"William likes racing. And at least he'll know his fate."

It seemed a long, cold afternoon, with a drizzle of rain, the track flat and shining and the crowd muffled and dripping and more colorless than

before. Where William and Harriet sat in the stand, a loudspeaker was very close to them and they had to raise their voices over its sound.

It was so loud that Harriet could not take in what was happening; she listened for a name. "What did he say?" she asked William, and William answered, "He's in the lead," and later, "Half a lap clear."

He looked down at her short damp hair and the way she watched not the cars passing but the distant track down which they approached. Before the race began he had taken her firmly to the bar and primed her with two Scotches and himself with four, but he still felt depressed. "How much longer?" she said.

"About twenty-five minutes. Shall we go and walk about behind the stand?"

"All right, for a while — my feet are cold. Or don't you want to?"

"Let's go."

The drizzle had stopped, but the grass in the field was rough and wet; they wandered among the ropes and litter, behind the wall of people lining the track, around the scaffolding underneath the stand. She said, "It's endless. Why do they have to go on so long?"

"Harriet," said William. "I told you he was a master. You weren't going to worry about that. Is it different already?"

"I don't know; it's different today. Perhaps I'm not used to watching it."

Perhaps you're not; but if you feel like that about it, it won't get any easier. It's today you're going to tell him, isn't it?"

"Yes," she said. From where they stood almost under the stand, the loudspeaker was more distant and easier to hear.

"Davis," it said, and as she was about to speak she stopped and listened. "Davis should be coming down the straight. I can't see him. Davis should be in sight by now, he's overdue. Davis is overdue, with the race in his pocket . . ."

William took hold of her wrists as she put her hands over her ears.

"Listen," he said. "Listen, will you? It could be anything. It could be gearbox, or throttle linkage, or a valve, or brakes, or a tyre. Anything, do you hear?"

Against his shoulder he felt her shake her head. They stood in the damp grass by the girders, with the stand between them and the column of smoke that rose, thin and distant, from the far end of the track.

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Continuing . . . GIRL IN A WHIRL

from page 21

a week for fourteen months and even had fetched her home to meet his mother and father.

She had thought it wonderful, with only one or two small misgivings about Wally's maybe not being right for her—and those were taken care of easily enough. One day she got a wire from him from Gary, Indiana, saying he had eloped with another girl. After that it was simple — party girl comes to New York to forget.

She never had asked herself how on earth she had got into the kind of life she lived. She knew how. She had asked for it, almost from the first day in Manhattan.

She had found a part-time job in publicity and had met some people in show business, and suddenly there she was doing the night spots with Lester Ball, the great grey wolf of Schubert Alley.

Lester was balding a little

morning she had looked at her life in dismay, figuring it belonged to Scott Fitzgerald's era — tea dancing at the Plaza, wading in Central Park Lake in bare feet and evening gowns — and was incongruous in these times.

What could she do? Maybe she ought to go up to Ben Ross and look him in the eye and say, "You won't believe this, but I'm not really a scarlet woman."

But that was something she knew she couldn't do, so she lay there for a long time and wondered what she could do, if anything. There wasn't any answer, of course, and she fell asleep after a while and dreamed she was standing near the reservoir in Central Park in a silver lame gown and the reservoir broke and the waters

item she couldn't prod out of her mind. "Listen," she wanted so desperately to say to him — because she knew that this was the kind of man she wanted — "don't get the idea this is all I can do. I don't have to sit around nightclubs every night. I can . . ."

Can what? It had been a long six years, and woman, as well as man, is a creature of habit. Exactly what would she do if she didn't make the grand cafe tour like clockwork? Ride the ferry to Staten Island? Go to a neighborhood movie? Liz Carson?

At the Blue Angel, Moussy Wright, the society columnist, stopped briefly at their table in the crowded, dim room.

"He doesn't have a red rash across the chest," Moussy said. "You want to lose the franchise, honey bun?"

"My contract doesn't say I have to go out with no one but deposed kings and archdukes," she said as lightly as she could.

"Besides, this is business. Mr. Ross is an exceptionally fine lawyer and I'm conferring with him about whether to sue you for slander."

Wright's laugh tinkled. "Darling," he said, "you're in the public domain. Why, you're an institution! How could I possibly slander you?"

"An institution," she repeated with mock gloom. "I'll just bet I am. One of these days they'll probably raise me."

"Sweetie," Wright said, "you don't look a day older than you did when you burst on these decadent shores so long ago. He grinned evilly. "Well—not many days older, anyway. 'Bye now." And he was gone, in the smoke and darkness, to stop at another table.

"He seems too dear for words," Ben said with a slow smile. "I guess I am missing the joys of life, not going in for this routine nightly."

"A lot of people," she said, a little too casually, "have the mistaken idea that I latch on to any royalty in town. That's so silly. I've dated a couple of broken-down princes and that's it."

"That's nobody's business but yours," he said. "You can go around with anyone you want. It's a free life, and you're a popular girl."

"I—" she began and then didn't finish. She felt like saying to him that it all was a big nothing — that everyone she had seen and everything she had done for a half dozen years amounted to a zero, that it had been wasted time.

But it was too hard to be

To page 76



at the temples and even on stage his lovemaking seemed a trifle forced, but a girl couldn't go around with a sandwich sign saying, "Don't be silly! His bark is worse than his bite; actually, all he's got is a bark, anyway."

No, she couldn't have done that, so right from the first man she dated in New York Liz Carson's reputation was chipped at the edges.

After that — well, after that most of the men who followed Lester Ball were of a type. Some were young and some middle-aged, some were famous and some just plain rich, some were fun to be with and others just pleasant to be seen with—but none looked on Elizabeth Dowell Carson as anything but a spotted yak.

Now what seemed to be a real man had come along. The kind of man who — just like that — could make her forget that as recently as the previous

poured towards her and swept over her head, muffling the screams in her throat.

She awoke just before drowning and lay there shakily in the cool June night, with the perspiration damp on her face.

As she knew he would, he phoned, two days later.

"I'm not quite sure what kind of evening is a fair compromise between your way of life and mine," he said, "but maybe the theatre is a common denominator. I've got tickets for 'Fair Lady.'"

Only a jackass would have replied at that point that she had seen the show three times. No jackass she.

Later they made it to the Blue Angel, and thence to Cy Coleman's Playroom, where a baker's dozen of people she knew came over to pass the time with them — and so on.

It was harmless and pleasant enough, marred only by the

IRON-ON TRANSFER AND PATTERN

● Our novelty Iron-on Transfer No. 1008H has a design of small pink and blue hearts. Price is 2/6.

THESE transfers require no embroidery. They are simply pressed on to the fabric with a warm iron to produce a colorful, lasting decoration.

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RP 10 WWPPC

KNITTED TOY ANIMALS TO DELIGHT CHILDREN

● Children will love the six attractive toy animals that comprise this special four-page feature. Full directions for knitting them are given. There is time to make them all for Christmas if you start now.

SQUIRREL in red wool has a lovely bushy tail of mohair. He is 10½ inches high. See below.

SHY SQUIRREL

Materials: 2 balls Patons "Beehive" Fingering 4-ply or Patons "Patonyl" 4-ply knitting yarn; 1 ball Patons Mohair Brushed knitting yarn; 1 pr. No. 11 knitting needles; stuffing; small length of black wool.

Height: 10½ in.

Tension: 8 sts. to lin. over st-st. in 4-ply wool.

Abbreviations: K, knit; st., stitch; inc., increase; tog., together; rep., repeat; beg., beginning; alt., alternate; rem., remaining.

HALF-BACK

Using 4-ply wool, cast on 38 sts. and k 12 rows.

13th Row: Cast off 14, k to last st., inc. once in last st. K 3 rows.

17th Row: Inc. once in last st., k to last st., inc. once in last st. Rep. last 4 rows once (29 sts.).

Knit 5 rows.

27th Row: K 2 tog., k to end.

28th Row: K to end.

Rep. 27th and 28th rows 5 times (23 sts.).

Knit 18 rows.

57th Row: Inc. once in 1st st., k to end.

Rep. 57th and 58th rows once (25 sts.).

61st Row: Cast on 9, k to end.

Knit 9 rows.

71st Row: Cast off 10, k to end.

72nd Row: K to end.

73rd Row: K 2 tog., k to end.

Knit 2 rows.

Rep. 72nd and 73rd rows once (22 sts.).

78th Row: K 2 tog., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

79th Row: K to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

80th Row: As 78th row (17 sts.).

81st Row: Cast on 7, k to end.

Knit 5 rows, inc. 1 st. at end of 4th row (25 sts.).

87th Row: K 2 tog., k to end.

88th Row: K to end.

89th Row: K 2 tog., k to last st., inc. once in last st.

90th Row: K to end.

91st Row: K 2 tog., k to end.

Knit 3 rows.

Rep. last 4 rows once.

99th Row: K 2 tog., k to end.

100th Row: K to end.

Rep. 99th and 100th rows once (20 sts.).

103rd Row: K 2 tog., k 8, k 2 tog., k 6, k 2 tog.

104th and Alt. Rows: Knit.

105th Row: K 2 tog., k 6, k 2 tog., k 5, k 2 tog.

107th Row: K 2 tog., k 4, k 2 tog., k 4, k 2 tog.

109th Row: K 2 tog., k 2, k 2 tog., k 3, k 2 tog.

Cast off.

Work other half-back in same manner.

UNDERBODY

Using 4-ply wool, cast on 48 sts.

Knit 12 rows.

Cast off 14 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Knit 12 rows.

27th Row: K 2 tog., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

28th Row: Knit.

Rep. 27th and 28th rows 4 times (10 sts.).

Knit 20 rows.

57th Row: Inc. once in 1st st., k to last st., inc. once in last st.

58th Row: Knit.

Rep. 57th and 58th rows once (14 sts.).

Cast on 9 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows (32 sts.).

Knit 8 rows.

Cast off 12 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows (8 sts.).

73rd Row: K 2 tog., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

74th Row: Knit.

Rep. 73rd and 74th rows once. Cast off.

BASE

Cast on 12 sts., using 4-ply wool, and k 24 rows. Cast off.

EARS

(Make 2)

Using 4-ply wool cast on 14 sts. and k 18 rows.

19th Row: K 6, k 2 tog., k 6.

20th and Alt. Rows: Knit.

21st Row: K 2 tog., k 9, k 2 tog.

23rd Row: K 4, k 2 tog., k 5 (10 sts.).

25th Row: K 4, k 2 tog., k 4.

27th Row: K 3, (k 2 tog.) twice, k 2.

28th Row: K 2, k 2 tog., k 3.

29th Row: K 2, k 2 tog., k 2.

30th Row: K 1, k 2 tog., k 2.

31st Row: K 1, k 2 tog., k 1.

Cast off.

LINING FOR EARS

Using 4-ply wool, cast on 12 sts., and work 12 rows in st-st.

Cont. in st-st., work as given for ears from 21st row, but p all even rows, that is — 21st

Row: K 2 tog., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

22nd and Alt. Rows: Purl.

TAIL

Using mohair, cast on 16 sts.

1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: Inc. once in every st. (32 sts.).

3rd Row: Purl.

4th Row: * K 3, inc. once in next st., rep. from * to end of row.

5th and 7th Rows: Purl.

6th Row: * K 4, inc. once in next st., rep. from * to end of row.

8th Row: * K 5, inc. once in next st., rep. from * to end of row.

Work 31 rows st-st., com. with a p row.

40th Row: * K 5, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end of row.

Work 3 rows st-st.

44th Row: * K 4, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end of row.

Work 3 rows st-st.

48th Row: * K 3, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end of row.

Work 3 rows st-st.

52nd Row: * K 2, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end of row.

Work 3 rows st-st.

56th Row: * K 1, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end of row.

Work 3 rows st-st.

60th Row: * K 2 tog. to end of row.

Work 3 rows st-st.

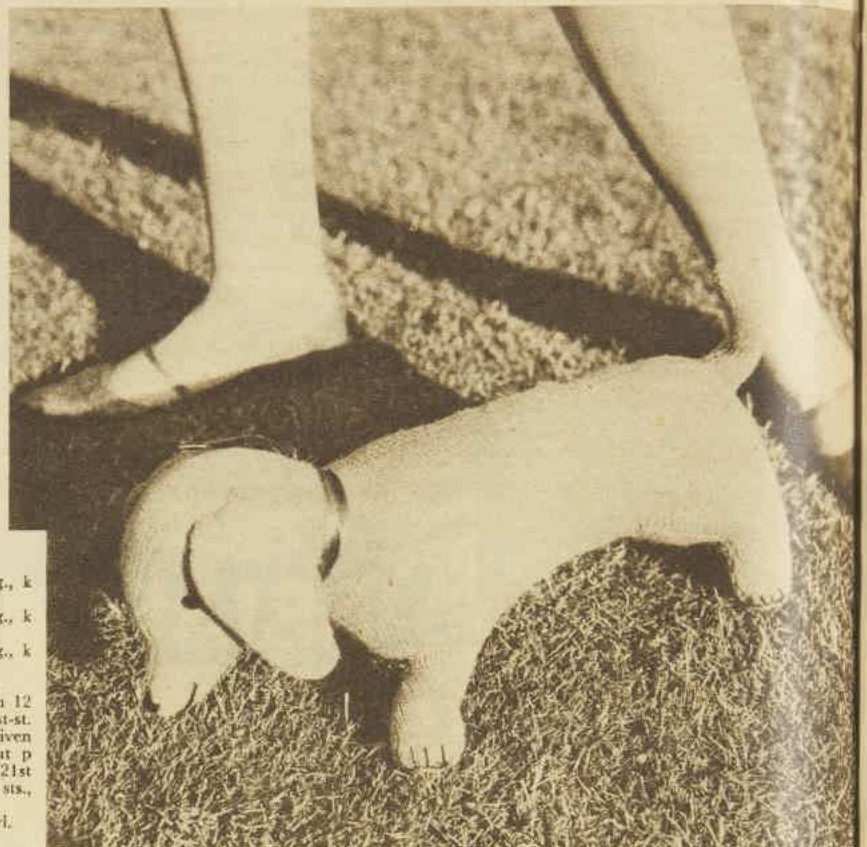
64th Row: K 2 tog. to end of row.

Work 2 rows st-st. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

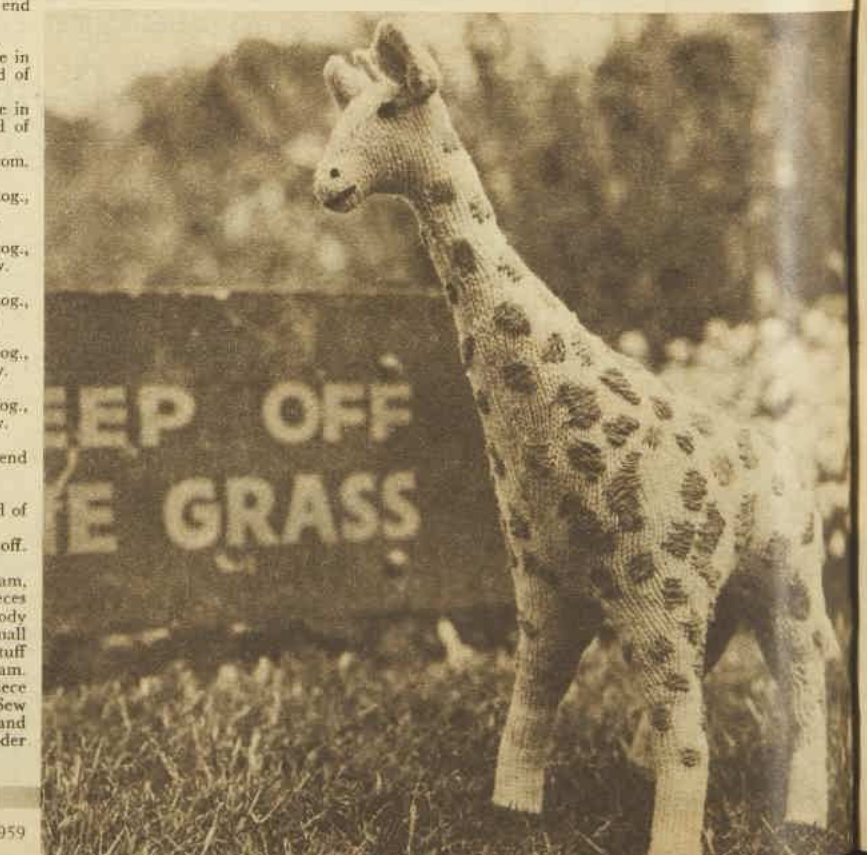
Using a fine back-st. seam, join half-back and face pieces tog., sew base and underbody in position, leaving a small opening for stuffing. Stuff firmly and sew up rem. seam.

Sew each lining and earpiece tog. and attach to head. Sew up tail seam, stuff lightly and attach to body. Embroider features in black wool.



DACHSHUND (above) is an appealing little dog in blue wool. Directions given on page 61.

GIRAFFE (below) has handsome embroidered spots. Directions for knitting on page 61.



You need more energy in summer than you do in winter, so don't change to a less nourishing breakfast— keep the family fortified with **UNCLE TOBY'S OATS**

Uncle Toby's Oats has 10 times more vitamin B1 than unfortified ready-to-eat cereals. It has more protein. More energy-giving calories. Less fattening carbohydrate. Medical authority Dr. Brisben (Brisbane Sunday Mail, 16/9/58) says: "Don't stop eating porridge for breakfast and soup for dinner during summer months. They do NOT cause an outbreak of pimples or a rash in hot weather." Uncle Toby's Oats gives you and your family a build-up of nourishment to draw on throughout hot, tiring days. You'll take the sag out of summer with action-packed breakfasts of Uncle Toby's Oats! And try these exciting summer recipes — they'll make you glad you're hungry!



SERVE UNCLE TOBY'S AS A COOLING, ENERGIZING *Instant Summer Breakfast*

Uncle Toby's Oats is especially nice served summer style—sprinkled straight from the pack over fresh or stewed fruit, with milk and sugar. This new cooling way to serve Uncle Toby's brings out that sundrenched oat flavour more richly than ever. It gets you off to a sparkling start!



SAVOURY MEAT LOAF

1 lb. finely minced steak, 2 rib rashers bacon, 1 onion (1 clove garlic if desired), 1 cup cooked tomato (skinned), 1 cup Uncle Toby's Oats, 1 egg, ½ level teasp. salt, little pepper, ½ level teasp. mustard, 1 teasp. Worcestershire sauce.
Mince bacon with the steak, place in basin, add finely chopped onion, garlic, tomato and oats. Mix the mustard with sufficient water to make a thin paste, add the egg and sauce and beat well. Add this to the meat mixture with salt and pepper, and mix well. Pour mixture into greased loaf tin, cover with lid or greaseproof paper, and cook one hour in slow oven. Delicious sliced and served cold with summer salads, or hot with vegetables.

PINEAPPLE TART

PASTRY: 1 cup Uncle Toby's Oats, 1 oz. sugar, ¾ cup S.R. flour, 2 oz. butter or margarine, pinch salt. Mix dry ingredients, pour on melted butter. Mix well and turn on to greased 7" pie plate and press down well. Decorate edges. Bake in a moderate oven till golden brown, about 20 minutes. Cool before adding filling.
PINEAPPLE FILLING: 1 pineapple shredded and cooked in own juice. Sweeten to taste. Thicken with 1 level tablesp. maize corn flour blended with water. Cook until clear. Allow to cool before filling tart case. Garnish with strawberries.

ENERGY CRUNCHES

1 cup flour, 2 cups Uncle Toby's Oats, ½ cup sugar, 2 tablesps. boiling water, 1 level teasp. bicarb. soda, ½ cup melted butter or margarine, 1 tablesp. golden syrup.
Mix the golden syrup, boiling water and soda together till they froth. Add melted butter and stir in oats, sugar and flour. Spoon on to greased biscuit tins about 2 inches apart and bake in a moderate oven 10-15 minutes or until golden brown. Store in an airtight tin immediately they become cold.



Right out of the blue...

DAZZLING WHITE DAZZLING BRIGHT NYLONS AND DRIP-DRYS

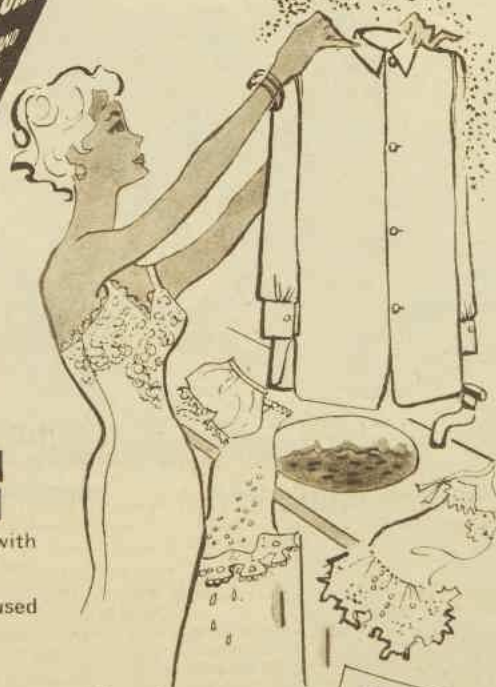
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- ★ What's more, you can put Zippy Instant Bluening into your washing machine with your regular detergent or soap powder.



CROCHET frog stuffed with kapok makes a safe, cuddly toy for a child's Christmas stocking.

SAUCY FROG

WORKED in three pretty colors and black and white, this toy is sure to be popular with young children.

Materials: 1 ball each of Peacock 4-ply wool, shade Nos. 2404 (green), 2138 (red), 2195 (yellow), 1016 (black), 5701 (white); 1 fine steel crochet hook; kapok for filling.

Height: 8 in.
Head (work 2): Work 17 ch. in green wool.
1st, 2nd, and 3rd Rows: Work 16 d.c. into ch.
4th Row: Sl-st. 2 sts., work 12 d.c., turn.
5th and 6th Rows: Work 12 d.c.
7th Row: Sl-st. 1 st., work 10 d.c., turn.
8th Row: Work 10 d.c.
9th Row: Sl-st. 1 st., work 8 d.c., turn.
10th Row: Work 8 d.c.
11th Row: Sl-st. 1 st., work 6 d.c., turn.
12th Row: Work 6 d.c. Fasten off.

BODY (Work 2)
Work 13 ch. in red wool.
1st to 5th Rows: Work 12 d.c.
6th Row: Sl-st. 1 st., work 10 d.c., turn.
7th Row: Work 10 d.c.
8th Row: Sl-st. 1 st., work 8 d.c., turn.
9th and 10th Rows: Work 8 d.c. Fasten off.

ARMS (Work 2)
Work 9 ch. in red wool.
1st Row: Work 8 d.c. into ch. Rep. for 28 rows. Fasten off.

LEGS (Work 2)
Work 9 ch. in yellow wool.
1st Row: Work 8 d.c., change to black and work 7 ch.
2nd Row: Work 14 d.c., 5

ch., change to green wool, work 16 ch.

3rd Row: Work 33 d.c., 4 ch., change to yellow wool.

4th Row: Work 36 d.c., change to black wool.

5th Row: Work 36 d.c., change to green wool.

6th Row: Work 36 d.c., change to yellow wool.

Rep. 4th, 5th, and 6th rows.

10th Row: Work 36 d.c., change to black wool.

11th Row: Work 33 d.c., change to green wool, turn.

12th Row: Work 12 d.c. Fasten off.

HANDS (Work 4)
Work 7 ch. in green wool, turn.

1st and 2nd Rows: Work 6 d.c., turn.

3rd Row: Sl-st. 1 st., work 4 d.c., turn.

4th Row: Work 4 d.c. Fasten off.

FEET (Work 4)
Work same as hand, only working one extra row of 4 d.c. at end. Fasten off.

EYES (Work 2)
Work 4 ch. in white wool, join into a ring.

1st Row: Work 6 d.c. into ring.

2nd Row: Work 12 d.c. into 1st row. Fasten off.

With black wool, work 4 ch., join into a ring.

1st Row: Work 6 d.c. into ring. Fasten off.

Sew black on to white, sewing well over one side.

BOW
Work 5 ch. in yellow wool.

1st Row: Work 4 d.c.

Rep. for 10 rows. Fasten off.

Work a piece to go around the centre of bow just worked, as follows:

Work 4 ch. in yellow wool.

1st Row: Work 3 d.c.

Rep. for 8 rows. Fasten off.

BELT
Work 4 ch. in yellow wool.

1st Row: Work 3 d.c.

Rep. for 20 rows. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up the two head pieces, leaving the smallest part open for the neck. Sew up arms, turn, sew up red part of body, leaving an opening at top to sew on head and an opening at bottom to sew on the legs, and, at the same time, sewing the arms into position. Sew up legs, leaving an opening at top and also at the bottom of each leg. Sew the top to the body. Turn right side out and stuff well. Sew up the hands, sew on to arms, and, with crochet hook, work four picots on the end. Sew up feet, sew on to legs, and work 5 picots on end. Sew head on to body, stuffing well, and sew eyes as shown in picture. Work mouth and nose in black. Sew on belt and sew bow at front of neck. Embroider 3 buttons in black wool down front of body.



CUTE DACHSHUND

● Dachshunds are in fashion — the breed is very popular with dog fanciers, so we have chosen it for the cute toy dog shown on the opening page of this knitting feature. Directions are below.



MATERIALS: 3 balls Patons "Beehive" Fingering, 4-ply "Patonised" or Patons "Patonyle," 4-ply "Patonised" knitting yarn; 1 pr. No. 12 knitting needles; a small quantity of black wool for embroidering features; stuffing; length of ribbon.

Measurements: Length from top of nose—15 in.

Tension: 8½ sts. to 1 in.

RIGHT-SIDE BODY

* Commencing at back leg cast on 8 sts.

1st Row: K, inc. 1 st. at each end of row.

2nd and Alt. Rows: Purl.

3rd Row: Inc. once in first st., k to end of row.

5th Row: As 1st row.

7th Row: As 3rd row (14 sts.).

9th Row: K 2 tog., k to last st., inc. once in last st.

Work 3 rows without shaping. Rep. last 4 rows once.

17th Row: As 9th row.

18th Row: Purl.

19th Row: Cast on 3 sts., k to end of row.

20th Row: Purl.

Rep. 19th and 20th rows 3 times (26 sts.).

27th Row: Inc. once in first st., k to end of row.

28th Row: Purl.

Rep. 27th and 28th rows 3 times (30 sts.). Break off wool.

Now work front leg as follows:

Cast on 10 sts.

1st Row: K, inc. 1 st. at each end of row.

2nd and Alt. Rows: Purl.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows once. Work 8 rows without shaping.

13th Row: K 2 tog., k to last st., inc. once in last st.

14th and Alt. Rows: Purl.

15th Row: K to last st., inc. once in last st.

17th Row: As 13th row.

18th Row: Purl.

Rep. 17th and 18th rows twice (15 sts.).

23rd Row: K 2 tog., k to end of row.

24th Row: Cast on 6 sts., p to end of row.

Rep. 23rd and 24th rows once.

27th Row: Inc. once in first st., k to end of row.

28th Row: As 24th row.

Rep. 27th and 28th rows 3 times (53 sts.).

35th Row: Inc. once in first st., k to end of row, k across sts. of back leg (84 sts.).

36th Row: Purl.

Work 4 rows, inc. 1 st. at beg. of each k row.

Work 2 rows without shaping. *

43rd Row: Inc. once in first st., k to end of row.

Work 3 rows without shaping. Rep. last 4 rows 3 times (90 sts.).

59th Row: K, inc. 1 st. at each end of row.

60th Row: P, cast on 26 sts. at end of row.

Work 2 rows without shaping.

63rd Row: Inc. once in first st., k to end of row.

64th and Alt. Rows: Purl.

65th Row: K, inc. 1 st. at each end of row.

67th Row: As 63rd row.

68th Row: P 10, p 2 tog., turn.

Work 4 rows without shaping on these 11 sts.

5th Row: K to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Work 5 rows without shaping.

11th Row: Inc. once in first st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Work 5 rows without shaping.

Rep. last 6 rows once.

23rd Row: As 11th row.

Work 3 rows without shaping.

27th Row: K to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Work 1 row without shaping.

29th Row: Inc. once in first st., k to end of row.

Work 1 row without shaping.

31st Row: As 27th row.

Work 3 rows without shaping.

35th Row: As 27th row.

Work 3 rows without shaping.

39th Row: K 2 tog., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog. (6 sts.).

Work 1 row without shaping.

41st Row: K 2 tog., k 2, k 2 tog.

Work 1 row without shaping.

43rd Row: (K 2 tog.) twice. Fasten off.

Join in wool at tail end, p 2 tog., p to end of row (109 sts.).

Proceed as follows:

1st Row: Inc. once in first st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

2nd Row: P 2 tog., p to end of row.

3rd Row: K to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

4th Row: Cast off 4 sts., p to end of row.

5th Row: K to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

6th Row: Cast off 54 sts., p to end of row (48 sts.).

7th Row: Cast off 4 sts., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

8th Row: P to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

Rep. 7th and 8th rows once.

11th Row: K 2 tog., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

12th Row: As 8th row.

Rep. 11th and 12th rows twice, then 11th row once.

Work 3 rows without shaping.

Dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every alt. row until 17 sts. rem., then dec. 1 st. at each end of every row until 11 sts. rem. Cast off.

LEFT-SIDE BODY

Cast on 8 sts. and work as directed for right-side body, reading knit for purl rows and purl for knit rows (this reverses all shapings).

CENTRE HEADPIECE

Cast on 2 sts.

1st Row: Inc. once in each st.

2nd Row: Purl.

Inc. 1 st. at each end of next and every alt. row until there are 8 sts., then inc. 1 st. at each end of every following 4th row until there are 12 sts. Work 9 rows without shaping.

Inc. 1 st. at each end of every row until there are 18 sts. Work 11 rows without shaping. Dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every following 6th row until 2 sts. rem. Fasten off.

RIGHT-SIDE UNDERBODY

Work as given for left-side body (88 sts.).

Proceed as follows:

1st Row: Inc. once in first st., k 11, k 2 tog., turn.

2nd and Alt. Rows: P 2 tog., p to end of row.

3rd Row: K 11, k 2 tog.

Cont. dec. at inner edge every row until 2 sts. rem., p 2 tog. Fasten off. Join in wool at centre, k 2 tog., k 44, k 2 tog., turn, p 2 tog., p 42, p 2 tog. Working on these 44 sts., cast off 10 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off. Join in wool at centre, cast off 3 sts., k to last st., inc. once in last st. Work on these sts. as follows:

49th Row: Cast off 14, p to end.

Cont. as given for first side, knitting the p rows and purling the k rows. Leave on spare needle. Work front leg to correspond, then work across sts. on spare needle and cont. to work the body until 7 sts. rem. Cast off.

58th Row: Purl.

Rep. last 2 rows once (11 sts.).

Work 15 rows st-st. without shaping.

76th Row: Cast on 9, p to end.

Proceed as follows:

1st Row: K, inc. once in last st.

2nd Row: Purl.

Work 4 rows st-st. without shaping.

7th Row: K, dec. once at each end of row. (Headpiece joins here later.)

8th Row: Cast off 2, p to end.

9th Row: K to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Rep. 8th and 9th rows once and 8th row once more (11 sts.).

13th Row: As 7th row.

14th Row: As 8th row. Cast off rem. 7 sts.

50th Row: P to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

1st Row: P to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

2nd Row: Cast off 3 sts., k to end of row.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice.

7th Row: P 2 tog., p to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

8th Row: Cast off 3 sts., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

9th Row: P 2 tog., p to last 2 sts., p 2 tog. Cast off.

LEFT-SIDE UNDERBODY

Work from * to * as given for right-side body (88 sts.).

Next Row: Inc. once in first st., k 25, turn.

Work on these sts. as follows:

1st Row: Cast off 3 sts., p to end of row.

2nd Row: K to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice.

7th Row: P 2 tog., p to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

8th Row: K 2 tog., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

9th Row: Cast off 3 sts., p to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

10th Row: K 2 tog., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog. Cast off.

Join in wool at centre, k 2 tog., k 44, k 2 tog., turn, p 2 tog., p 42, p 2 tog. work 2 rows on these 44 sts., casting off 10 sts. at beg. of each row. Cast off rem. sts.

Join in wool at centre and work on last 14 sts. as follows:

1st Row: K 2 tog., k 11, inc. once in last st.

2nd and Alt. Rows: P to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

3rd Row: K 2 tog., k 11.

Cont. dec. in this manner at inner edge every row until 2 sts. rem. Fasten off.

EARS (Make 4)

Cast on 6 sts.

Inc. 1 st. at each end of first and every alt. row until there are 16 sts., then inc. 1 st. at each end of every following 6th row until there are 26 sts.

Work 1 row without shaping.

Work 1 row without shaping.

Work 1 row without shaping.

Work 1 row without shaping.

Work 1 row without shaping.

Work 1 row without shaping.

Work 1 row without shaping.

Work 1 row without shaping.

Work 1 row without shaping.

Work 1 row without shaping.

Work 1 row without shaping.

Proceed as follows:

1st Row: Cast off 1 st., k 10, k 2 tog., turn.

Cont. on these 11 sts. as follows:

2nd and Alt. Rows: Purl.

3rd Row: Cast off 1 st., k to end of row.

5th Row: Cast off 1 st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

7th Row: As 3rd row.

8th Row: Purl (7 sts.). Cast off.

Join in wool at centre and proceed as follows:

1st Row: K 2 tog., k to end of row.

2nd and Alt. Rows: Cast off 1 st., p to end of row.

3rd Row: Knit.

5th Row: K 2 tog., k to end of row.

7th Row: As 3rd row.

8th Row: As 2nd row. Cast off.

SOLES (Make 4)

Cast on 4 sts.

Inc. 1 st. at each end of 1st and every alt. row until there are 10 sts.

Work 3 rows without shaping.

Dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every alt. row until 4 sts. rem. Cast off.

TO-MAKE UP

Pin out and press all pieces well. Using back-st. seam, sew right and left underbody across top, leaving a section in centre for stuffing. Make darts across top of front and back legs. Sew underbody to right- and left-side body. Sew in soles. Sew in centre headpiece commencing ½ in. from front of nose with narrow end. Sew round rem. edges of dog. Stuff well and sew up seam. Embroider features in black wool. Sew darts in ears, join two sections, turn right side out and attach to head. Tie bow round neck.

TAIL

Cast on 18 sts. and work 4 rows st-st. Cast off. Join edges tog. Sew few strands of wool to tail.

BASES

Cast on 4 sts., k 1 row, then inc. once at each end of next 2 rows st-st. Work 5 rows st-st. without shaping, then dec. once at each end of next 2 rows. Cast off.

HEADPIECE

Cast on 3 sts. and work in st-st., inc. once at each end of 2nd and each alt. row until there are 11 sts. on needle. Work 5 rows straight. Now dec. once at each end of next and each alt. row until 7 sts. rem., then dec. each end of every 3rd row until 3 sts. rem. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up leg seams. Sew bases in position. Sew up body seams to top of head. Sew headpiece in position, placing cast-on edge where indicated (see 7th row of instructions for head). Sew underbody in position, placing cast-on edge to front of body, leaving one side open for stuffing. Place cardboard discs at bottom of legs. Stuff firmly and sew up seam of underbody. Sew on ears, horns, and tail. Embroider features in black wool and markings in tan wool.

Lining for Ears (Make 2):

Cast on 12 sts. and work as for ears. Join lining to ears.

HORNS (Make 2)

Cast on 6 sts. and work 4 rows st-st. Cast off. Join cast-off and cast-on edges tog. and across ends.

Work 2 rows st-st.

48th Row: Cast on 5 sts., k to end.



CHEEKY GIRAFFE

MATERIALS: 2 balls Patons "Beehive" Fingering 4-ply wool or Patons "Patonyle" 4-ply knitting yarn in yellow; small quantity of tan shade for markings and length of black for features; 1 pr. No. 11 knitting needles; stuffing; 4 cardboard discs ½ in. diameter.

Height: 14 in.

Tension: 8 sts. to 1 in.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; inc., increase; tog., together; dec., decrease; rep., repeat; st-st., stocking-stitch; alt., alternate; rem., remaining; beg., beginning.

HIND LEG

Cast on 14 sts.

1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: Purl.

Rep. these 2 rows 13 times.

29th Row: * K 3, inc. once in next st.; rep. from * twice, k 2.

Work 3 rows st-st.

33rd Row: * K 4, inc. once in next st.; rep. from * twice, k 2.

Work 3 rows st-st.

37th Row: * K 4, inc. once in next st.; rep. from * to end. Work 3 rows st-st.

41st Row: * K 4, inc. once in next st.; rep. from * 3 times, k 4.

Work 3 rows st-st.

45th Row: * K 4, inc. once in next st.; rep. from * 4 times, k 3 (33 sts.).

Work 2 rows st-st.

48th Row: Cast on 5 sts., p to end.

49th Row: Cast off 14 sts., k to end.

50th Row: Cast on 5 sts., p to end, cast on 2 sts. (31 sts.).

51st Row: Knit. Leave these sts. on a spare needle.

FRONT LEG

Cast on 14 sts. and work as given for hind leg, but rep. 1st and 2nd rows 16 times instead of 13 times, until 45th row of hind leg has been worked (33 sts.).

Work 3 rows st-st.

Proceed as follows:

1st Row: * K 5, inc. once in next st.; rep. from * 4 times, k 3.

2nd Row: P, inc. once in last st.

3rd Row: Inc. in 1st st., k to end.

4th Row: Cast off 18, p to end, cast on 3 sts.

5th Row: * K 4, inc. once in next st.; rep. from * 3 times, k 5 (29 sts.).

6th Row: P to end and also across sts. on spare needle (60

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PRANCING HORSE

Materials: 3 balls fawn and a small ball black Peacock Kooba Fingering; kapok or suitable material for filling; 2 black buttons; 1 pair No. 12 knitting needles.

Note: This toy is worked in double wool except for ears.

BODY

Cast on 8 sts. in fawn.
1st Row: K, inc. 1 st. each end.
2nd Row: Purl.
Rep. last 2 rows.
3rd Row: Cast on 8 sts., k to end, k twice into last st.
4th Row: Purl.
Rep. last 2 rows.
5th Row: Cast off 8 sts., k to end.
6th Row: Purl.
Rep. last 2 rows.
7th Row: Cast on 4 sts., k to end.
8th Row: Purl.
Rep. last 2 rows.
9th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to end.
10th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.
11th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to end.
12th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.
13th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to end.
14th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.
15th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to end.
16th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.
17th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to end.
18th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.
19th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to end.
20th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.
21st Row: K twice into 1st st., k to end.
22nd Row: K twice into 1st st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.
23rd Row: K twice into 1st st., k to end.
24th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.
25th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to end.
26th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.
27th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to end.
28th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.
29th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to end.
30th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.
31st Row: K twice into 1st st., k to end.
32nd Row: K twice into 1st st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.
33rd Row: K twice into 1st st., k to end.
34th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.
35th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to end.
36th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.
37th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to end.
38th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.
39th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to end.
40th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.
41st Row: K twice into 1st st., k to end.
42nd Row: K twice into 1st st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.
43rd Row: K twice into 1st st., k to end.
44th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.
45th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to end.
46th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.
47th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to end.
48th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.
49th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to end.
50th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.
51st Row: K twice into 1st st., k to end.
52nd Row: K twice into 1st st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.
53rd Row: K twice into 1st st., k to end.
54th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.
55th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to end.
56th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.
57th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to end.
58th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.
59th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to end.
60th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.
61st Row: K twice into 1st st., k to end.
62nd Row: K twice into 1st st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.
63rd Row: K twice into 1st st., k to end.
64th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.
65th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to end.
66th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.
67th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to end.
68th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.
69th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to end.
70th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.
71st Row: K twice into 1st st., k to end.
72nd Row: K twice into 1st st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.
73rd Row: K twice into 1st st., k to end.
74th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.
75th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to end.
76th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.
77th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to end.
78th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.
79th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to end.
80th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.
81st Row: K twice into 1st st., k to end.
82nd Row: K twice into 1st st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.
83rd Row: K twice into 1st st., k to end.
84th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.
85th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to end.
86th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.
87th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to end.
88th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.
89th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to end.
90th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.
91st Row: K twice into 1st st., k to end.
92nd Row: K twice into 1st st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.
93rd Row: K twice into 1st st., k to end.
94th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.
95th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to end.
96th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.
97th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to end.
98th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.
99th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to end.
100th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

to last st., k twice into last st.

48th Row: Purl.
Rep. last 2 rows.

51st Row: Cast on 8 sts., k to last st., k twice into last st.

52nd Row: Purl.
Rep. last 2 rows.

53rd Row: K to last st., k twice into last st.

54th Row: Purl.
Rep. last 2 rows.

55th Row: Cast off 8 sts., k to last st., k twice into last st.

56th Row: Purl.
Rep. last 2 rows.

59th Row: Cast off 4 sts., k to last st., k twice into last st.

60th Row: Purl.
Rep. last 2 rows.

63rd Row: Cast off 4 sts., k to end.

64th Row: Purl.
Rep. last 2 rows.

65th Row: Cast on 3 sts., k to end.

66th Row: Purl.
Rep. last 2 rows.

71st Row: K to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

72nd Row: Purl.
Rep. last 2 rows.

73rd Row: Cast off 3 sts., k to end.

74th Row: Purl.
Rep. last 2 rows.

75th Row: Cast off 6 sts., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

76th Row: Purl.
Rep. last 2 rows.

Cast off.

Work another side the same, but working the knit rows as purl and the purl rows as knit.

UNDERBODY
Cast on 6 sts.

1st Row: K, inc. 1 st. each end.

● This attractive animal is worked in double wool in simple stocking-stitch. Use cottonwool or kapok for filling.

2nd Row: Purl.
Rep. last 2 rows.

3rd Row: Cast on 8 sts., k to end.

4th Row: Cast on 8 sts., p to end.

Rep. last 2 rows.
Work 2 rows st-st.

9th Row: Cast off 8 sts., k to end.

10th Row: Cast off 8 sts., p to end.

11th Row: Cast off 4 sts., k to end.

12th Row: Cast off 4 sts., p to end.

Rep. last 2 rows.

15th Row: K, inc. 1 st. each end.

Work 25 rows st-st.

41st Row: K 2 tog. each end.

42nd Row: Purl.
Rep. last 2 rows.

45th Row: Cast on 4 sts., k to end.

46th Row: Cast on 4 sts., p to end.

Rep. last 2 rows.

49th Row: Cast on 8 sts., k to end.

50th Row: Cast on 8 sts., p to end.

Work 2 rows st-st.

53rd Row: Cast off 8 sts., k to end.

54th Row: Cast off 8 sts., p to end.

Rep. last 2 rows.

57th Row: K 2 tog. each end.

58th Row: Purl.
Rep. last 2 rows.

K 2 tog.
Fasten off.

FEET (Make 4)

Cast on 10 sts. in black.

1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: P, inc. 1 st. each end.

Cast off.

SOLES OF FEET (Make 4)

Cast on 2 sts.

1st Row: P twice into each st.

Work 4 rows st-st.

6th Row: K 2 tog. twice.

K 2 tog.
Fasten off.

EARS (Make 4)

Cast on 8 sts. in single fawn wool.

Work 6 rows st-st.

7th Row: K 2 tog. each end.

8th Row: Knit.

Rep. last 2 rows twice.

K 2 tog.
Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Begin by sewing the body, legs, and underbody of legs together, leaving an opening at bottom of legs. Sew rest of body together, leaving an opening at back for stuffing. Sew black feet to the bottom of legs, then sew in soles, turn inside out, stuff well, and sew up back. Sew ears up, fold in half, and sew in place on head. Make a tail by winding black wool around your fingers about 16 times. Sew in place on body and cut the end to required length. Work a mane on back of head with black wool. Sew on buttons for eyes. Work features in black wool.



THE PATTERN for this horse can be used to make a zebra if instead of using just one color you work 3 rows in black and 3 rows in fawn alternately.

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SURE to be a great favorite with the children, this elephant will be a durable toy.

Materials: 5 balls grey Peacock Kooba; 2 small buttons; 1 pr. No. 12 knitting needles; kapok or suitable filling; thread of black wool.

This toy is worked in double wool and garter-stitch.

TRUNK (Make 2)

Cast on 4 sts.

K 2 rows.

3rd Row: K 2 tog., k to last st., k twice into last st.

K 3 rows.

Rep. last 4 rows once.

11th Row: K to last st., k twice into last st.

12th Row: Knit.

Rep. last 2 rows.

15th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to end.

16th Row: Knit.

17th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

K 3 rows.

21st Row: K twice into 1st st., k to end.

22nd Row: Knit.

23rd Row: K twice into 1st st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

24th Row: Knit.

25th Row: K twice into 1st st., k to end.

26th Row: Knit.

Rep. last 2 rows 3 times.

Leave on a spare needle.

BODY

Front Leg: Cast on 14 sts.

K 2 rows.

3rd Row: K to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

K 3 rows.

4th Row: Knit.

Rep. 3rd row.

K 19 rows.

25th Row: K to last st., k twice into last st.

K 3 rows.

Rep. last 4 rows. Leave on spare needle.

Back Leg: Cast on 12 sts.

K 2 rows.

3rd Row: K to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

4th Row: Knit.

Rep. 3rd row.

K 21 rows.

28th Row: K, inc. 1 st. each end of row.

29th Row: K to last st., k twice into last st.

30th Row: Knit.

31st Row: K twice into 1st st., k to end.

Cast on 10 sts., pick up sts. on spare needle for front leg, k to last st., k twice into last st.

32nd Row: K to last st., k twice into last st.

33rd Row: K twice into 1st st., k to end.

34th Row: Knit.

Rep. last 2 rows.

37th Row: K to last st., k twice into last st.

38th Row: Knit.

Rep. last 2 rows 3 times.

45th Row: K to end, pick up sts. on spare needle for trunk, k to end.

46th Row: K 2 tog., k to end.

K 3 rows.

50th Row: K 2 tog., k to end.

K 5 rows.

56th Row: K 2 tog., k to end.

Rep. last row.

58th Row: Knit.

59th Row: K to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

60th Row: Knit.

61st Row: K 2 tog. each end.

62nd Row: Knit.

63rd Row: K to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Rep. last 2 rows 3 times.

70th Row: Knit.

71st Row: K 2 tog., k to end.

Rep. last row twice.

74th Row: K 2 tog., k to end.

75th Row: Cast off 8 sts., k to end.

Rep. last 2 rows twice.

80th Row: K 2 tog. each end.

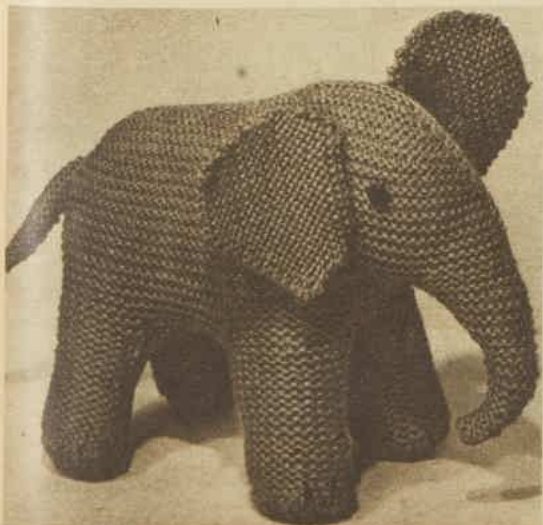
Rep. last row twice.

Cast off, k 2 tog. each end.

UNDERBODY (Make 2)

Work same as body until 38th row has been worked.

Cast off.



GREY wool has been used for this elephant, but children would be equally delighted if you made it in a bright color. Small buttons make the eyes.

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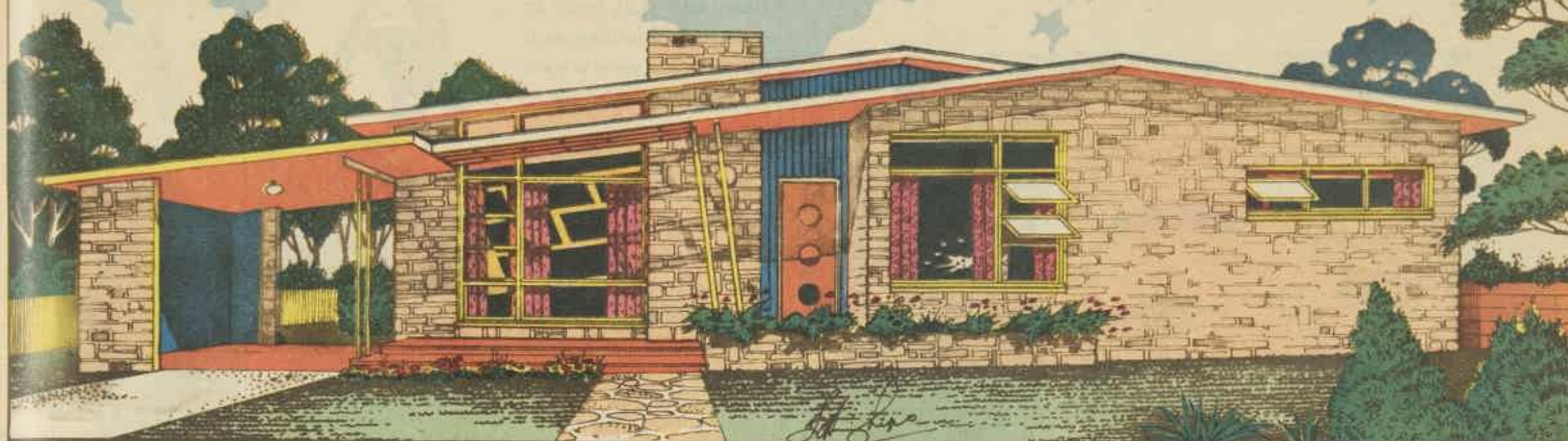
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TWO HOUSES FROM ONE PLAN

CONTEMPORARY



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH (above) of contemporary design shows low-pitched roof, a sloping pergola, an attractive stone-faced chimney, and hopper windows. Carport, left.

FLOOR PLAN (right): With the exception of the carport and fireplace this is the same for both homes featured on this page. The kitchen has its own meals section.

● These two versions of our Home Plan No. 695 are being built on lots 82 and 83 at the Cherrybrook Gardens Estate, on Sydney's North Shore. They are part of an exhibition of nearly 40 homes which will be on view to the public next January.

THE Master Builders' Association of N.S.W. is promoting the exhibition, which will be the biggest of its type ever held in the Southern Hemisphere. Each one of the houses will be fully furnished and will have a landscape garden. They will all be for sale, and visitors to the exhibition can arrange to have identical houses built on their own blocks of land.

The two illustrations of our Home Plan No. 695 which we show on this page are an interesting comparison.

Basically the same plan is used and this can be bought for £9/9/- from any of our Home Planning Centres, whose addresses are given in the panel at right. If ordering by mail, please mention which home you require, the contemporary or the traditional.

The contemporary design above has a low-pitched roof, a sloping pergola, hopper windows, and a stone-faced chimney.

Ranch-style design

The traditional design featured below has simple ranch-style lines with a straight gable roof, a garage replacing the carport, and formal window treatment to blend with the general atmosphere.

These two homes are being built by Mr. H. Bray. The contemporary will be on Lot 82 and the traditional on Lot 83. They will be furnished in appropriate style.

The ground-plan layout is identical for both versions, with the exception of the carport and fireplace. There are three good-sized bedrooms, with the bathroom conveniently placed between bedrooms 2 and 3.

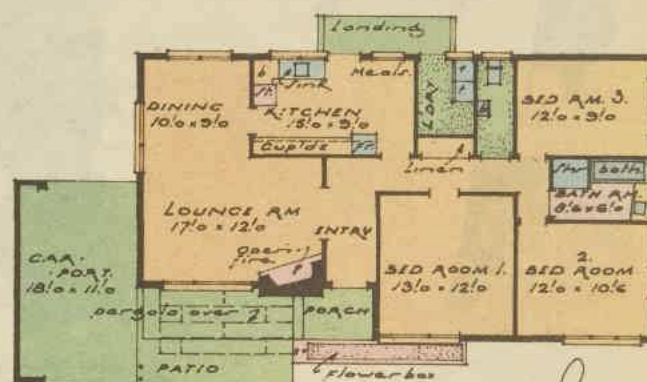
The spacious living-rooms are L-shaped, opening to the front terrace with double glass doors and extending through to the dining-room overlooking the rear garden.

A big open fireplace is featured across the corner of the living-room in the contemporary style, but this is omitted in the traditional.

Traffic from the back door does not cut across the compact working zone in the kitchen. In this room there is a wall of cupboards beside the refrigerator and a meals alcove under a window.

A laundry is included under the main roof of the house and a spacious linen cupboard is set into the

PERSPECTIVE sketch of traditional design shows a straight gable roof and simple ranch-style home. Double glass doors open from the living-room on to the front terrace.



MATERIAL	WIDTH	AREA
BRICK	48'4"	12'0" x 10'6"
TIMBER	47'0"	11'1" x 10'6"

Estimated cost

Mr. Bray estimates that the traditional design would cost £4700 in brick veneer, and the contemporary style would cost £4480 in concrete blocks or only £4280 with raft floors. These prices do not include land.

For accurate costing in your own locality you are invited to consult the Home Planning Centre in your capital city.

For the fee of £1/1/- per square, with a minimum fee of £10/10/-, representatives at our Home Planning Centres will prepare individual plans to suit readers' own requirements.

If you feel you need some assistance in planning a home to suit your block of land, we will arrange for one of our representatives to meet you on the site to discuss design for a fee of £5/5/- in the metropolitan area.

Readers can use any of our designs as the basis for their own individually prepared plans, and select features of several designs, adding ideas of their own.

For full particulars about the Parade of Homes, see pages 68 and 69.

Where to buy this plan

OUR Home Plans are available in hundreds of designs suitable for all blocks of land. Plans cost £9/9/- per full set from any of our Home Planning Centres.

They are usually available from stock in any building material. Each set of plans contains five copies of plan and three copies of specification.

If you are ordering Home Plans by mail from our Home Planning Centres, give the number of the design and state the building materials to be used. Please include fee.

Our Home Planning Centres have been established in conjunction with the stores in which they are situated. Addresses are:

HOBBART: FitzGerald's.
CANBERRA: Anthony Hordern's.
MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium.
GEELONG: Our representative attends the Myer Emporium every Friday and Saturday.
SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern's.
ADELAIDE: John Martin's.
BRISBANE: McWhirter's.
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fineness and you'll love its fragrance. It's in an exquisite non-spill box with gold-engraved black plastic top and a special place for your personal puff. Choose from six heavenly shades . . . only 10/6.

PRODUITS DE BEAUTE
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Gemey complexion tones match wonderfully with Hologram Pearl Mist Nylons.



HANDY HINTS

● **Miss Precious Minutes** gives some useful hints that save time and will help in cooking, cleaning, and other housework about your home.

TO clean pewter, wash with very hot soapy water to which ammonia has been added (2 table-spoons ammonia to each quart water). Rinse in hot water, polish with soft cloth.

IF your furniture has acquired heat marks, a clean, soft cloth moistened with a little camphorated oil and rubbed over the mark with light strokes followed at once by vigorous rubbing with another clean cloth will remove light stains. If the marks are heavy, a dry steel-wool soap-pad rubbed gently over a tiny area at a time will remove the damage. However, be sure to work very carefully and wipe away any powdery substance before going on to the next area.



WHEN undoing a woollen garment wind the wool around a rolling-pin. Damp it and then let it dry. When unwound the wool will be smooth again.

SAVE old pyjama cords, and on washing days use them instead of pegs for vests, sleeveless blouses, short-sleeved dresses. Garments will dry quicker and there won't be any peg marks.



ENGRAVED brass can be cleaned by rubbing with a slice of lemon. The acid in the fruit removes dirt out of even the smallest crevices. Afterwards rinse with tepid water and polish well until dry.

RUST can be removed from wrought-iron with steel wool dipped in paraffin.

FOOD stains on wallpaper can be removed by applying a paste made of fuller's earth moistened with dry-cleaning liquid. Spread this on to the stained surface and leave it until dry. Remove with a soft, clean cloth. Repeat if necessary.

EGG-WHITES can be beaten into a stiff froth much quicker if you heat the egg-beater for a few minutes before whisking.

A GOOD way to prevent cheese becoming mouldy or dry is to wrap it in a cloth dampened with vinegar and store it in a covered dish. A lump of loaf sugar in the cheese dish will keep cheese fresh.

IF you are using several wools when knitting, the simplest way to prevent them tangling is to place each ball in a paper-bag and screw up the top, allowing just sufficient space for the single thread of wool to come through.



BRIGHTEEN an outdoor living area by turning a small hollow tree trunk into a lampstand. Rubber-covered electric cord must be used for mounting.

CLUES

to a woman who knows her own mind



- Tries on only three hats
- Knows how much tip to leave
- Won't put up with inconveniences

— and is pretty cool, confident, serene and well-poised about it all. Such a woman is almost certain to be a Tampax user. Because at the back of her swift, sure decisions lies the fact that she turns instinctively to the best way, the right way, the modern way. Tampax internal sanitary protection is convenient, comfortable and reassuring. Odour can't form. Chafing and irritation can't happen. Disposal problems never arise. In fact it even tends to make you forget there's a difference in days of the month—you wear it in your bath or under the shower—your fingers never touch the Tampax—what could be nicer?

Choice of two absorbencies (Regular and Super) at chemists and department stores everywhere.



Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

FACIAL HAIRS

Effective Home Treatment

Destroy unsightly hairs permanently by the "VANIX" devitalising treatment. "Vanix" penetrates deep into hair tissues and kills the roots without affecting the skin.

"VANIX"

Is only 7/11 a bottle from all branches of Washington H. Soul, Pattinson & Co. Ltd., Sydney and Newcastle, Swift's Pharmacy, 372 Little Collins Street, Melbourne, Myer Emporium, Melbourne, Gelong, and Ballarat, Birks Chemists Ltd., 57 and 278 Rundle Street, Adelaide, and Boons Ltd., Perth.

Mail Orders 9/-, including postage from above, or direct from THE VANIX CO. (Dept. W.1), Box 38A, G.P.O., Melbourne.

Keep up-to-date . . . read
MODERN MOTOR
Every Month
2/6 from your Newsagent

Powered Food Mixing—priced for your pocket!

Sunbeam BEATER-MIX

ONLY
£15-7-6

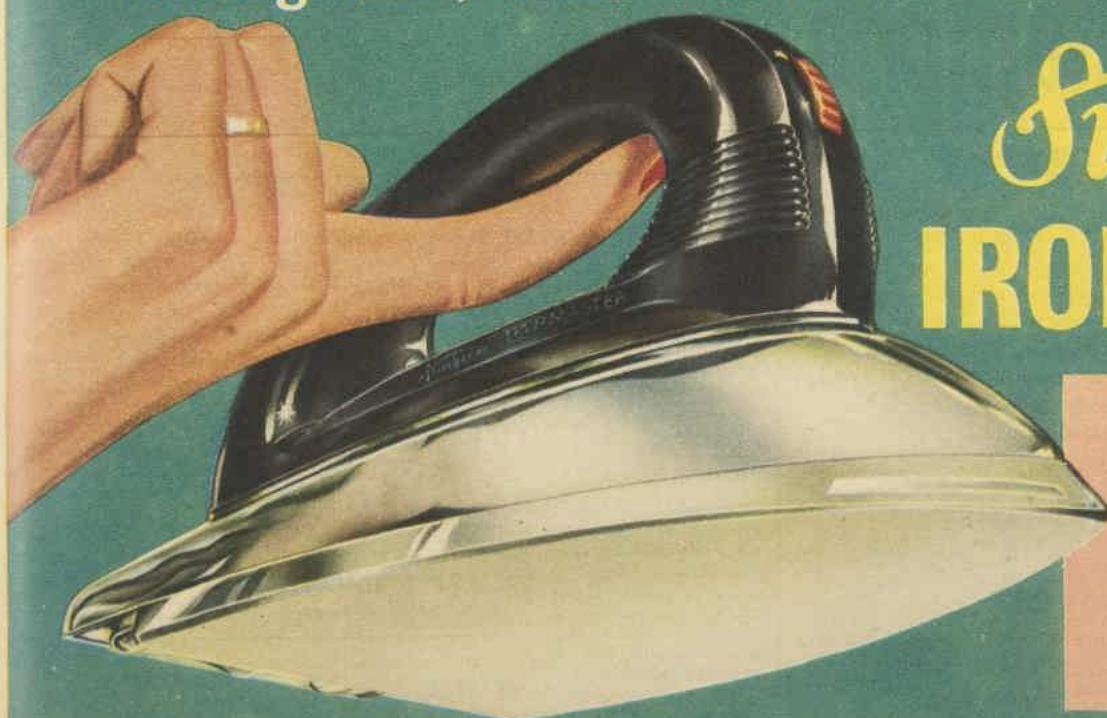
Why deny yourself powered food-mixing? You can have a Sunbeam Beater-Mix for only £15.7.6! A Beater-Mix will do *all* the hard, tiring mixing and beating jobs. It will halve the time they take — and do them better than you ever could by hand. It costs so little, does so much — and it's made and backed by Sunbeam.

BEATS FOLDS MIXES WHIPS MASHES



The lightest, most efficient automatic iron of all!

Sunbeam IRONMASTER



Doubly dependable because it's double automatic. If ironing tires you out, chances are you're still pushing an old-fashioned heavyweight iron weighing 44-5 lbs. How much easier it is to iron with a streamlined Sunbeam Ironmaster, tipping the scale at just 21 lbs.! The Sunbeam Ironmaster is not only lighter, but *double-automatic* to make temperatures doubly dependable. Next ironing day — and happily ever after — make light of your ironing with a Sunbeam Ironmaster.

TURN LOOSE CHANGE INTO *Sunbeams* — a few shillings a week buys any Sunbeam Appliance

Cleans your hair like
Magic!



RICHARD HUDNUT egg creme shampoo

FOR NORMAL, DRY OR OILY HAIR

Better than a shampoo . . . a true beauty treatment for your hair! This wonderful, soapless shampoo contains the natural, beneficial protein of egg formula. Egg—the natural beautifier of hair.

Richard Hudnut Egg Creme Shampoo cleans hair like magic—yet it's gentle, non-drying. It imparts no dulling, "soapy" film to clog the pores of your hair, but leaves your hair shining, silken-soft and lovely! Dull, dry hair or limp, oily hair gain new silken beauty; hidden subtleties of tone are revealed. Permanents "take" better. Best of all, Egg-Creme Shampoo is concentrated—costs no more to use than ordinary shampoos. Made in two types to care for all kinds of hair: for normal to dry hair—Blue Label; for normal to oily hair—Red Label.

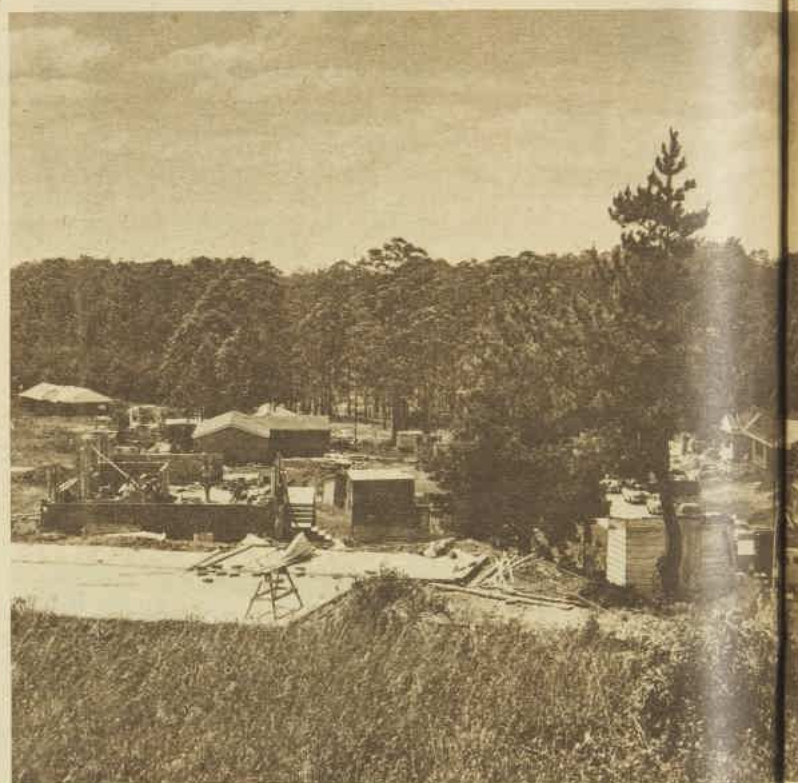
ECONOMICAL BOTTLES
5/6 AND 9/6
BUBBLES 1/3



EC540 .143

A Parade of

• A rural, wooded setting will
enhance the 35 houses being
built on Cherrybrook Gardens
Estate near Sydney for a Parade
of Homes to be on view to
the public next January.



PARTLY COMPLETED houses on Cherrybrook Gardens Estate show how trees are being preserved wherever possible. The Parade will cover 25 acres, and it will be worth £500,000 when finished.

CHERRYBROOK is at West Pen-
nant Hills, 15 miles north-west of
Sydney.

The exhibition is being promoted by the
Master Builders' Association of New South
Wales, and there will be a prize for the best
house.

Only members of the association have been
permitted to enter, and
each entry will be more
than "just a house." It
will be a sample of the
builder's best work.

In this he will be fol-
lowing out the rule of
the contest which says:
"Workmanship shall be of the highest
order of which the participant is capable."

In fact, if the materials and standard of
workmanship do not suit the organisers of the
Parade, the builder concerned will be asked
to withdraw his entry.

The Australian Women's Weekly is spon-
soring two of the houses in the Parade.

The exhibition's main object is to improve

the standard of building in New South Wales
and show the public what they should expect
in houses at reasonable prices.

The houses will range in price from £350
to £8000, excluding the cost of the land.

Styles vary greatly. Side by side with
traditional design, with a touch of Georgian
graciousness, stands an ultra-modern house.

Solid brick bungalows are next to timber-
"radicals"; some are
gabled, some have flat
roofs. Designers with con-
servative ideas are vying
with such architects as
Harry Seidler, whose ad-
vanced designs have re-

ways provoked controversy.
Each house is aimed at giving its future
occupants the utmost in agreeable and com-
fortable modern living.

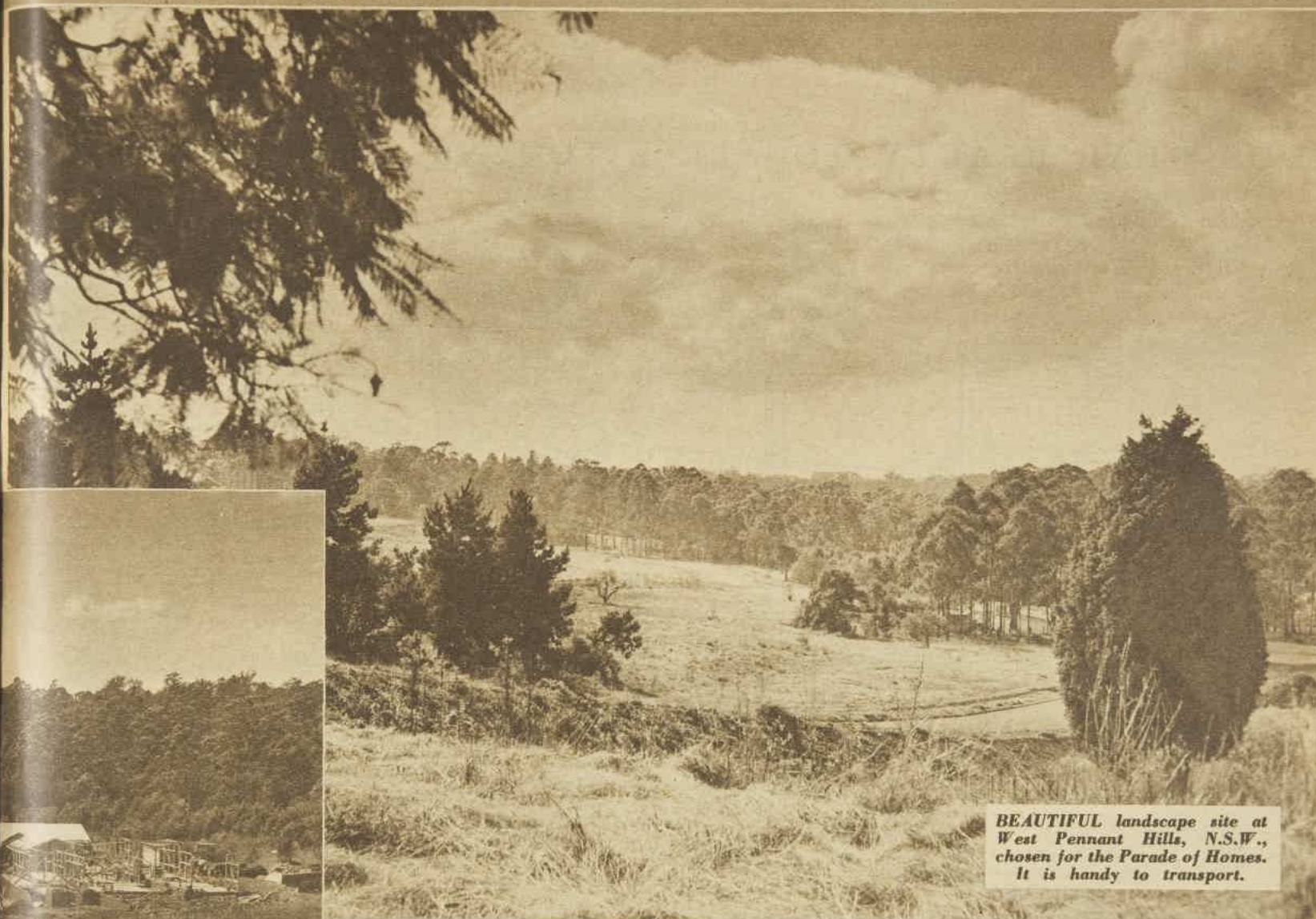
The houses are samples and each builder
will produce it exactly or with variations
wherever desired.

During the Parade financial experts will
on hand to discuss all aspects of costs and
finance with interested people.

By
JOYCE HALSTEAD,
staff reporter

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 25, 1959

Homes on woodland site



BEAUTIFUL landscape site at West Pennant Hills, N.S.W., chosen for the Parade of Homes. It is handy to transport.

To help keep the garden look, paling fences will be forbidden, and low walls or well-trimmed hedges encouraged.

Across the valley once stood the Red Hill Observatory on one of the highest points in Sydney. This whole area is 600ft. above sea-level and the air is clear and fresh.

The history of the land of which Cherrybrook is a part dates back to the early days of the colony and it belonged to Dr. John Savage, who received it as a grant in 1804 from Governor King.

His grant adjoined that of the Rev. Samuel Marsden. Dr. Savage's was auctioned in lots in 1855, and Cherrybrook is part of two lots.

Many historic landmarks and points of interest are in the district. Pennant Hills is said to have got its name because a pennant was flown to signal to all concerned the movement of the Governor between Government House, Sydney, and Parramatta, Windsor, and Richmond. The flagpole still stands next to the Presbyterian Church, and not far from Cherrybrook is a tiny Wesleyan Chapel with 1845 engraved on its wall.

This estate, though seemingly removed from city bustle, is actually handy to transport and other amenities for family living.

There is an established sports ground a few minutes away; it is only a mile from the nearest station on the northern railway line; by car it is 35 minutes' drive from the city; it is an easy walk to Thompson's Corner shopping centre; schools, both primary and secondary, are comparatively close.

Golf and riding are available in the district, and it is on the way to such scenic areas as Windsor, the Hawkesbury River, and the Blue Mountains.

Down in the hollow of the estate, where the great gumtrees rise, a pond is being beautified by the local council.

Each house in the Parade will be fully furnished. There will also be exhibits of latest building materials.

The whole Parade will cover about 25 acres, and with furniture, land, and landscaping be valued at £500,000.

A feature of the Parade will be a poll conducted to find out what people really want most in their homes.

● Plans of all the houses will be available through The Australian Women's Weekly Home Plans Bureau. On page 65 plans for two of the houses are published. Other home plans will be published every week until the parade opens.

Hostesses will be on duty in each house to answer questions and point out features of design to viewers.

There will be parking facilities for 14,000 cars; catering will be provided.

The Parade is due to open on January 21 and will remain open for public inspection every day for a month.

Driving force behind this Parade has been Mr. Syd Mack, a master builder in the district. He has visualised it for years.

And helping him achieve his scheme has been Mr. K. G. Hurst, an estate-agent of nearby Beecroft. Mr. R. Riddell is the professional organiser.

The prize—a valuable block of land in the estate—has been donated by Miss Leslie Fairlie, former owner of Cherrybrook.

The judges, including the President of the M.B.A., Mr. W. J. Bryant, an architect, an estate agent, a financier, a woman expert on home economics, and a municipal authority will decide on the prizewinning entry.

They will take into consideration design, planning and layout, construction details, workmanship and materials, initiative in the use of materials, and landscaping skill.

And the public will be invited to take part in a contest to choose the best-designed and equipped kitchen.

Each block of land is a quarter of an acre, with frontages ranging from 70 to 90 feet.

In landscaping the build-ers are helped by the site **Handy to transport** itself.

Before any houses stood on it, it looked like a natural amphitheatre with undulating pastures sloping gently to a wooded glade.

It was an ideal place for a picnic—rural and serene—seemingly miles from crowded highways and dense population.

The plan is to preserve to the utmost the natural charm of this area. Wherever possible, trees are being preserved. The houses, of interesting and attractive design, should blend in rather than detract from the natural landscape.

Features of the Parade

- Emphasis on outdoor living—many houses have patios, sundecks, and terraces, with glass doors opening on to these.
- Provision for family life—children's play areas are features and kitchen counters dividing work from living areas enable mother to supervise children while preparing food.
- Carports close to kitchen, with door into house, cutting down a housewife's footsteps from the car with arms full of shopping.
- Two-level houses built on the curve of a hill.
- Murals painted in one house by a builder's wife—in the garage there will be one depicting vintage cars.
- New concrete roofing tiles in charcoal and green.
- Green fibreglass let into the roof to give a cool, soft light to the room.
- Corrugated plaster used for a feature wall.
- New type of concrete blocks, which need no lining, can be painted or left in light grey.
- One plan used for two houses with different outside styles—one traditional, the other contemporary.
- The Australian Women's Weekly Houses—the two are a variation on the same theme—one built mainly in brick, the other in New Zealand radiata pine.
- The living-room in one timbered house, with one glass wall looking into an aviary.

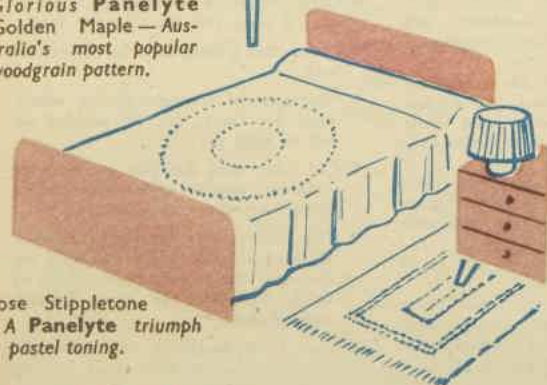
SENSATIONAL NEW COLOURS FROM THE PANELYTE RANGE

PANELYTE LAMINATED PLASTIC **Cameo**

ADDS REAL BEAUTY TO ALL KITCHENS. . . . say Pete and Pam



Glorious Panelyte Golden Maple—Australia's most popular woodgrain pattern.



Rose Stippletone—A Panelyte triumph in pastel toning.

Now for your modern kitchen, Panelyte present . . . Cameo . . . truly a masterpiece of contemporary conception.

Panelyte Cameo will appeal to your good taste . . . the traditional pattern captures all the grace and beauty of period cameos, and combined with Panelyte's modern, brilliant, decorator colours, offers you a surface of beauty you'll be proud of forever.

Forever? Yes! Panelyte is truly a life-long asset to your home. Under ordinary, every day household conditions Panelyte resists heat, stain, scuffs, scratches and cooking oils and acids.

Cleaning, of course, is child's play with Panelyte. A whisk of a wet cloth and your Panelyte surface is back to showroom new.

See Panelyte Cameo at your local furniture retailer . . . you'll always be glad you did!

Surface—yourself. It's so easy to install Panelyte . . . no special tools are required, and your Panelyte stockist has supplies of Panelyte Contact Adhesive, with simple directions.



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HOLIDAY RECIPES

Holidays should bring relaxation for all the family. Housewives can plan family meals ahead so they can enjoy the days of leisure.

A GREAT variety of tinned, packaged, and frozen foods is available to the housewife today, so it is an easy matter for her to serve a tempting and nourishing meal without a great deal of preparation.

On this page is a wide selection of recipes which will be helpful for the housewife during the coming holiday season.

All spoon measurements are level and quantities are sufficient for four persons.

SUMMER COOLERS

Banana Flip: Peel and slice 4 fully ripe bananas. Place in small bowl and beat until creamy. Mix in 4 cups cold milk. Pour into chilled glasses. Top each glass with spoonful whipped, sweetened cream, and sprinkle with cinnamon.

Coffee Spice: Place 4 teaspoons of instant coffee powder, 1 stick cinnamon, and 6 cloves into a jug. Add 4 cups cold water or milk and 4 teaspoons sugar; strain and chill. Pour into 4 tall glasses which have been half filled with crushed ice. Place spoonful of whipped cream on each glass.

Iced Honeysuckle: Make 4 cups of tea double strength; allow to draw 5 minutes, then strain. Sweeten with honey and add a little lemon juice; chill. Place ice-cubes in 4 glasses, pour over the chilled liquid. Serve garnished with lemon.

Iced Chocolate Mint: Mix 4 teaspoons of instant chocolate powder into 4 cups chilled milk. Add few drops of peppermint essence. Pour into glasses, top with scoop of ice-cream. Garnish with sprigs of mint.

Ginger Punch: Combine in saucepan ½ cup chopped preserved ginger, 1½ pints water, and ½ cup sugar. Simmer 15 minutes; add ½ cup each pineapple, orange, and lemon juice; chill mixture. Strain and pour into 4 glasses, garnish with lemon.

Lemon Crunch: Squeeze juice from 4 lemons; strain. Add ½ cup boiling water and 1 cup sugar, mix well and chill. Pour equal amount of syrup into 4 tall glasses, fill with chilled soda water and mix quickly. Press half lemon slice on edge of each glass and serve immediately.

DEVILLED STUFFED TOMATOES

Four medium-sized tomatoes, 3 hard-boiled eggs, 1 teaspoon butter, 2 tablespoons finely



COOL and refreshing summer drinks are popular with young and old alike. See recipes at left, below.

chopped ham, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, 1 dessertspoon mayonnaise, salt and pepper to taste, paprika.

Wash and dry tomatoes, cut slice from top of each, scoop out pulp. Shell eggs, remove yolks (reserving four slices for top) and pound in small basin with butter, ham, mustard, mayonnaise, salt and pepper. Fill egg mixture into tomato cases, top with reserved egg slices. Sprinkle lightly with paprika.

COCONUT DROPS

Two ounces butter or substitute, ½ cup brown sugar, ½ cup white sugar, 1 egg, ½ cup chopped nuts, ½ cup coconut, 5 cups cornflakes.

Melt butter or substitute in small saucepan, add sugars, stir over low heat until sugar dissolves slightly. Remove from heat, add beaten egg, nuts, coconut, and cornflakes; mix well. Place a teaspoonful at a time on to greased oven-tray, bake in moderate oven 10 minutes. Allow to cool on tins. When cold, store in airtight tin.

ASPARAGUS ROLLS

One loaf of sliced bread (very fresh), 1 tin asparagus spears (drained), ½ lb. butter, salt and pepper.

Remove crusts from bread, spread lightly with butter. Place asparagus spear on each piece of bread, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Roll up.

KIDNEY ROLL-UPS

Four lamb or veal kidneys, ½ cup stale breadcrumbs, ½ small onion (finely chopped), 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, salt, pepper, 1 slightly beaten egg, ½ lb. bacon rashers (rind removed).

Soak kidneys in salted water 15 minutes; remove, peel off skin. Chop kidneys into pieces. Mix breadcrumbs, onion, and parsley, add enough egg to moisten, season with salt and pepper. Spread mixture on-bacon rashers and fold around kidney pieces, securing with skewers or toothpicks. Place under hot grill to cook or bake in moderate oven 20 minutes.

LUNCHEON LOGS

One and a half cups minced cooked or tinned meat, ½ cup chopped bacon (which has been lightly sauteed), ½ cup breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion, 1 egg, flour, egg-glazing, breadcrumbs.

Combine meat, bacon, breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, and onion. Bind with beaten egg. Form into small log shapes with floured hands. Dip in egg-glazing, toss in breadcrumbs. Deep fry in hot fat until golden-brown. Serve hot or cold.

CITRUS CREAM PIE

One packet orange jelly crystals, 1 cup boiling water, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 1

small tin chilled evaporated milk, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup lemon juice, ½ cup orange juice, 2 dozen crisp ginger-snap biscuits.

Dissolve gelatine and jelly crystals in boiling water. Add fruit juices, allow to cool. When beginning to thicken, add sugar and chilled evaporated milk and whip mixture until thick and fluffy. Arrange biscuits around edge and in base of an 8 in. or 9 in. tart-platter; spoon in citrus cream mixture. Chill until required, decorate with orange sections.

SNAPPY CASSEROLE

One pound sausages, 1 tablespoon fat, 1 finely chopped onion, 1 cup whole kernel corn, 1½ cups cooked rice, 1 medium-sized tin tomato soup, salt, pepper, 1 cup cooked or frozen peas.

Chop sausages into blocks, fry in heated fat until golden-brown, drain off fat. Add onion, corn, rice, tomato soup, and peas; season to taste with salt and pepper. Turn into greased casserole and bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes. Serve piping hot.

HONEY BARS

One layer of plain cake, 4oz. butter or substitute, ½ cup honey, 1 cup shredded coconut.

Cut cake into small oblong pieces, spread lightly on three sides with butter. Brush over the butter with honey; and toss in shredded coconut. Place on greased oven-tray, bake in moderate oven 8 to 10 minutes until lightly browned.

HOLIDAY MEAT MOULD

Three cups minced cold meat (roast meat, luncheon sausage, or tinned meat can be used), 1 packet chicken broth, 2 dessertspoons gelatine, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, sliced olives.

Prepare soup as directed on packet, but use only 2 cups water. Add gelatine to heated soup, stir until dissolved. Add parsley and minced meat. When beginning to thicken spoon into greased or wetted individual moulds. Chill until set. Unmould and garnish with stuffed olive slices. Serve with crisp salad greens.



EASY HOLIDAY FOODS shown above are asparagus rolls, devilled stuffed tomatoes, and luncheon logs. See recipes on this page.

Don't take risks with summer "wogs"!



Reach for Listerine!

Infectious germs thrive in summer's heat. Make it a habit to gargle regularly with Listerine. Antiseptic Listerine kills dangerous germs... Keeps you in good health always!



YOUR No. 1 PROTECTION AGAINST INFECTION

"Ask your family chemist... he knows!"



"THE SWAN" Design reproduced by courtesy Monsieur Claude of the Rene Henri Salon.

Beauty-screen your hair against summer sun — and put a little glow on!

Just as you protect your skin against sunburn, so you need sunburn protection for your hair. A little Vitapointe applied regularly, particularly at the dry ends, will keep your hair healthy, shining and lovely. If summer sun, winds and salt sea air have already made your hair dull, dry, brittle and unmanageable, Vitapointe will replace the natural oils and tone, set and condition your hair.

Make your hair shine like the stars with Vitapointe.

A 7/6 tube lasts a good two months.

Vitapointe OF PARIS

The Perfect CREAM HAIRDRESS AND CONDITIONER

COOKED AT THE TABLE

THE one secret for successful table cooking is careful, thorough preparation beforehand. Make sure all the ingredients and accessories are ready and within reach. Arrange foods to be cooked on colorful dishes in an attractive manner, so family or guests will have a feeling of pleasant expectancy and anticipation.

Whether the cooking apparatus is an elaborate silver spirit lamp, a copper chafing-dish, a portable electrical appliance, or a simple spirit cooker, the same feeling of expensive restaurant service can be achieved.

Recipes on these pages are sufficient for approximately 6 servings. Spoon measurements are level and the standard 8 liquid-ounce cup measure is used.

SUKIYAKI

Two tablespoons vegetable oil, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sliced onion, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. top-side or round steak (finely minced or cut into wafer-thin strips—chicken or pork can be used if preferred), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sliced beans, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sliced mushrooms, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sliced celery or spinach whites, $\frac{1}{2}$ bunch spinach (whites removed and coarsely chopped), $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped tinned water chestnuts, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped tinned bamboo shoots, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 tablespoon soy sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup meat or vegetable stock, salt, pepper.

Heat oil in pan, add onion slices and, when softened, push to

sides of pan. Add meat, brown all over, push aside. Add vegetables in order given, setting each aside when partially cooked. Sprinkle over the sugar. Combine soy sauce and stock, pour over and mix well through. Correct seasoning with salt and pepper. Serve with cooked long or short rice.

Note: The vegetables in this dish should be only lightly cooked. Other vegetables can be substituted or added for a different or extra flavor. A raw egg may be broken into the individual serving-plates before the hot mixture is added if desired.

STEAK DIANE

Six pieces fillet steak (cut $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick), salt, pepper, 2oz. butter or substitute, 2 cloves garlic, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Flatten pieces of steak until very thin. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Heat butter in pan, add steaks, and cook quickly on both sides. Remove from pan; add crushed garlic, cook 1 minute, then pour in Worcestershire sauce. Return steaks to pan, sprinkle with chopped parsley, reheat quickly and serve with fluffy mashed potatoes, green peas, and grilled tomatoes.

RUSSIAN BLINTZES

One pound cheese (cottage), 2 tablespoons brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, 1 piece orange peel, 1lb. plain flour, 3 eggs, 1 pint milk, 3oz. butter or substitute (melted).

Mix cheese, brown sugar, and cinnamon together. Strain through a fine strainer. Dice orange peel finely and add to above mixture. Mix eggs, flour, milk, and butter into a batter. Make into thin 6in. pancakes, frying until firm but not brown. Spread with cottage cheese mixture and fold securely. Fry in butter until golden brown. Serve with sour cream and strawberry jam.

UNCOOKED ingredients prepared and assembled for the making of an adaptation of the Japanese dish Sukiyaki.

CHICKEN LUCERNE

One young chicken, salt, pepper, 2 tablespoons flour, 2oz. butter or substitute, 1 clove garlic, 2 tablespoons white wine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream or evaporated milk, 2 tablespoons tomato sauce, 1 teaspoon tomato paste, 1 teaspoon onion juice, pinch bicarbonate of soda, chopped parsley.

Cut chicken in service-sized pieces, remove all bones. Sprinkle well with salt and pepper, toss in flour. Heat butter and crushed garlic in pan, add chicken pieces and fry, turning occasionally until cooked. Add wine and cream, simmer 10 minutes. Add combined tomato sauce, tomato paste, onion juice, and bicarbonate of soda. Sprinkle over parsley and serve with potato straws and green peas.

SOLE WITH MUSHROOMS

Half pound mushrooms, 4 fillets of sole, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, salt, pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup dry white wine, extra 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute, 1 dessertspoon flour (blended with 1 tablespoon water).

Wash mushrooms, dry and cut into slices. Heat butter in pan; when it is smoking add fish fillets. Cook lightly on both sides. Add mushrooms and cook 1 minute. Season with salt and pepper, add wine. Bring to the boil and cook 8 to 10 minutes. Add blended flour and extra butter, cook until sauce thickens, stirring constantly. Serve hot.

NEW ORLEANS PRAWNS

Two pounds prawns, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup melted butter or substitute, 1 clove garlic, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped parsley, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon paprika, pinch cayenne, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cooking sherry, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs.

Wash and shell prawns. Melt butter in pan, add crushed garlic, parsley, paprika, cayenne, and sherry; mix well. Add breadcrumbs and prawns and toss lightly over low heat until crumbs are brown. Sprinkle with extra parsley and serve hot.

MEAT PATTIES, STROGONOFF STYLE

One egg (slightly beaten), 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper, 1 cup dry breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon finely chopped onion, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. minced beef, 2 tablespoons bacon dripping, 1 onion (chopped), 2 tablespoons flour, 2 cups tomato puree, pinch bicarbonate soda, 1 cup sour cream, 1 cup chopped olives.

Beat egg with milk, salt, pepper, breadcrumbs, and finely chopped onion. Add minced beef and mix lightly. Shape into 2in. patties with lightly floured hands. Cover with waxed paper and store in refrigerator until required. Heat dripping in pan. Fry meat patties until browned. Remove from pan and saute onion in pan juices for 5 minutes. Add flour and mix until blended. Add tomato puree, bicarbonate soda, and meat patties. Cover and simmer 30 minutes. Add sour cream and mix gently until meat patties are coated with cream. Scatter olives over all. Heat through and serve.



● *For ease of cookery, to create an appetite, and to make an impression on your family or friends, try cooking your meal right at the table.*

TABLE cookery is ideal for the informal meals that are a feature of summer holidays. It also simplifies entertaining, because guests are often keen to participate by showing their culinary skill in cooking their own special dishes.

Grillers, waffle-irons, hotplates, fryers, toasters, and coffee percolators are some of the portable electrical appliances used for cooking at the table.

Spirit lamps, chafing-dishes, and candle warmers are also popular methods of cooking and heating foods at table.

Suggestions for table-cooked dishes suitable for holiday fare:

Hot sandwiches: Fillings of tomato, cheese, bacon, tinned fish, tinned meats.

Egg dishes: Omelets, scrambled eggs, poached or fried eggs.

Cheese dishes: Welsh rabbit, cheese fondue.

Hot breads: Griddle scones, pancakes, fritters.

Main dishes: Curries, braises, creamed fish or meats, grills, pan-fries.



BLACK COFFEE and a selection of nuts follow this simple yet exotic dessert, peach-and-cherry flambe. See recipe.

SAVORY RICE

One cup raw rice, 2 chopped onions or $\frac{1}{2}$ bunch shallots (chopped finely), $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped parsley, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup grated cheese, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 cup chopped cooked ham or veal.

Cook rice in boiling salted water 10 minutes, drain. Pour heated milk into pan. Add cooked rice, onion, parsley, seasonings, and eggs (which have been beaten until frothy). Sprinkle with grated cheese and mix well. Cover and cook until set. Fold in chopped ham or veal. Reheat and serve.

ONE-BITE MEAT BALLS

One pound minced pork or veal, 1 cup grated raw potato, 2 tablespoons minced onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon celery salt, pinch pepper, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup flour, 3 tablespoons grated cheese, 3 tablespoons shortening or bacon dripping.

Combine meat, potato, onion, parsley, seasonings, and egg; mix well. Roll into balls the size of large marbles. Coat with flour mixed with cheese. Place in refrigerator until required. Heat shortening in pan. Brown balls, doing only as many as will fit in bottom of pan at one time. Drain well. When all are cooked return to pan to keep hot.

PEACH-AND-CHERRY FLAMBE

One tin preserved cherries, 1 tin preserved peaches, 2 tablespoons apricot conserve (sieved), 4 tablespoons red currant jelly, 2 tablespoons Curacao or similar liqueur, 2 tablespoons brandy, vanilla ice-cream.

Drain cherries and peaches. Mix $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cherry syrup with apricot conserve and red currant jelly. Place in pan and heat, stirring constantly until bubbling. Add liqueur and spoon in fruit, simmer 5 minutes. Pour brandy into one corner of pan, allow to heat and set aflame. Serve immediately, spooned over scoops or wedges of ice-cream.

SPICED APPLES

Six apples, 1 cup sugar, 2oz. butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon each cinnamon, nutmeg, and cloves.

Core and slice unpeeled apples into $\frac{1}{4}$ in. pieces. Melt butter in pan, add apple slices and half the spices and sugar. Cook 5 minutes, then turn apple over and add remaining sugar and spices. Continue cooking apples until tender. Serve with ice-cream or whipped fresh cream.

CHICKEN LIVER SOUP

Half pound chicken livers, 1 onion (finely chopped), 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon rosemary, 3 cups chicken broth (made from packaged mixture if desired), 1 cup evaporated milk, salt to taste, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sherry or Madeira, chopped parsley.

Clean chicken livers, removing any greenish portions. Cut into small pieces. Heat butter in pan, saute chicken livers and chopped onion until soft. Sprinkle with flour and rosemary and stir until blended. Gradually add chicken broth and milk. Continue to stir until mixture begins to thicken. Place pan over boiling water and cook 10 minutes or simmer very gently. Add salt and sherry. Cook 2 minutes longer. Serve in individual bowls with a garnish of chopped parsley.

SEAFOOD SCRAMBLE

Half pound scallops or fish fillets, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. prawns (chopped), 6 eggs, 4 tablespoons cream, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, dash Tabasco sauce, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon finely chopped ginger, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute.

Blanch scallops and chop roughly; mix with chopped prawns. Beat eggs, cream, and seasonings together. Heat butter in pan, add egg mixture and cook until mixture begins to set, stirring all the while. Add scallops and prawns, continue to stir until just set. Serve with fluffy boiled rice.

CHAFING-DISH EGGS

Six eggs, 6 tablespoons evaporated milk, pinch baking-powder, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, pinch paprika, few drops Worcestershire sauce (optional), 2 tablespoons butter or substitute.

Break eggs into a bowl and beat until frothy. Add milk, baking-powder, and seasonings. Melt butter in pan, pour in egg mixture and cook very slowly, stirring from bottom of pan with a wooden spoon until a desired consistency.

Variations: Fold in one of the following: $\frac{1}{4}$ cup minced ham, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley or shallots, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup grated cheese, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped cooked brains or chicken livers, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sliced sauteed mushrooms, 4 anchovies (finely chopped), $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped tomatoes.

MUSHROOM CONTINENTAL

Half pound mushrooms, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons chopped shallots, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 clove garlic, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sour cream, toast.

Choose mushrooms as uniform in shape and size as possible. Wipe them with a damp cloth. Remove and chop stems. Mince parsley and shallots; combine with chopped mushroom stems and Worcestershire sauce; mix well. Press mixture on to underside of mushrooms. Heat butter in pan and saute garlic clove and mushrooms (stuffed side down) for 3 minutes. Turn mushrooms carefully and continue to cook until tender. Discard garlic. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Stir in sour cream and heat through. Serve at once on buttered toast.

By LEILA C. HOWARD, OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERT



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LOVELY
CURLS**

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Curlypet is good for cradlecap too, soothes scalp irritations and leaves baby's tender scalp clean, healthy and fragrant.

4 weeks' treatment, 4/10

Curlypet

Start the Weekend well
with

WEEKEND

1/- from your Newsagent

Oyster loaf wins £5

● A recipe for an unusual layered oyster and macaroni loaf wins the main prize of £5 this week.

VARY the flavor of the prizewinning macaroni loaf by using shelled chopped prawns in place of the oysters or use a mixture of both.

A recipe for a fruit and nut tea-cake, which has a spicy crumble topping, wins a consolation prize of £1.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

OYSTER MACARONI LOAF

One cup macaroni, 1½ cups milk, ½ lb. shredded cheddar

cheese, 1 cup soft bread-crumbs, 2oz. butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon each finely chopped chives, parsley, and green pepper, juice of ½ lemon, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, ½ teaspoon each salt and dry mustard, pinch each pepper and nutmeg, 3 eggs, 1 dozen oysters.

Cook macaroni in boiling salted water until soft; drain. Heat milk and cheese in saucepan until cheese melts. Add breadcrumbs, butter, chives, parsley, green pepper, lemon juice, Worcestershire sauce, salt, mustard, pepper, and nutmeg. Stir in beaten eggs and



drained macaroni. Fill half the mixture into a greased 9in. x 5in. loaf-tin and cover with oysters. Top with the remaining macaroni mixture. Bake in a moderate oven 1 hour or until loaf is set and golden brown. Unmould on to serving platter, garnish with lemon wedges and sprigs of parsley.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. A. Wilkinson, 75 Terrace Road, Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.

RAISIN WALNUT TEA-CAKE

Six ounces sugar, 2 eggs, grated rind of 1 lemon, 6oz. self-raising flour, 2oz. plain flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 4oz. solid-type white shortening, ½ cup milk, 1 cup chopped raisins, ½ cup chopped walnuts.

Place sugar, eggs, lemon rind and half the sifted flours and salt into a basin. Melt

OYSTER MACARONI LOAF served cold with fresh salad vegetables makes an ideal luncheon dish for warm-weather meals. The recipe is given at left.

shortening and add to milk, pour on to dry ingredients and beat for 4 minutes. Add remaining flour, raisins, and walnuts, mix well. Fill into greased slab-tin. Prepare topping.

Spicy Crumble Topping: Three ounces self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon spice, 3 tablespoons brown sugar, 1 oz. butter or substitute.

Combine flour, spice, and brown sugar in basin, add melted butter; mix well. Sprinkle over cake, bake in moderate oven 45 minutes. Serve sliced and buttered.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. D. Wilkinson, 15 Balmoral Ave., Berkeley, S.A.

The importance of fresh fruit

By Sister MARY JACOB, our Mothercraft Nurse

FRESH fruits and juices supply valuable vitamins and mineral elements which are essential in the diet of infants, children, and adults.

A free leaflet on the values of various fruits and juices is obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Please send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your leaflet.



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More pure soap—that's what makes Persil suds the gentlest. Prove it yourself. Look at the lovely soft suds you get with Persil now. Feel how much milder they are. Extra pure soap gives New Persil that extra gentleness. Millions of soft, bubbly suds ease out the dirt, thoroughly but gently. Your hands stay soft and smooth through the biggest wash. What a pleasure—to get that famous Persil whiteness with such kindness to your hands!

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Here's goodness . . . here's coolness
. . . here's smooth delicious ice cream, made
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truly rich tasting and smooth in texture, as
only double-whip ice cream can be! And
yet this creamy delight is really economical.*
Plan delicious Sunshine ice cream into your
menu . . . to-day!

Sunshine Ice Cream (makes about two pints)

1 teaspoon gelatine • $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water • 4 heaped tablespoons Sunshine Full Cream
Powdered Milk • 3 tablespoons sugar • $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups hot water • $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons vanilla essence.

Dissolve gelatine in 1 tablespoon cold water,
then mix with the $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water. Beat
together Sunshine, sugar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups hot
water; add gelatine mixture and vanilla.
Beat well; turn into freezing trays. When

frozen to consistency of thick cream, remove;
beat until doubled in bulk. Freeze firm.

For a richer ice cream, reduce hot water to
1 cup and add one 4-oz. tin Nestlé's Cream.

* You needn't tell your guests it costs only 1/9 to make!

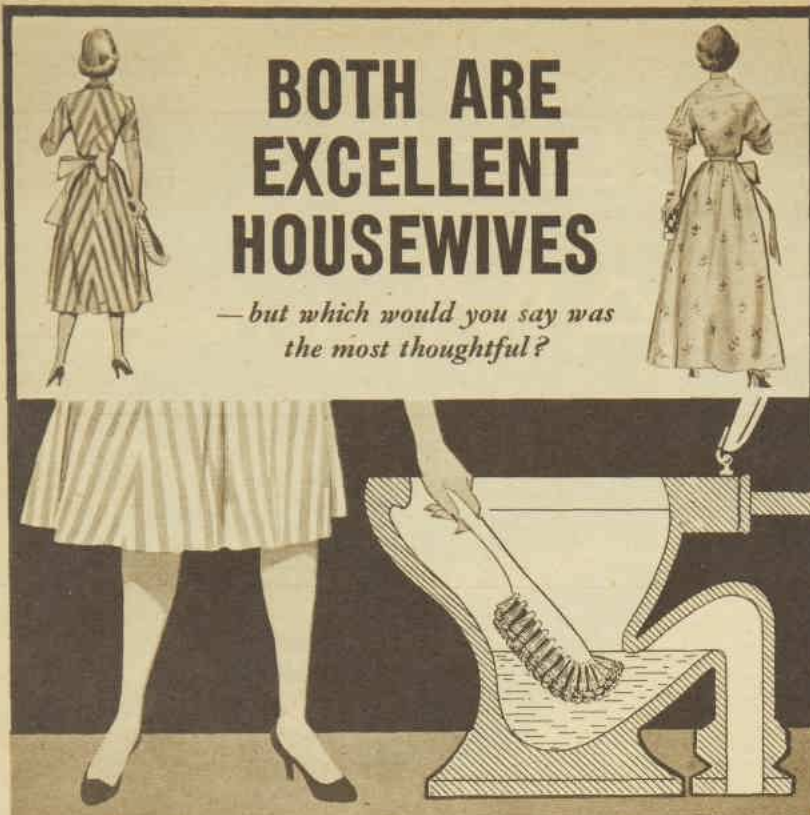


Don't Skimp on milk, use
Sunshine

the powdered milk you know is full cream!

BOTH ARE EXCELLENT HOUSEWIVES

—but which would you say was
the most thoughtful?



An unpleasant task, but Mrs. A. scrubs her toilet bowl regularly. It looks reasonably clean, and that's enough for Mrs. A. She never thinks of the hidden "S" bend, around which no brush can possibly reach.



Mrs. B. is very conscious of the hidden "S" bend, and realises that a brush alone will not do the job. So she sprinkles Harpic last thing every night, and has the added satisfaction of knowing that the whole toilet will be sparkling clean... free of germs and unpleasant odours.

Pleasant way to really clean your toilet...

Sprinkle Harpic in the toilet last thing every night, and flush away in the morning. While you sleep, Harpic cleans thoroughly and destroys bacteria in the lavatory bowl, leaving it sparkling and hygienically clean. Delicately perfumed, Harpic keeps your bathroom or lavatory sweet-smelling. Ask for Harpic at your store.

To keep your toilet clean and bright
Sprinkle Harpic every night

HARPIC

REGD.
Lavatory Cleanser

SAFE FOR CLEANING SEPTIC TANK TOILET BOWLS

Continuing . . . GIRL IN A WHIRL

from page 56

candid all the time with someone who meant something to you. If she had told him that, for example, it was the same thing as saying nobody ever has understood me.

I'm really a sweet girl caught up in the web of — ah, you know. A man didn't want to hear things like that. And besides — if she admitted that she had wasted six seasons in the big town, wouldn't she seem like a fool?

That night the kiss — the kisses — he gave her at her door were more to the point than that first time. It was fine, and she kissed him back as earnestly as the regulations allow — but in the back of Elizabeth Dowell Carson's mind the panic mushroomed a little larger.

She knew what was at the end of this particular road. It had to figure. Once a spotted yak, always a spotted yak. In her apartment later she drank an entire pot of coffee and listened for a long time to a record of "A Woman Alone With the Blues." She was very sorry for herself. With some reason.

She had two weeks' grace — two weeks walking the high wire with no net beneath. She was in what the military experts call an untenable position, that of trying to get a man to take her seriously — when it was 25 to one that he had no such thing in mind — and yet attempting to remain herself.

LIZ CARSON

could have played a role with Ben Ross, the role of someone she was pretty certain he would fall for. But, alas perhaps, she was too honest to try.

So by and large she remained herself. And just who that was she wasn't sure.

In that two weeks she saw him five, six times. There were nights when, while it meant so much to her, she wished she'd never seen him. It was too nerve-racking.

Things came to a head on a Thursday night. It was a night that, as it wore on, became almost predictable. There was dinner at a plush restaurant on Long Island, and then Ben drove into the city again and they went to the premiere of a TV show starring one of his clients, and there was a brief backstage party that was fun.

Later they leaned back and made a glass of champagne last for an hour in a dark little French bistro on the East Side, while a greying Parisian played some soft piano and sang in a rough, charming voice about the sea and the Seine and the girls he had left behind.

My cup runneth over, thought Liz Carson — and in the recesses of her brain something said, "Watch out."

"I think I should come in for a brandy," he said at the door that night, "and if you don't have any I'll go get some."

You couldn't remain Liz Carson and say girlishly that it was too late for a nightcap.

They were settled against the corner of a sofa, with her hair against his cheek and his arms lightly around her waist, when he suggested the weekend in Princeton.

Well — at least he hadn't said Atlantic City. You had to say that for him.

"There's almost nobody there now," he said, "and it's a lovely, relaxing old place. All the undergraduates have gone, so who could ask for anything more?"

There always was, of course, the outside possibility that Ben Ross meant a legitimate weekend, with separate rooms in, say, the Nassau Tavern and three days of fairly innocent fun. It was highly unlikely.

And a girl couldn't say — Liz Carson couldn't say, "Well, what exactly did you have in mind?"

She got up and took a cigarette from a box on the coffee table, then went into the kitchenette and turned on the coffee. When she came back into the room she stood in the doorway and looked across at him, still in the corner of the sofa.

"I don't want to spend a weekend with you, Ben," she said. His head was bent a little and he looked up almost quizzically.

"Why?"

"Well . . ." It was very tough.

He looked hard at his cuff links. "There isn't anything marked different about me from somebody else to whom you might say yes."

"Thanks," she said in a tired voice.

"No, wait a minute —"

"Ben," she said, going over to a hassock on the other side of the room from him, "look. In one way there's nobody I'd rather say yes to."

"Go ahead, then," he said.

"It's very easy. You even could imagine I was the first Earl of Windsor or something."

Now the scales had tipped heavily; he had, just like that, turned bitter and alien.

"In the first place," she said, holding tightly to the sides of the hassock, "I'm not quite what you think I am."

He didn't say anything.

"All right, so say I'm Good-time Gertie," she went on, "and that I'm the home away from home for heavy spenders who like to see an attractive girl across the table from them."

She looked at him intently, almost pleadingly. "Say I'm whatever you want to say I am — it's still possible that I can be in love and want it all to be exactly right, isn't it?"

Even as she said it, she felt no, it wasn't possible. It was outlandish. You could imagine almost any other girl that way, but not Liz Carson.

"I haven't said anything about love to you," he said doggedly. "I never gave you that routine at all."

"I know, I know. I didn't say you did."

"Listen, I've had that; I've had enough of that to last thirty years. Thanks, but no thanks."

Some woman made those words come out of Ben Ross' mouth; some woman had done something to him to make him talk like that. Liz wished she had that woman's throat between her hands.

"Look," she said, her voice quavering just a little, because the United States of America, the world, the universe, was going up in smoke and flame. "I'm not asking a single thing of you. I'm just trying to say how it is. I wouldn't be honest if I didn't. I'm trying to say that — well, what's between us, whatever it is, has come to mean something."

"Maybe you're jumping to conclusions," he said defensively. "Maybe I just wanted you along on this weekend to light my cigarettes or play Scrabble with me. What leads you to —"

"Ben. Oh, Ben."

He stood up. He had his composure now; the defensive anger was gone from his face.

"I suppose," he said, keeping his voice level, "that the way I've behaved and the things I've said here tonight can be taken to indicate that I'm a no-good, selfish, lecherous man. With

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EMBARRASSING HAIR GONE



Superfluous hair can be so offensive — unglamorous, too. But don't remove it the harsh way. Avoid razor rash and scratchy stubble — use new-formula VEE instead. New VEE is whiter, daintier than ever — faster, too! It's the modern cosmetic cream which stops quick regrowth by dissolving hair below skin level. Apply VEE, leave, then simply wash the hair away. Feel how soft, how smooth your skin becomes! Don't be without this special beauty cream. It's safe for facial hair, too. 3/4 a tube; large size 3/8

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happy feet happy days

You'll get greater comfort for those aching, tired feet if you use Zam-Buk nightly. Just bathe the feet in warm water, dry thoroughly and rub in Zam-Buk. The emollient, antiseptic and healing oils go deep into the skin and quickly end those aches and pains, heal blisters and sore heels and soften corns.

For skin dryness, rashes, roughness, cuts, bruises, burns, etc., there's nothing to equal Zam-Buk.

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'Remember'



'Remember'
by Goya



an unforgettable new perfume,
a sensuous, sophisticated
cocktail of French flowers
and Italian warmth.

GOYA, 3 RUE SCRIBE, PARIS

Continuing . . .

GIRL IN A WHIRL

from page 76

darned few principles and a callous outlook on life."

"No. No, of course not."

"I'd like to say only one thing in rebuttal," he went on.

Rebuttal! Oh, heavens, I don't want you to say anything in rebuttal, Ben Ross. I just want this—this thing to end right now. I want the anger and stumbling blocks out of our hearts. You don't have to love me, Ben Ross. But don't—just don't be the way you are now; don't have that feeling for me.

"From all I can find out from the way you are and the people you know, the things you do," he said, "you're not a Girl Scout first-class with fourteen merit badges. You're a grown, sophisticated New York woman who takes life as she finds it. You don't want me to think that under that pancake make-up you're Shirley Temple, do you?"

"No."

"Well—what am I supposed to say, think, or do? I talked to you the way it seemed you should be talked to."

He shook his head impatiently. "I didn't seize you madly in my arms and cover you with burning kisses, as the novelists say. I—I liked you and—Oh, what's the use? I just got thrown out trying to steal third base. My mistake."

He headed for the door and had it half open when she said, "Ben?"

He looked at her impassively. "Ben—look, I don't know what love is. I wouldn't recognise it if it came up and hit me in the mascara. But in two weeks I've come to have—a pretty deep feeling about you."

As she looked up at him from the hassock, her cigarette began to burn her fingers; hardly feeling, she dropped it into an ashtray. "I don't suppose . . ."

"This doesn't sound like Liz Carson, she thought. This is me; this is really me, because the real me is a romantic, and if she had to would plead for

a man, but it doesn't sound like Liz Carson.

"I don't want to be in love," Ben said. "I've had . . ." He looked at her, shrugged, and was silent.

Liz's fingers tried to light another cigarette, but they seemed frozen and unable to move. Somewhere around where she supposed her heart was there was a solid lump of ice.

She knew she was speaking, but the voice seemed to be coming from a long way away. "You'd better go, Ben," she said. "It's been a long night and not particularly amusing at that."

"Yes, I'd better," he replied.

And then he went. And what does a girl do when she watches the only man she knew she could ever love walk straight out of her life?

To

begin with, she picks herself up. Women have been doing it for a long, long time. Then usually she blows up a verbal storm to herself about how she was a lucky girl to get out of that one, and what a fool she was not to have seen before how much trouble she might have propelled herself into. Elizabeth Dowell Carson blew up no verbal storm. She knew she wasn't lucky.

But the most important thing that women do after they've missed the brass ring is to fill every minute of the day with things to do. The therapy theory is that one mustn't have a moment in which to think; thinking sets the patient back six months.

Liz Carson went along with this theory.

"Liz ('Lend Me an Archduke or Two, Will you?') Carson, society's honey bun, is displaying twice her usual energy these days," wrote

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I faced the facts

NO DENTURE BREATH FOR ME
—dentures look natural, but they can't be
cleaned like natural teeth



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Specially made to clean dentures properly

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concentrated for one-lather shampooing — yet it's really gentle

Contains a conditioner, too... "Sorbitol"
for extra sheen and manageability.



Unspillable
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plastic tube.

Beautiful-looking, beautiful-feeling hair is yours — with just a squeeze of this gentle shampoo. No more risk of dryness or that "just-washed" limp look. The conditioner, "Sorbitol" gives your hair new texture and softness... adds natural moisture to **each hair strand**. You find your hair becomes so easy to manage. You see it spring to life with captivating sheen. Experience this new shampoo — now.

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Vaseline **CONCENTRATED** SHAMPOO

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 25, 1959

Mousy Wright, "which is impressive indeed — considering that even in the old days she could wear out any two resorts in one evening. She's been most often these nights with such as Prince Rudolph and that gay-dog movie actor G.H. Listen — is or isn't G.H. in the process of a divorce?"

"G.H. wasn't."

"You know what I want to do?" she asked Gene Heller at midnight when they finally had gone to their table at El Matocco after twenty minutes' dancing. "I want to go a hundred miles an hour in a car."

"Who doesn't?" he said. "It's life's only excuse for living."

"Now," Liz said firmly. "I want to do it now."

"On Park Avenue? Or, you should pardon the expression, Broadway?"

"Oh, there are places. We could go across the river to the Jersey Turnpike." She looked at him, face flushed, eyes bright. "Why, do you realise that in my long and decadent career I've never gone a hundred miles an hour?"

She pulled her white linen stole across her shoulders. "Come. Come. Now, I say."

His Mercedes-Benz took them across town and through the Lincoln Tunnel before she had finished her cigarette. They slid silently up to the entrance booth on the New Jersey Turnpike, received their card from the attendant, and as the car took off with a roar Heller waved at the "60 MPH" sign.

"This thing stalls," he shouted, "if I keep it down to sixty." And whoosh! they were away.

You go very fast as much of the time as you can; that's one school of thought, she said to herself. You get in cars like this and you race like a bat out of Boston and then you come back to the city and do something else, and then you do something else again, and after a while, with a little bit

of luck, you're tired and you fall asleep for a few hours, until you awaken and it's time to go very fast again.

The oil tanks, the smoking, kingsize chimneys, the marshlands of New Jersey, the long expanse of Newark Airport all swept by — flit — just like that. Heller got up to a hundred and then a hundred and ten, and there was only the hiss of the night wind riding with them as the car clung confidently to the road.

There were almost no other cars, and not a sign of the law, and the miles unrolled under them with unbelievable swiftness.

It would have gone on and on like that but for her realisation, as New Jersey rushed by them, dark and sinister, that it was all very, very silly.

Maybe, she thought, there's something to do, but this isn't it.

Dating Gene Heller wasn't it, either. Sitting in Johnny Leonard's King Club wasn't it. Nor traipsing along to El Boracho or the Cotillion Room or the Maisonette or Jimmy's La Grange.

"Take me home, Gene," she said. "Will you take me home, please?"

"You're just jaded," he said. "If you get no message from flying along in this buggy — well, I'll just have to send you a case of absinthe."

Well, she thought when she let herself into the apartment, I'm still alive.

Somehow the apartment had never seemed very much like home to Liz Carson, possibly because she had not been in it too much. For one thing, she never quite finished furnishing it. She'd had six years to fix up the place, but somehow there hadn't been time.

Continuing . . . GIRL IN A WHIRL

from page 77

She put her purse down and walked slowly into the tiny bedroom, where she kicked off her spike-heeled shoes and sat on the bed for a moment to look around.

It was just a bedroom, not much in it except a girl who had left Chicago because a boy named Wally Redfield had married somebody else.

When she went into the bathroom, she didn't even open the medicine cabinet. She didn't have to. She seated herself on

What is called generosity is usually only the vanity of giving.
—La Rochefoucauld

the edge of the pale green bathtub and stared up at the closed mirror-door of the cabinet and imagined the things inside—the razor blades and the little bottle of iodine and the white pills that Dr. Bartley had given her a few months before and . . .

Of course, one didn't have to restrict oneself to the contents of a medicine chest. There was a gas oven in the kitchenette, and there was a fifth-floor window to climb through, or if one wanted to be really energetic one could take the elevator downstairs and walk in front of the next speeding car on East Seventy-third Street.

There were so many ways if you really were serious. Liz Carson sat on the edge of the bathtub and tried to find out if she was serious.

"Ben," she said finally in a very small voice, "Oh, Ben, Ben, Ben." Then she got up slowly and went into the bedroom

again, and put on a pair of pale blue pyjamas and fell across the bed and very soon went to sleep.

The dam had cracked considerably. It almost had broken.

It could be that if the telephone's ringing hadn't aroused her Liz Carson might have awakened for the first time in her life with no interest in what the day might bring.

Always before, in spite of everything, the start of a new twenty-four hours had given her something to look forward to, big or small.

This time it might have been different, except the telephone rang, and when she struggled up out of sleep and cradled the receiver between her ear and the pillow it was Ben Ross saying he wanted to see her.

It had been a deep, intense, unhappy sleep, and the ringing of a telephone bell and a voice over the wire wasn't enough to bring her out of it wholly.

It was instinct that made her tell him to come ahead, because the ringing and the voice and the name of Ben Ross meant next to nothing to her just then.

Minutes later it did, and fifteen minutes after that, when he walked in the front door, her face was washed and she had on a quilted housecoat, and she knew who Ben Ross was.

He had on a tan suit and a maroon necktie, and he looked very handsome, although it probably was just the way he looked to Elizabeth Dowell Carson, because all in all he wasn't really handsome.

"A man gets sidetracked sometimes," he said, lighting a pipe.

"He loses perspective," he said. "He gets wrapped up in the things that have happened to him, and somewhere along

the line he forgets to be—the way he should be."

"Maybe you're sidetracked," she said, "but I suspect I'm permanently derailed." He chewed hard on the pipestem, holding it tightly in one hand while he rubbed the other along the piano top.

"Liz, there was a girl I knew once—" he began.

"I know," she said. "I know. I could kill her."

"She wasn't quite that bad. She did give me a hard time, though. Maybe what she did really wasn't so bad. You see—"

"I don't want to know, Ben," she said. "Whatever it was, it was bad enough. What she did made you talk to me sometimes in a way that wasn't you."

"How do you know?"

"I know what you're like. I knew you when I was eleven years old and in the seventh grade at Jefferson School on the North Side of Chicago. We had a window-seat in our living-room, and I used to sit in it on rainy Wednesdays and think about you."

"Somebody like me, you mean?"

"You—somebody like you—what's the difference?" She crossed to him and put her hand on his shoulder.

"You dream up a person when you're young, and most of the time you're not lucky enough ever to meet him when you grow up, but once in a while you do. Then the dream and the person are one and the same."

"I'll bet in the dream I had curly blond hair."

"You had dark hair and brown eyes, and you were average-sized and slim. I'm pretty sure you were a lawyer."

Then she looked up at him, and she looked so grave that nobody would have believed it was Liz Carson, the life of the party.

"It doesn't matter too much

what you're like," she said, "does it? It's what I'm like that's the hitch." She shook her head. "Today you feel differently about me, I can see; maybe you feel that you like me seriously. But I'm still me. I'm still Liz Carson, everybody's friend."

"I've known a great many men, and there are at least a couple of wives around who would like to break a plate over my head because I kept their husbands in giggles when they came to New York."

She sighed and looked into his eyes.

"I'm still Liz Carson, Ben," she said simply. "You can't get away from that."

The only valid answer he could give her was a kiss—a different kind of kiss from the ones before. Just as warm, just as eager, but with a new kind of tenderness; it told her right away that where once he wanted her as a desirable woman now he also wanted her as a person.

"Listen," he said, "what do you think I am? If you don't know, I'll tell you. I might have been mixed up, but I'm a mature man. Do you think a grown-up, adult male is going to abandon the woman he loves because she's known other men?"

He snorted impatiently. "That stuff's for juveniles. You kissed Henry down by the boat-house, so I'm through with you." Then Ben Ross kissed her again and it was even better than before.

"Nobody ever kissed you like that before," he said.

"No," she said.

"The others were amateurs," he said.

"All amateurs," she said.

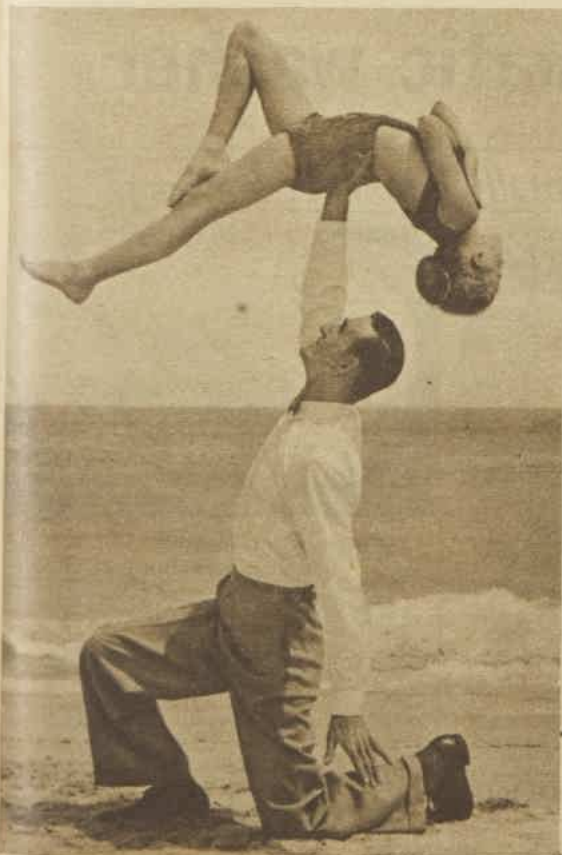
"Will you marry me?" he said.

Nobody ever had asked her that before, either. She said yes.

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If bulk is missing from your diet, your intestinal muscles eventually grow flabby. Your system becomes clogged. You begin to experience the 'run down' symptoms of irregularity.

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"Family Doctor" says — If so, you are working against Nature. "Family Doctor", the Magazine of the British Medical Association, stated:—

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most people fit in this respect. If these prove ineffective in your case, do not resort to purging — see your doctor."

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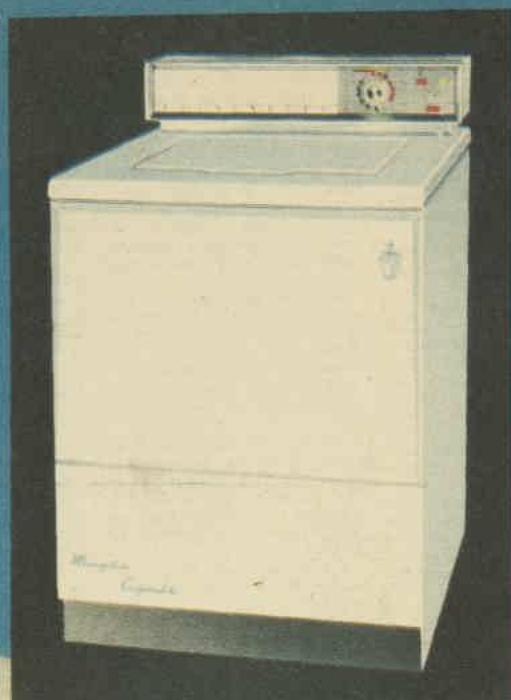
"It's a miracle . . ." says Mrs. A. Naylor, of Parramatta, N.S.W. "Before I tried All-Bran I seemed unable to get relief from irregularity. I always felt nervy and run down! I read about All-Bran and decided to try it myself. I found it completely effective, and haven't needed to take laxatives since. It's a miracle how something so good to eat can be so effective in treating and preventing irregularity."



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IN THE WAR drama "The Mountain Road" are James Stewart and the new Chinese actress Lisa Lu.



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★★★ THE MATING GAME

Comedy romance, with
Debbie Reynolds, Tony Ran-
dall, Paul Douglas. In color.
St. James, Sydney.

SUSTAINED high spirits and a genuinely funny comedy situation make up for the occasional tastelessness of this rustic romp.

It concerns the investigation by the tax department of a large, uninhibited, and unworldly Maryland farm family who have not only never paid taxes but have never even bothered to lodge a tax return.

Randall is quite magnificent as the outnumbered and outmanoeuvred tax man, and Debbie Reynolds very delightful, in her own energetic yet vapoury way, as the farm daughter.

In his last role before his recent death, Douglas gives an expansive, warmly corny performance as the rustic head of the family. Fred Clark, under the direction of George Marshall, makes Randall's Washington boss a man it would be a pleasure to stick a pin into.

A noisy, hard-working family comedy, with lots of appeal for young or old, the film is based on the H. E. Bates novel "The Darling Buds of May."

In a word . . . **BOISTEROUS.**

A HOLIDAY in France has been cut short by Montgomery Clift, who has hurried back to Hollywood for a starring role with the much-in-demand Lee Remick in Elia Kazan's "Swift Season."

New Films

Reviewed by Ainslie Baker

★★★ Excellent
★ Average

★★ Above Average
No star—Poor

★★ BLUE JEANS

Drama, with Carol Lynley,
Brandon de Wilde, Warren
Berlinger. Embassy, Sydney.

AFTER so many cheap and trashy teenage films, it is a welcome change to find one that approaches the problem of misunderstood adolescents with sensitivity and a lack of sensationalism.

That it is sometimes less than satisfactory is not through lack of good intentions. But it makes the mistake of underestimating parents, and occasionally, I feel, plays down to the young people.

Under examination is the near-tragedy of two high-school students, who embark on the desperate remedy of abortion when their parents fail them after the girl becomes pregnant.

This difficult screen material could hardly be better or more honestly handled, and Carol Lynley and de Wilde seemed to me ideally cast as the anguished adolescents.

A kind of junior Ernest Borgnine, Berlinger plays the role of the young couple's friend with resource and sympathy.

Apart from any weakness of the mother role, as played by Marsha Hunt, the film disappoints by an artificial ending.

In a word . . . **DIGNIFIED.**

★★ GIDGET

Romantic drama, with
Sandra Dee, James Darren,
Cliff Robertson. In color.
Lyceum, Sydney.

THIS happy little teenage offering determinedly turns its back on anything in the nature of a real problem and concentrates on brightness and comedy.

Sandra Dee's potentialities have been somewhat in doubt, but as the unwanted little teenager who attaches herself to a protesting gang of surf-board enthusiasts she is wholly winning.

Young recording artist-actor Darren puts over a couple of attractive light num-

bers, and is the suitable boy Sandy gets in the end.

But it is the considerably older Robertson who does the movie's best work, playing the beach gang's hero, at whom Sandra throws herself when she has a misunderstanding with Darren.

There's hardly a frown in the whole thing, and it all works out as happily as anyone could wish.

In a word . . . **TEENAGE**

"PLATINUM High School," with Mickey Rooney and Terry Moore co-starring, will introduce filmgoers to a boy who a couple of Christmases back was a household word. He is red-headed, freckle-faced Jimmy Boyd, whose recording of "I Saw Mummy Kissing Santa Claus" was one of the biggest Christmas hits in years.

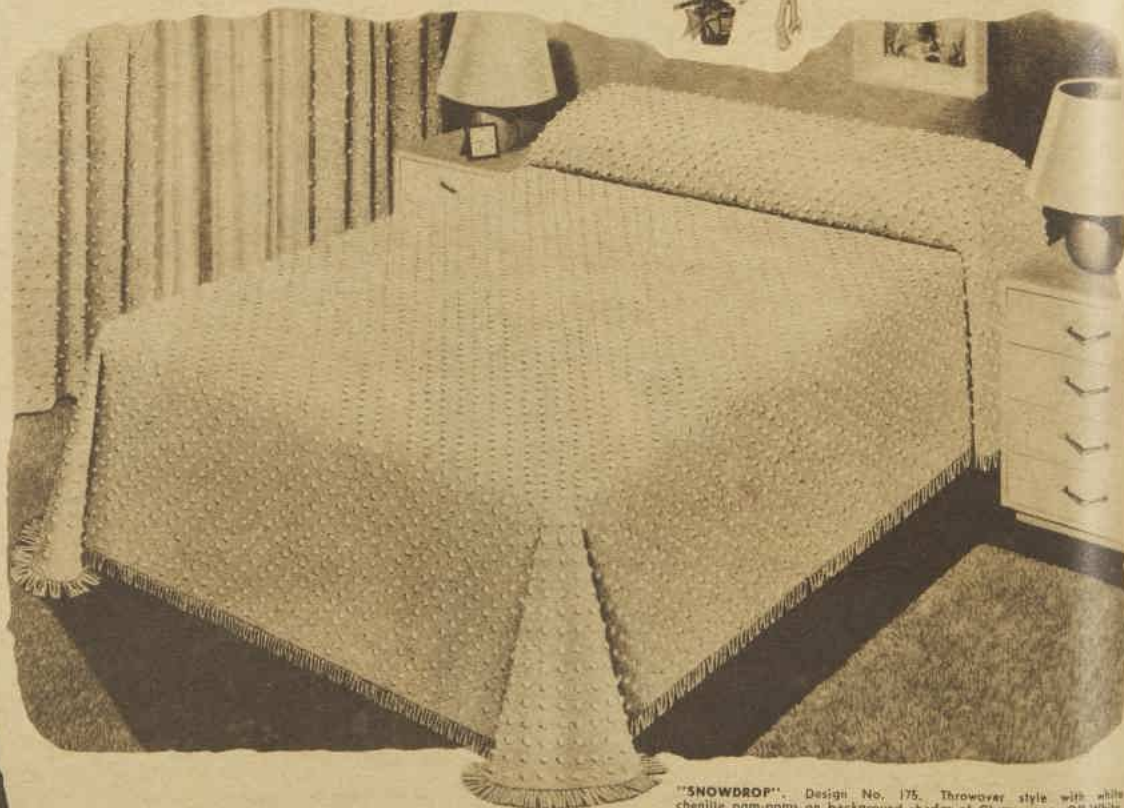
A NEW version of "Rasputin" is to be made in France and Yugoslavia by a French company, and will star Curt Jurgens. The 1932 version starred brothers John and Lionel Barrymore and their sister Ethel.

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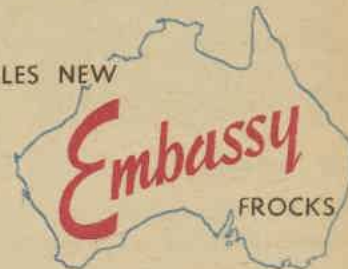
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 25, 1959

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Sydney policeman TV hero of U.S. show

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Television's local hero of the week is Sergeant Harry Ware, chief of the New South Wales Police Cliff Rescue Squad. Sergeant Ware stars in a special episode of "Danger Is My Business," on Channel 9, at 5 p.m. on Sunday, November 22.

"CLIFF RESCUE SQUAD," is the name of the episode. Producer-narrator of "Danger Is My Business," Col. John D. Craig, made a special visit from America to film it here some time ago.

The Police Cliff Rescue Squad is believed to be the only squad of its kind in the world, and was a natural for an episode in "Danger Is My Business," which documents, in film, the world's most dangerous work.

Straight after his filmed appearance Sgt. Ware will appear in person on George Foster's popular "Tell the Truth" programme at 5.30 p.m. on Channel 9 as a special guest of honor.

The reason for his appearance is his investiture the day before by the Governor of New South Wales, Lieut.-General Sir Eric Woodward, as a Serving Brother in the Most Venerable Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem.

The Queen bestowed this honor on Sergeant Ware early this year for his outstanding services to the community in general.

Sergeant Ware has previously been awarded the British Empire Medal, the Royal Humane Society Bronze Medal and Certificate, the Coronation Medal, and the General Service Medal.

Even the bravest men are said to be a bit nervous of a TV camera, but if Sergeant Ware is it will be one of the few things that have ever made him this way.

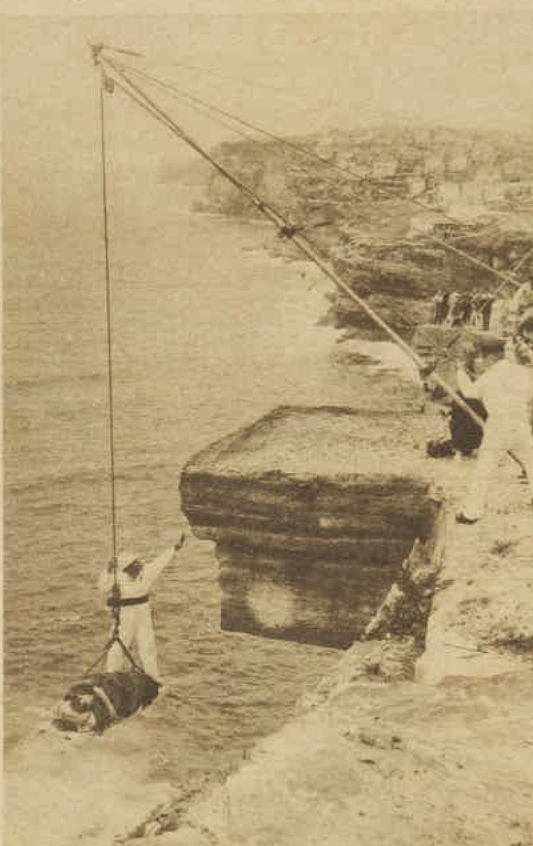
He is known in the Police Force as a man without nerves. It is just as well, because his life's work has constantly put him in situations guaranteed to make the average person inclined to worry.

Before he joined the Force Sergeant Ware worked as a rigger on the Sydney Harbor Bridge during its construction, and for many years afterwards as a member of the bridge maintenance staff.

During the war he became chief rescue instructor of the National Emergency Services, and instructed police in demolition work.

He's no ordinary policeman, Sgt. Ware. He joined the Force after he was invited to do so by the then Commissioner, Mr. McKay, and was appointed in May, 1946, as a Special Constable to form and train the Cliff Rescue Squad.

He is under police regulation height, only 5ft. 8in. tall, and doesn't wear a regulation uniform. His uniform is a regulation cap, plus blue overalls for day work and snowy-white ones for night time jobs.



SERGEANT HARRY WARE, of Sydney's Cliff Rescue Squad, arrives at the top of a 300-foot cliff at Dover Heights, N.S.W., with an injured man.

Since he joined he has risen to the rank of Special Sergeant, First Class, rescued more than 100 people, made more than 300 hazardous cliff descents, trained about 100 policemen in cliff rescue work, and extended the work of the squad to cover any emergency.

Even the bare bones of Sgt.

STOP me if I mention "Small

World" again, but I couldn't bear any of you to miss the next two programmes, a two-part job that is different from any other of the "Small Worlds", so far. This one has three eminent people — all lawmen as we adult Westerners say—debating a highly controversial

TELEVISION PARADE

Ware's career make an inspiring story. The film of the Cliff Rescue Squad should be really something.

WAITING quietly in an exclusive women's club the other day, I was staggered by a remark that floated across from a nearby card-table, where four white-haired ladies were playing a silent, tense game.

Looking rather flushed and triumphant, I saw one of them laying down her hand in a very practised way as she said, "There, that's what Maverick would have done."

Watch out next time you're inveigled into making a fourth at cards. Things are different since those Maverick boys are watched so closely.

question: Can a rich man get away with murder?

The first half-hour is on Sunday, November 22, at 10 p.m. from Channel 9, the second one the following week, Sunday, November 29.

The debaters are leading French barrister Madame Suzanne Blum, leading American attorney Joseph N. Welch (who, I'm told, is the living equivalent of Perry Mason and notable in the United States for his courtroom tactics), and none other than Lord Birkett, Britain's former Chief Justice, who was also one of the judges at the Nuremberg war criminal trials.

A B.B.C. interview with Lord Birkett earlier this year was one of the best bits of TV I've seen, revealing him

as a very frank, firmly opinionated man, which promises well for some extra good debating.

CLEO, the sad speaking dog of "People's Choice" (Channel 7, Fridays, 9.30 p.m.), has caused such a rush on her breed, the basset hound, that Sydney veterinarian H. Spira, who breeds them, can't cope with the demand.

"It has been phenomenal," he said. "People come and ask for a dog like Cleo. I have been breeding them for some time, but since the TV show I have had to import another sire."

Mr. Spira told me that basset hounds are a French breed of dog, and have been used as a hunting dog in England for a long time.

Many people think they don't hear well because of their heavy ears, but Mr. Spira says this is not true.

"They hear well," he said, "although primarily the basset hound is a scent hound like the bloodhound."

I asked Mr. Spira whether that lovable wire-haired terrier Asta, of "The Thin Man" (Channel 9, Wednesdays, 8.00 p.m.), had increased sales of the breed.

He said he didn't think so, because it had been a tremendously popular breed of dog for years.

"I think the wire-haired population is just about the same," he said. "TV hasn't affected it to any great extent."

"Not like the basset hound. When TV started, they were unknown. There wasn't one basset hound in Australia. Today there are about 120 pet basset hounds, and the demand for them is heavier than ever."

If you want to meet a basset hound don't miss "People's Choice." But the ones for sale aren't like Cleo. They don't talk.

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE

GENCES: Latest game among schoolchildren: TV programmes. Any number can play. It goes this way: "What I L.L." "I Love Lucy." And on and so on, using the initials of favorite shows. It doesn't sound exactly exciting, but winning it gives you a lot of playground prestige.

One of the stars of a recent ABC-TV programme was a naive ant, an ant that's never been through a maze before. I learned this in "Eye of Research," a fascinating programme showing how insects and animals were being used by psychologists to further studies in brain research. The naive ant ran madly round in circles. Its sophisticated ant friends, who had some maze training, ran just as fast but round the right corners straight to a sugary reward.

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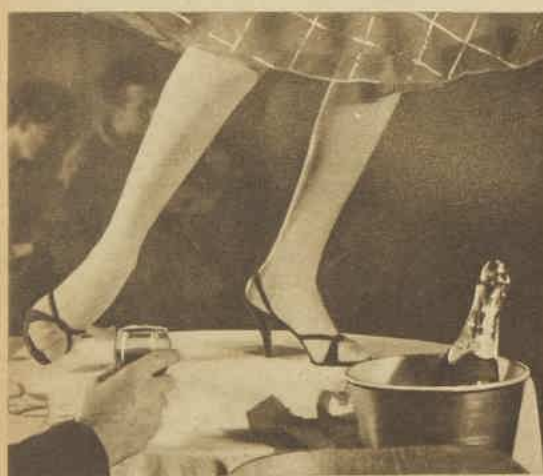


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know what to say, the fine phrases that rolled from his pen with such ease were non-existent.

"The wonderful thing about this," said the girl, "is that we know each other already. We don't have to break any ice. We might have been having dinner together night after night."

He wished he felt the same. The one thing that troubled him at that moment was that they had never dined before.

"I know," he lied. "It makes all the difference."

"Usually," said Annette, "there is some sort of restraint when two people meet for the first time. But not with us. You know that you can tell me everything. I know the same."

She had finished her drink and was looking about her for another. Feverishly, he summoned the waiter again.

"Another martini for mademoiselle," he said.

It was all very well on paper, alone in his study, with a glance perhaps at the photograph, but now in reality, faced with this vision, with that face, those eyes, those lips, how much simpler it would be if they did not have to talk, did not even have to go through the performance of this dinner, but could be alone. Forget conversation. Forget everything.

"And how did you leave Judith?" she asked.

"Judith?" he echoed. "Oh, Judith was her usual stolid self," and he clutched at Judith as means of escaping from his conversational blackout. Judith was his saviour, the routine of the preceding day, the dictation of the letters, even her theatre engagement, all these served as measures of protection concealing the callow self from the liquid, probing eyes.

The business of eating helped, and with the wine, the blessed wine, his confidence returned, his aplomb, and he could not have seemed dull to her or disappointing because she laughed and smiled, accepting his smallest remarks as witticisms; it was just a momentary pause, he realised, that sensation, at first encounter, of his own dumb idiocy.

At any rate, she had not noticed it. Little flattering phrases fell from her tongue like crumbs of comfort.

She asked him about the lectures he was to give, about the biography he was writing, every remark she made proving how often she must read his letters, and when the ritual of the dinner was over, and they sat over their coffee and liqueurs, Annette smoking, the other diners thinning out on the terrace, Robert Scrivener felt himself bathing, as it were, in the kind of luminous warmth.

It was being nourished and caressed by someone who was half the figment of imagination, and half the bodily presence of this beautiful entity before him.

"You know," he said, and he was aware now that his words were a little slurred, the liqueur had been an error, but the effect would pass. "You know, my dear, the fools have made a mistake about our rooms."

"A mistake?" She looked at him, puzzled.

"Yes. I'm on the first floor. You are on the second."

"Oh, but that's my fault." She smiled across at him.

"When I arrived I was on the first floor, number 28, I think it was, but it was such a little

cubby-hole of a room I asked to have it changed. Now I have a beauty. With a wonderful view both ways."

"Ah! That explains it."

He pretended to understand, but in truth he was taken aback. From what he had been able to glimpse of the room next to his—from the closed window on the balcony—it had not been a cubby-hole at all, but exactly similar to his. He had made a point of ordering communicating rooms of the same size.

"I hope they've given you a quiet room," she said. "You'll be working probably, last thing at night and first thing in the morning. That's your usual routine, isn't it?"

"I don't work on holiday," he said.

"But the lectures," she said. "Do you mean they are quite ready, no final polishing to give?"

"Any polishing," he told her, "will be done on the platform as I speak."

She was surely being a little obtuse. He might have thought it natural modesty had she been shy, but she was so certain of herself, with such innate sophistication, that this supposition on her part that he would be working in the evening struck him as strange.

He wondered whether he should be blunt. Announce, with a laugh, "If there is one thing I detest it's walking about hotel passages in a dressing-gown," when she suddenly put

Continuing . . . THE RENDEZVOUS

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a sort of sun-god. We took one look at each other, and there it was."

She laughed and squeezed his hand again.

"I said I had no towel," she went on, "so we got into conversation, and then—he acts as swimming instructor, too—he entered the water with me. Of course, I swim like a fish. I didn't need any lesson, but it was fun to pretend, and it looked better, because of the other swimmers."

"Oh, Robert, I can't tell you how wonderful it was. I spent the rest of the day down there on the beach, and again today, and, of course, that was the reason for my being late for dinner."

"I told Alberto all about you, and he was so impressed he was quite embarrassed that you might be here waiting for me. I said he needn't worry, Robert Scrivener isn't an ordinary man, I said. He's the most intuitive, the most understanding person in the whole world. That's why he is famous."

She withdrew her hand to light another cigarette, and he made a pretence of swallowing the dreg of liqueur left in his glass. Whatever happened, she must learn nothing from his face or from his voice.

"How very amusing," he said.

She wrinkled her nose as she lit her cigarette.

STORE BULBS

During November gather up rubbish round daffodil and hyacinth beds, lift the bulbs, and store them for their annual summer rest. Use a light fork and do not break up "mother" daffodil bulbs which carry several offshoots on their sides. Remove baby bulbs from the base of hyacinth bulbs only when they have dried thoroughly. Store in dry sawdust or sand in a cool, dry shed or room.



out her hand across the table and took his.

"This is the most wonderful part of all," she said, "that I can say anything to you, but just anything. As though you were my twin. Other people think of you as Robert Scrivener, but not me."

The warmth held him deliciously. So much promise in the voice, such subtle strength in the pressure of the hand. After all, did it matter so much about the room on the second floor? The actual fact of separation might make the going to and fro the more intriguing.

"It's exciting," she said, "to be so terribly in love."

He returned the pressure of her hand, wondering how best to manoeuvre their departure from the terrace. Perhaps a stroll by the lake for ten minutes or so, and then . . .

"It happened so suddenly," she said. "You know how it is, it must have happened to you a dozen times, with your experience. You know how in 'Madrigal' you made Davina walk into a restaurant and lose all account of time and space. It was like that with me. Directly I saw Alberto come out of the bathing-hut yesterday I knew I was finished."

Scrivener let his hand stay where it was in hers, but he felt his body stiffen.

"Alberto?" he repeated.

"Yes," she said. "Alberto. It sounds like a hairdresser doesn't it? In point of fact, he's the bathing attendant on the Mirabelle beach, and the handsomest thing you've ever seen. Bronzed,

"But I don't behave like this as a rule," she told him. "I'm very good, very sedate. This is just one of those things. As I said to Alberto this evening, 'How Robert is going to mock me when I tell him what has happened.' Alberto was not so sure. He thought you might be offended."

It was Scrivener's turn to laugh. The laugh sounded natural, but the force he put into it cost him ten years.

"Offended?" he said. "Why on earth should I be offended?"

"Why, indeed? It's just one more tiny bit of experience for Robert, I said to Alberto. Any grist to the writer's mill. No, what is so wonderful for me is that you've made the meeting possible. Here I am, in this heavenly hotel, having the time of my life, and it's all owing to you."

Ironic phrases rose to Scrivener's lips. Bitter reflections such as: "Glad to be of use," or "Always willing to oblige," but he had the strength of mind to smother them. To show the faintest shadow of annoyance would be to lose face.

"Do I meet the paragon?" he asked lightly.

"But, of course," she said. "As a matter of fact, I told him to be at the bar near the railway station at precisely ten o'clock. Which it is now. We agreed the railway station was best, because no one would recognise us there, and it's always crowded. You see, if it was known that the bathing attendant was having a wild

affair with one of the hotel visitors, my beautiful Alberto might lose his job."

And rightly, thought Robert Scrivener. A dull anger had succeeded the first feeling of shock, but an anger which he could not utilise. The futility, the indignity of the evening ahead overshadowed the action. One jibe and he was lost. One slip, and his writer's integrity, the possession he had come to Geneva to lecture on, the balance, the understanding would be forever blemished.

"I'm ready if you are," said Scrivener, and she rose at once, no attempt for courtesy's sake to disguise her eagerness, and she led the way from the terrace through the restaurant, waiters bowing, heads turning, a sensuous, alluring figure, cool and lovely in the bright red frock, primed for the bathing attendant, but not for him.

The terrible thing was that there was no redress. To feign sudden fatigue, the excuse of work—indigestion, any of these excuses meant equal loss of prestige and could not be lost upon her.

No, he had struck her one blind spot caused, no doubt, by her sudden infatuation; but even more to blame were his own letters, week after week, the letters of a friend, an ally, a confidant.

"Don't mind if Alberto's shy," she said, as they walked through the streets, humid now that darkness had fallen, languorous with a softness of velvet. "He's only twenty-two, my age, and he won't know what to say to you. Naturally, he wants to come to the lecture tomorrow. We thought we'd go together. He's never met a well-known writer before."

"Have you?" The retort shot from him like a bullet from a rifle, but she was too happy or too temporarily insensitive to seize his tone.

"In Zurich sometimes," she replied, "but I'm generally too tired in the evenings to go out and enjoy myself."

"Yes. Selling stockings must be an exhausting business." How apt, how cutting, could it be said; but pride forbade.

They came to a garish bar fronting the wide street by the station, and Annette Limoges, confident and gay, pushed her way through the knots of laughing people.

"I hope you won't be recognised," said Annette. "It would be too bad if the evening was spoiled by some wretched official coming up and button-holing you."

Robert Scrivener felt it would be his one salvation. He would have given much for some member of the Society of International Letters to approach him at that moment, to touch his arm with reverence, some stranger, however heavy, however dead, to approach him and say, "It's Robert Scrivener, isn't it? We've been trying to get you at the Mirabelle. Do join us in a drink."

Then, only then, after some such bald encounter, could he look across at Annette Limoges and say, "My dear, do you mind? Run along and find your Alberto. I have to join these friends." Pride would then be salvaged. The wreckage of moral restored.

Nothing of the sort happened. Annette led him to a corner of the bar where, sitting upright on a high stool, sat a bronzed young man with a great mop of curling hair. Good-looking, perhaps, in a flashy sort of way, but the ring on the little finger made Scrivener blinch.

And Annette . . . Annette, who had seemed so in place on the terrace of the Hotel Mirabelle, so full of savoir faire, so

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THE RENDEZVOUS

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dearable and truly lovely, seemed suddenly to lose caste before his eyes. The wriggle that she gave as she sighted Alberto, for Alberto it must be, was frankly . . . common.

"Hallo, darling," she said, and the darling was an offence to Scrivener, an outrage. "Here we are. I want you to meet Mr. Robert Scrivener."

The young man put out his hand, and Scrivener touched it as he would an unclean substance.

"Pleased to meet you," said Alberto, sliding from his stool, and then the three of them stood there, incongruous, smiling, and Scrivener, the host, ordered the round of drinks.

The three of them sat round a small table, and the older man, who earlier that evening had been the girl's proud escort, the envious cynosure of other men's envious eyes, must now play the role of indulgent uncle, or worse . . . the plain gooseberry.

It seemed to Robert Scrivener that his sense of inferiority was deepened by an instinctive feeling that the bathing-attendant was aware of his discomfort and was as embarrassed as himself.

A real vulgarian could have been despised, but Alberto, as scrupulous as Annette Limoges was brazen, kept his eyes fixed on the glass of beer which apparently satisfied his modest wants; now and again fluttering his long lashes and glancing sideways at Scrivener with a semblance of apology.

WITHOUT a doubt the writer knew, and it was this knowledge that only made degradation more profound, that should Annette leave them for the space of a few minutes, he, Scrivener, could turn to Alberto and pass a note for a few thousand francs across the table, and the bathing-attendant would understand his meaning without a word in reply. He would just disappear. Once out of the way, the girl would be Scrivener's once more.

The shocking truth was that could this only be achieved, Scrivener would still be willing to blot out from immediate remembrance the events of the past two days, such was the fascination of the salesgirl from Zurich.

He had travelled all this way, however many hundreds of miles Geneva was from London, not for the very secondary triumph of the lectures, but to indulge himself with the prize so readily and freely offered—and which had turned out so delectable—only to find it won before him by the bathing-attendant.

Scrivener was not so blind as to assume that his own physical charms could be as compelling or indeed as effective as those of Alberto; nevertheless, the girl had come to Geneva to meet him. She was, in fact, his guest. The guest of someone renowned in the international world of letters, who, with a wave of his hand, must surely command adulation from the most beautiful women in the world. But could he?

Here was the secret stab. Everywhere, throughout Europe, throughout the United States of America, there were men at this moment acting the part of husband or lover.

Sometimes they paid for the privilege, sometimes the services of their companion were given free, but whatever the case they were at least together. Yet Robert Scrivener, author, known in two continents for his masterly diagnosis of the problems of the human heart,

was obliged to seek out a shop-girl from a Zurich store who could not even wait for him.

"I tell you what, Robert," said Annette, breaking in upon his bitter train of thought, "if you don't have any engagement before the lecture tomorrow evening we could all three of us spend the day in the mountains. You could hire a car and we could take a picnic; I'm sure the Mirabelle would put us up a packed lunch."

Oddly enough, this had been Scrivener's plan originally, before the advent of the bathing-attendant. He had visualised a drive to the mountains or an expedition across the lake following upon his luncheon with the Swiss men of letters.

"I'm afraid," said Scrivener, "that I am booked for luncheon."

"Oh, what a bother," replied Annette, "but I suppose we could go without you. Alberto will be free after two o'clock."

She squeezed the hand of the bathing-attendant, as she had squeezed Scrivener's at dinner.

"Darling," she said, "you'd like that, wouldn't you? Robert would arrange a car for us, and we could stay out until it was time to come back for the lecture. Then we could all dine afterwards."

Alberto, his bronzed skin flushing, looked apologetically at his host.

"Perhaps Mr. Scrivener has other plans," he demurred.

"Oh, no," said Annette Limoges, "you haven't, have you, Robert?"

The writer felt a sudden irritation at the constant use of his christian name. Never had the surname Scrivener sounded so sweet to his ears, so full of dignity. He tried to remember when he had first given permission to the correspondent in Zurich to call him Robert, but it was too many months ago; they had both slipped into the habit without realisation. Or was he at fault in this? Had he indeed commanded her to drop the formal Mr. Scrivener and call him Robert?

"I have no plans at all," he said. "I am in Geneva to deliver two lectures. I'm really in the hands of the authorities concerned."

"Well, we can always arrange details in the morning," said Annette. "The thing is for every one of us to be happy. Alberto hasn't read 'Madrigal' yet, have you, Alberto, so he doesn't know that wonderful passage where Mark explains his true philosophy of life. I'm going to buy him a copy tomorrow, and you'll autograph it for him, won't you, Robert?"

"I shall be delighted," said Scrivener, and, with the gallantry of Walter Raleigh, he ordered another beer for the bathing-attendant. The long evening wound to its close. The bar emptied. And long before this, had it not been for fate and Alberto, Scrivener and Annette Limoges would have been together in heaven knowing what sweet embrace in room 27 or 51 of the Hotel Mirabelle.

"Tae bartender," said Scrivener, "looks as if he wants to get rid of us." The three inseparables rose to their feet, Scrivener paid the bill for the final round of drinks, and they proceeded back to the hotel, Annette Limoges between the writer and the bathing-attendant, holding an arm of each.

"This is what I call heaven," she said, "to be with the two men in the world who mean most to me."

Neither of her escorts answered. Whether coals of fire

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Where's The Wettex?

Continuing . . . THE RENDEZVOUS

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were heaped upon Alberto's head. Scrivener neither knew nor cared. He himself was reminded of the remark of an Irish groom to an ecstatic purchaser of an unmanageable horse — "Faith, you're easy pleased."

Outside the steps of the Mirabelle Annette paused. She dropped the arm of Scrivener, but still held that of Alberto.

"I'll walk with Alberto to the end of the promenade," she said, and Scrivener saw her glance towards the pontoons bordering the lake where stood the line of bathing-huts or dressing-rooms, now discreetly dark and silent, and to which the attendant very probably possessed the key.

"Then I will bid you both goodnight," said Scrivener.

Annette Limoges embraced him with her smile. "It's been a wonderful evening," she said. "I don't know how I'm going to thank you."

Nor do I, thought Scrivener. Raising his hand in a salute of farewell, half benevolent, half Fascist, he turned his back on both of them, and, entering the Mirabelle Hotel, was borne upstairs to room number 27 by a yawning page.

The bed was turned down. His pyjamas laid out upon the cover. How neat, how smooth, how empty the room! The suit he had discarded hanging upon the wardrobe, the notes for the lecture folded on the table. Switching on the bedside lamp he saw the time, by his travelling clock, was a quarter to two.

He crossed to the window and with a determined gesture drew the curtains close. He picked up the novel he had been reading in the aeroplane, and put it, with his spectacles, upon his pillow. Soberly he undressed.

Scrivener did not see Annette Limoges the next morning. He telephoned her room at ten, and the sleepy voice that answered him was too heavy, too drugged with the happiness of the preceding night, to make itself understood.

Curtly he rang off, telling her he would ring again at eleven. He did so, having by that time bathed and dressed himself, breakfasted, and been out for a short walk. This time there was no reply, and the switchboard operator suggested that the inmate of number 51 was probably in her bath. Scrivener was due to be collected by his Swiss man of letters at mid-day, therefore he was ready and waiting in the hall of the Hotel Mirabelle at five minutes to the hour.

At precisely three minutes to twelve Annette Limoges came out of the lift, dressed in her flowered matadors and sandals and sporting the vivid shirt. Her hair was loose upon her shoulders. Her lips were a vivid red. She looked like a ripe peach. "It's all arranged," she said with a huge smile. "I've ordered the car. I'm picking Alberto up at half-past twelve."

While she was speaking a stout man in a grey suit, carrying a homburg hat, entered the hotel. He moved ponderously towards Scrivener.

"Mr. Robert Scrivener," he inquired, his accent Swiss-German, his manner affable, "I am pleased to present myself, Fritz Lieber, of the International Society of Letters. Welcome to Geneva."

"Thank you," said Scrivener, and after a moment's hesitation, "This is Mademoiselle Limoges." The stout man bowed.

"It's too bad, Herr Lieber,

that you are taking Mr. Scrivener off to a solemn lunch," announced Annette gaily. "We had it all fixed for a day in the mountains."

Herr Lieber, puzzled, turned to the writer for confirmation. "I hope there has not been some misunderstanding," he began, and Scrivener, embarrassed, waved his hand.

"No, no, of course not, our luncheon was arranged many weeks ago."

His companion for the day, anxious for the International Society of Letters to be all-inclusive in hospitality, murmured something about any friend of the guest of honor being welcome at the luncheon table. Robert Scrivener, seeing a momentary hesitation in Annette's eye, quickly interposed.

He sensed that such an invitation must also include the bathing-attendant.



"First you say use soap—then you say use water—I wish you would make up your mind."

"Mademoiselle Limoges has already made other arrangements," he said, and, turning to Annette, "I shall see you when I return. If you are back before me, leave a message at the desk," and, fearful that she might suggest a change in plans involving Alberto, he forced a genial smile upon the representative of the International Society and added, "Shall we go?"

As they stepped into the waiting car and drove away Scrivener caught a glimpse of the distant mountains, the peaks snowcapped in spite of summer, and he thought of what might have been on some sun-baked plateau or perhaps beside a glacial stream, but instead saw the formal luncheon inside the airless restaurant of a rival hotel.

Guest of honor, indeed, but the salesgirl from Zurich and Alberto of the Geneva bathing-beach would enjoy, at his expense, the more varied delicacies of afternoon.

"I regret very much," began Herr Lieber, "that you did not tell me there would be others in your party. It would have been so simple to extend the invitation. The young lady . . . did you say your niece . . . ?"

"An acquaintance only," said Scrivener coldly.

"Please to pardon me. The young lady, Mademoiselle Limoges, will surely require tickets for the lecture this evening, and tickets, too, for anyone else you care to bring?"

"I believe," said Scrivener, "that Mademoiselle Limoges has already booked her tickets."

"Good! Excellent! There will be refreshments afterwards, of course. Mr. Scrivener, I must apologise for certain difficulties that have arisen. I was unable to warn you in time, but, owing to many

people being on holiday at the moment and certain other factors beyond our control, we were unsuccessful in selling many tickets for the second lecture you were kind enough to suggest giving. For the first we are fully booked, but for the second . . ." He broke off, pink with embarrassment, and blinking behind his spectacles.

"I quite understand," said Scrivener, "you would prefer to cancel the second lecture?"

"That is, of course, for you to say," said Herr Lieber quickly. "It is just that the hall might be almost empty. It would not be very agreeable for you, Mr. Scrivener, and a waste of your valuable time."

"You must cancel it, of course," replied Scrivener, and he was aware of the expression of relief on his companion's face.

They arrived at the hotel, and within a few moments he was the centre of an earnest group of men and women, some 25 to 30 in number, to all of whom he was introduced before they filed into the restaurant towards a long table set at the end of the room, decorated with the flags of many nations.

Generally Robert Scrivener was pleased to discuss the merits of his novels with strangers. The finer passages of "Madrigal," the philosophy of "Taurus," even the possibly outmoded theme of his first success, "Fortune Favours The Brave," these things made contact, as a general rule, between himself and the less well-endowed members of the reading public.

Today, for no fit reason that he could give himself, the subject was dull as ashes. Why profess himself grateful to the pince-nez'd lady on his right for being able to quote a whole paragraph from "Jason" without hesitation, and how did it profit him to know that the learned gentleman on his left had read "Taurus" a dozen times and himself proposed to lecture upon it, granted Scrivener's permission, to the university at Basle the coming winter?

He heard himself answer courtesy with courtesy, platitude with platitude, and he ate his way through course after course of rich, substantial food, but his mind and his heart were elsewhere.

Upon what ice-blue peak, he wondered, did the luscious entity of Annette Limoges deposit itself with the sun-bronzed Alberto, what mountain strawberries fell into their mouths, what melting snow what kisses?

"Yes, indeed," he answered his hostess on the right, "is up to all of us, as writers, to fight the common-places where we find it, to do battle continually against these philistines who would drag us all to their own level of mediocrity. I hope to touch on this very subject in my lecture tonight."

He shook his head as the waiter offered him a second helping of roast pork—strange choice for a summer luncheon—and bent his ear to the neighbor on his left who declared that the cinema had destroyed the values of the Western world.

"Even in Geneva here," declared his neighbor, "where we like to pride ourselves a gathering in our midst the best brains of Europe, your second lecture, Mr. Scrivener, must be abandoned through lack of demand for tickets. Yet we streets away the people fight to get into some nonsense from Hollywood. I call it morose."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 25, 1938

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SUMMER ANNUALS



A SUMMER GARDEN filled with colorful blooms is an outstanding feature of Mrs. T. C. Horton's home at Vaucluse, N.S.W. Tall amaranthus (fountain plant), with its coat of many colors, makes a foil for borders of phlox and giant zinnias in the background.

● Now that the soil, air, and water have warmed up after winter, seedlings of most summer-flowering annuals may be set out. There are dozens of varieties, dwarf, medium height, or tall, and in most colors.

ANNUALS are easy to grow in reasonably good soil, with regular waterings in hot weather.

Here are a few suggestions for immediate transplanting if the ground has been prepared. Seeds of most of those listed may be sown well into next year. Seedbox soil should be partly sterilised by baking or steaming. This will kill worms and grubs or larvae that live in the soil and may later attack young seedlings.

Antirrhinum (snapdragons), acroclium (verilings), ageratum, alyssum (for borders), asters (for borders or massed beds), amaranthus, anchusa (cape forget-me-nots), petroselinum, celosia (needs a back position), annual chrysanthemum (tall), cockscomb (for borders), cosmos (tall), euphorbia marginata (snow on the mountain), and zinnias.

GARDENING

Gomphrena (globe amaranth), sunflowers (tall), heteropappus (blue daisy), leptosyne (winter marguerite), French and African marigolds (mostly yellow, orange, and mahogany), mima lobata (climber), petunias of all kinds, phlox drummondii, portulaca, salvia, scabiosa, tithonia (Mexican sunflower, tall), viscaria, and zinnias of all kinds.

For quick results sow seed in well-fertilised ground where the plants are to spend their lives. Rotted manure should be broken up finely and mixed thoroughly into the top six inches of soil. Sow seeds thinly, and if too many appear thin them out. The thinnings can be used in other beds, though they will take a few more weeks to flower.

Most annuals are pest and disease free, but it pays to keep a tin of dual-purpose spray on hand. Spray early — prevention is better than cure.



ANOTHER VIEW of Mrs. Horton's garden. A further splash of color is given by the bright red geraniums in the window-box. All these plants can be planted out now for a brilliant summer display.

Expert on flavour gives his opinion

New dessert? Let's see. Smells good — looks inviting — yes, nice smooth texture — ah, real caramel flavour — mmm, sensational! Must have a second helping!



It's a flavour sensation!

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Continuing... THE RENDEZVOUS

from page 88

of the intellect. There is no other word for it."

"No other word," agreed Scrivener, and glancing furtively at his watch he saw that the hands already stood at half-past two, and the luncheon had been in progress since half-past twelve.

His entertainers did not release him until five in the afternoon. The luncheon over, he must visit the headquarters of the International Society of Letters, and examine the array of manuscripts in their possession, usually kept behind glass, but today spread open upon a table in his honor. There were portraits, too, of other famous members of the Society, not present, unfortunately, to welcome Scrivener, but their letters of regret for absence were all read.

Tea was produced at four, with luncheon not yet forgotten or digested, and with tea came a formal file of new arrivals, not considered of sufficient standing to attend the luncheon, yet every one anxious to shake the hand of Robert Scrivener.

It was nearing half-past five when, warned that he had but two hours respite before his lecture, due to start at half-past seven, the writer returned to the Hotel Mirabelle.

The first thing he noticed on asking for his key was that his key had gone. He was told that Mademoiselle Limoges had asked for it about an hour before, and since it had not been given back, must doubtless still be there. Scrivener summoned the lift, and hurried along the corridor to his room. Annette was lying on the balcony changed from her matadors into brief shorts. Large black glasses protected her eyes from the sun.

"Hullo," she called, as Scrivener entered the room. "We've had a wonderful day. Alberto's only just gone, but he'll be back again directly."

"Indeed, about his neat room were traces of recent occupation other than his own. A pullover flung on the bed. A tray of drinks. His books moved. And worse still, on the bathroom floor, a wet towel. "I thought you were going to the mountains?" he said, too taken aback to protest at this invasion of his room.

"We never went," replied Annette. "We lunched just outside Geneva, and then decided, as it was so hot, to go and bathe instead. The car took us to an enchanting spot Alberto knew, about fifteen miles along the lake. Then we came back here. I couldn't ask him to my room, it would have looked odd, but I knew you wouldn't mind if we came up here instead. Alberto had a bath, and now he has gone off to change for your lecture."

She removed her black sunglasses, and smiled up at him. "I thought," said Scrivener, "that you did not care to invite your friend into the hotel for fear it should get him into trouble with the management?"

"Had he come to my room, yes," answered Annette. "I would never have suggested that. But, as you can well imagine, Mr. Robert Scrivener can do no wrong. There are notices everywhere in the entrance hall about your lecture. Alberto and I are dying for it."

Dying, observed Scrivener to himself, so much that he could not even pick up the bath-towel from the floor, or stand the cork-mat to dry. The sploody marks of wet feet were still upon it. And the soap—the cake of soap he had brought from London—had been left in the bath, half consumed.

Murderous rage gripped Scrivener. It rose in his throat and nearly choked him. He

turned away from the bathroom and went to the balcony and stared down at Annette Limoges, who was intent on anointing her toenails a vivid puce.

"You know what?" she suggested, dipping the brush in the bottle of scented varnish. "How would it be if the three of us went dancing when your lecture was over? There's a wonderful place, Alberto tells me, the other side of the lake, where one can dine and dance outside and watch the flood-lighting and the fountains."

"You've spilt some varnish on the balcony," said Scrivener.

"Have I? Never mind, the maid will wipe it off. Well, what do you say to my idea? You'd like some gaiety, wouldn't you, after the mental strain of the lecture?"

"Mental strain!" echoed Scrivener. "Mental strain!"



The laugh that came from him held a hysterical note. Annette Limoges glanced at him, surprised.

"What is it?" she said. "Is anything the matter?"

And even now, he thought, even now, if she would only dismiss the bathing-attendant for this once, he could forget his rage, forget her intolerable presumption and impertinence, swallow pride, swallow indignity, and be ready to continue where they had so disastrously left off.

"You're not nervous, are you?" asked Annette. "I assure you, there's no need to be. Only the people in the first six rows will hear what you say, anyway. The acoustics are very bad, Alberto says. He knows someone who cleans the lecture hall."

Robert Scrivener clenched his fists. It seemed to him that there were two alternatives. One was to murder her at once. The other was to take her in his arms. He lacked the courage to do either. The third alternative, miserable as it was, was the only course now open. He turned away from her and, going into his bathroom, slammed the door and locked it.

Presently he heard her knock. He took no notice and proceeded to run both taps. Then he sat with folded arms until the sound of a distant door told him that she had gone away. Scrivener then prepared himself for the lecture that was to take place at half-past seven.

Punctually to the minute, at seven precisely, his host of the day, Herr Lieber, arrived at the Hotel Mirabelle to bear him away. Balgung from his stiff shirt-front like a pouter pigeon—he had warned Scrivener, dinner-jacket would be the rule, a concession to English custom.

Herr Lieber once again expressed his apologies for the

fact that the idea of the second lecture the following day must be abandoned, blaming, as had the neighbor at luncheon, the pull of the cinema over potential listeners.

"They are queuing up in hundreds for this film across the way," he observed as they arrived at the lecture hall. "My wife and daughter have been twice. I never go to the cinema myself. Of course, when we arranged your lecture, we did not know what was to be shown at the Elysee."

Had they known, wondered Scrivener, would they have written to him cancelling the first lecture as they had done the second? His thesis was ruined, as it was.

Two separate trains of thought must now be merged into one to render his first lecture comprehensible. The essential purity of the poet and his cosmic significance acting as counterpoint to the novelist's duty to mankind, these headings that he had worked upon before leaving London, had to be abandoned, or rather embodied into a single credo that would send his audience forth informed and satisfied. The task, he felt, was impossible.

As he sat on the platform, listening to the introduction of his person by the president of the International Society of Letters and looking down upon the row of earnest faces, it seemed to Robert Scrivener that all he had worked for hitherto had been in vain.

His novels, all being lauded at the moment by the president of the society and presumably read by the audience below, had been set at naught, in his own estimation, through a sequence of events which he had been powerless to control.

His journey to Geneva had been ill-starred, and even now, when he should be gathering the threads of his wasted material together, part of his mental process was composing a telegram to Judith, warning her that he would be returning to London the following day and not prolonging his time in Switzerland after all.

For what use was it now to consider getting hold of a car and driving up the Rhone valley if the hoped-for companion of his travels was not worthy?

"And, so, I have much pleasure in introducing the famous novelist, poet, and critic, Mr. Robert Scrivener."

The president of the Society bowed towards him, and Scrivener rose to his feet. Integrity, he supposed afterwards, integrity and training brought him through the ordeal. The appreciative silence of the audience, interrupted only occasionally by the coughing of those who should have remained in sanatoriums, and their generous applause at the conclusion, followed by a buzz of conversation and the congratulations of fellow members of the Society upon the platform with him, these tributes proved to him that he had not failed.

He was, however, exhausted. He had spent himself for literature. Not for his own fame or for his own publicity had he stood there for the full seventy minutes of his lecture, but to place on its true pedestal, out of the reach of the vulgar and the trivial-minded, the sacred vessel he had dared to call his Muse. Let the lesser breed defile it if they so willed, the essence would remain untouched in the hands of himself and others like him.

Almost fainting as the result of his own eloquence, Scrivener allowed himself to be led into the room behind the platform, where he was given chicken sandwiches and sweet

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VEGEMITE—made by Borden's

To page 91

champagne. This, he understood, was the culmination of hospitality that had begun for him that morning at half-past twelve.

When he had sufficiently cooled his parched throat, and shaken the remaining hands extended to him he would be a free man, without even a car or Herr Lieber at his disposal. For this he was grateful. Further expressions of international goodwill, additional courtesies through heavy exchanges of views, would have slain him.

He was ready, therefore, for his departure, giving as his excuse, a belated supper with friends who awaited him even now at the Hotel Mirabelle. Just as he was about to leave, a note was put into his hands by Herr Lieber.

Scrivener recognised the handwriting of Annette Limoges, and put the note into his pocket. A final handshake, a final bow, and he made his escape from the Society of International Letters.

A steady rain was falling when he came out into the street. One of those brooding thunderstorms that hover over the Jura and finally break upon the lake of Geneva, had burst, evidently, during the course of his lecture. Here was the aftermath. And he could see no taxi.

He stood for a moment, looking to right and left, and then remembered the note in his pocket.

"Dearest Robert," it said, "you were marvellous. Alberto is quite overwhelmed. We left early, so as not to be trampled in the crush. I expect you will be having supper with the society and won't be back at the hotel until after midnight, so this is just to let you know I shall take Alberto up to your room and we will have supper there, as we are both feeling too tired to dance. Looking forward to seeing you later on, and congratulations once again. Fond love, Annette."

Robert Scrivener crumpled the note in his hand and dropped it down a convenient drain. Then, with his collar turned up, he hurried along

the street, to find a taxi. But if he found one, he wondered, where should he go? Annette and Alberto were even now making free of room number 27.

His head low because of the rain, he found himself brought to a standstill by a crowd of people. Were they all looking for taxis, too?

Glancing about him, he realised that he had, through the mischance of not looking where he was going, got himself jammed into a cinema queue.



"... which button do I press?"

and now, unable to proceed farther or break from it, he was forced to advance with the queue towards the auditorium. The one advantage in this form of motion was that he was now sheltered from the rain.

Steadily if slowly he was borne towards the box-office and, sandwiched between a stout man and his wife in the front of him and four excited young people behind him, all talking in German, Scrivener was unable to explain that he himself had no desire to visit the cinema but was in the queue through misunderstanding.

It was simpler to let circumstance defeat him. He wanted, above all, to sit down, to relax. Scrivener felt in his pocket for change and, as he passed the box-office, exchanged his few

hundred francs for the small slip given in return.

He was propelled on once more and, stumbling in the darkness over legs that seemed thrust out purposely to trip him, blinded by a torch flashed in his eyes, he groped his way to the humble seat answering to the number on his ticket.

The picture, whatever it was, had begun. Galloping horses chased one another across a

wide screen. Music sobbed from the sound-track.

Robert Scrivener was very tired. The sweet champagne had numbed, for the moment, his taut nerves, and, instead, a sad self-pity, a nostalgia had turned his mood to one of resignation. He sat back on his hard, cheap seat, hemmed in and breathed upon by others like him, and lifted his eyes to the screen.

Little by little the thread of the story became plain. The leading character was a man of middle-age whose life had turned sour, and who, in a moment of drunken folly, had killed his wife.

He then fell in love with his step-daughter. The background of the story was a prairie waste. The picture was in technicolor.

Continuing . . . THE RENDEZVOUS

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As Scrivener followed the denouement of the story, and watched the leading character, who might have been himself, wander across the prairie, deserted, not only by his step-daughter, but by his horses too, he was aware of a terrible sensation of despair. Tears came to his eyes, and began to roll very slowly down his cheeks.

This wretched man was himself. The step-daughter was Annette Limoges. And the horses, the horses that the man had driven with such confidence and power at the beginning of the story and now ran from him, scattering with thundering hooves across the wild prairie, these horses symbolised for Scrivener those works that he had written and were now lost to him, lost across the wasted years of his own dull, empty life.

He sat there in the cheap cinema seat and wept. He had no interest now in the past or in the future. The thought of the return flight to London, and taking up his unfinished biography of Ibsen, was odious to him. He took out his handkerchief and blew his nose, as indeed did those around him, while the words "The End" flashed upon the screen.

It was only then, reading through the titles repeated before him, did he realise that what he had been seeing and what had moved him so much, was the adaptation of that best-selling novel he had always despised, the unworthy pot-boiler written a year or so ago by that fellow-writer whose wedding he had attended only a week before.

Robert Scrivener replaced his handkerchief, and, rising to his feet, shuffled his way through the departing queue, and so out to the damp streets of Geneva. His cup was full.

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AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning November 23



ARIES
The Ram

MARCH 21-APRIL 20

- Lucky number this week, 4.
- Lucky color for love, orange.
- Gambling colors, orange, brown.
- Lucky days, Monday, Friday.
- Luck in a journey.

★ This could be a day-long trip to pastures new, a picnic among new scenery, a rush into love with a definite purpose. Some of you visit a travel bureau for information about holiday bookings. Others welcome a friend from overseas, receive news from relatives abroad. You might be asked to entertain a handsome stranger from far away.



TAURUS
The Bull

APRIL 21-MAY 20

- Lucky number this week, 8.
- Lucky color for love, black.
- Gambling colors, black, blue.
- Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday.
- Luck in solitude.

★ If you are out gallivanting, your ambitions will be at a standstill. There is danger that sociability will deflect your attention from major interests; you can always go into circulation again later. An early start on holiday preparations, your summer wardrobe, will mean freedom to have fun, join in festivities, social affairs next month.



GEMINI
The Twins

MAY 21-JUNE 21

- Lucky number this week, 9.
- Lucky color for love, rose.
- Gambling colors, rose, grey.
- Lucky days, Monday, Saturday.
- Luck in teamwork.

★ Whether you're one of a group working for the welfare of the community, a player in a sports tournament, or associated with others in a business enterprise, pull your weight. Give credit to others, who are doing their best, avoid criticism unless it is practical. The Lone Wolf who sulks will not get far or have many friends. Co-operate in all ways.



CANCER
The Crab

JUNE 22-JULY 22

- Lucky number this week, 1.
- Lucky color for love, brown.
- Gambling colors, brown, green.
- Lucky days, Wednesday, Sun.
- Luck in health, vitality.

★ Medical check-ups are under good aspects. If recently below par, health should now improve. Are you "making the most of yourself," creating the person you would like to be? Consider diet, exercise, rest as a means to an end. Careful grooming can work wonders if you spend a little time every day. Choose becoming styles, colors.



LEO
The Lion

JULY 23-AUGUST 23

- Lucky number this week, 9.
- Lucky color for love, red.
- Gambling colors, red, white.
- Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday.
- Luck in love.

★ Whether sixteen or sixty, love involves you this week; perhaps there's an engagement or the setting of a wedding date. If young, in the throes of first love, you'll be in a daze. If older, enjoying a "second spring," life will be richer than you thought possible. Glamorous settings may contribute, but "he" is just as likely to propose on a footpath.



VIRGO
The Virgin

AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 23

- Lucky number this week, 6.
- Lucky color for love, navy-blue.
- Gambling colors, navy, gold.
- Lucky days, Monday, Sunday.
- Luck on the threshold.

★ Dame Fortune is likely to seek you out at home. If you are buying or selling property, hunting for a house or flat, you'll be pleased with the outcome. If making improvements, additions to your home, you'll be going full speed. For some, contacts reveal unsuspected amenities in your neighborhood. A local interest leads to a new friend.



LIBRA
The Balance

SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 23

- Lucky number this week, 2.
- Lucky color for love, white.
- Gambling colors, white, green.
- Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday.
- Luck in a communication.

★ The letter-box is important. If applying to the Government for any reason, a favorable reply may be in the mail. If seeking a job, appointment for an interview is probable. If a student the grant of a scholarship of financial help is likely. Some of you may be informed that you have won a prize. If young, there's a love letter waiting.



SCORPIO
The Scorpion

OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 23

- Lucky number this week, 3.
- Lucky color for love, violet.
- Gambling colors, violet, orange.
- Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.
- Luck in money matters.

★ Receiving an account for less than you expected, finding a little extra in the pay-envelope, concluding a business agreement which is advantageous, going on a successful bargain hunt are among the possibilities. If not get-minded with a view to Christmas expenses, put yourself on a strict schedule, persuade the family to do likewise.



SAGITTARIUS
The Archer

NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 20

- Lucky number this week, 5.
- Lucky color for love, green.
- Gambling colors, grey, green.
- Lucky days, Wednesday, Sat.
- Luck in personal relationships.

★ You're a born mixer, a good companion. You now have the chance to shine as a host, hostess, or guest. A mixture of business and sociability can have a favorable impact on your career. Put some of your romance in on the cards, for those past thirty years of age. The man in your life may suggest a scheme which pleases you, brings changes.



CAPRICORN
The Goat

DECEMBER 21-JANUARY 19

- Lucky number this week, 8.
- Lucky color for love, light blue.
- Gambling colors, blue, silver.
- Lucky days, Thursday, Sat.
- Luck in private venture.

★ You are likely to go on an expedition without consulting anyone. Whatever you are doing, you may have to hunt for it, perhaps waste time in blind alleys, but you come home in triumph. Whether dealing with people, situations or mechanical matters, quietly without publicity or others may get there first. Love affairs remain in the early stages.



AQUARIUS
The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

- Lucky number this week, 2.
- Lucky color for love, mauve.
- Gambling colors, mauve, rose.
- Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.
- Luck in games and pastimes.

★ Those who indulge in physical exercises should be on top of the world. People with similar interests soon become friends. The outdoors has a great appeal and plans for the summer will be worked out in detail. Whether you're a surfer, play tennis, bowls, cricket, you spend time improving your skill. Romances begun on the sports field are enduring.



PISCES
The Fish

FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

- Lucky number this week, 1.
- Lucky color for love, yellow.
- Gambling colors, yellow, grey.
- Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.
- Luck in opportunity.

★ This is your chance to shine whether organising a fête, serving on a deputation, taking a new job, or getting married. The spotlight is on you, so don't hide in the wings, step out bravely and win applause. Be sure to give friends, supporters credit for helping. Your behavior may attain a distinction which you sparkle with reflected glory.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—November 25, 1957

Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Mail orders to Box 4069, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 46-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand readers send orders to Box 5348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders will be accepted.

Fashion PATTERNS

F5246.—Three-piece lingerie set includes full-length petticoat and full-length nightdress in an easy-fitting princess line. Requires 9yds. 36in. material, 7½yds. 1½in. lace trimming, and 2yds. 1in. ribbon. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 5/6.

F5257.—Very pretty half slip and camisole with embroidered edges. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material and 1½yds. lace trimming and 2½yds. 1in. ribbon. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 4/3.

F5115.—Glamorous nightdress and bedjacket to match with lace edgings. Requires 6½yds. 36in. material, 5yds. 1in. insertion ribbon, 2yds. narrow ribbon, and 2½yds. sash ribbon. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 5/-.

F5256.—Very simple and practical pyjamas. Requires 4yds. 36in. material for three-quarter leg and 2½yds. 36in. material for short leg, 2½yds. ½in. braid. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 4/6.

BEGINNERS' PATTERN

F4630.—Beginners' pattern for a child's shortie pyjamas with frilled trim. Requires 2½ to 3yds. 36in. material and ½yd. ½in. ribbon. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Price 3/-.



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 164.—LITTLE GIRL'S FROCK

The little girl's simple play-time frock is easy to wash and iron. Obtainable cut out ready to sew in check gingham in pink and white, blue and white, red and white, green and white, and lemon and white. Size for a 4-year-old 19½, 5 to 6-year-old 21½, 7 to 8-year-old 23½, and 9 to 10-year-old 24½. Postage 2/3 extra.

No. 165.—FLOWER DUCHESSE SET

The flower design duchesse set is obtainable cut out and clearly traced to embroider on white, cream, blue, lemon, pink, and green Irish linen. Centre mat measures 15 by 12in. and the small mats 6 by 8in. Price 1/9 complete set. Postage 1/6 extra.

No. 166.—POT-HOLDER SET

The pot-holder set is obtainable cut out and clearly traced to embroider on white, blue, lemon, pink, and green headcloth. Set of 3 costs 2/3. Postage 6d. extra.

No. 167.—HUMOROUS TEA-TOWEL SET

This day-by-day tea-towel set is obtainable cut out and clearly traced to embroider on multi-striped linen tea-towelling. Sizes are 22 to 32in. Price 6/3 each, postage 9d., or set of 6, 36/6, with postage at 3/9 extra.

No. 168.—SIMPLE WORKING DAY DRESS

This easy-to-wear day dress is obtainable cut out only in a pretty floral cambric in turquoise with green and lemon, pale green with lilac and white, pale blue with red and lemon. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 35/3, and 36 and 38in. bust 36/9. Postage 3/-.

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Now Kotex has new Wondersoft covering... a soft open weave covering that's incredibly light and gentle. Only new Kotex feminine napkins with this Wondersoft covering can give you softness you thought you'd never have; complete and even absorbency that never fails; and a perfect fit that

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JACKY'S DIARY by JACKY Mendelsohn Age 32 1/2

Yesterday Daddy took me to watch a REAL BASKET-BALL game. Boy! WHAT A BUNCH of Big Babies they had playing!



First of all you could tell right away they were OVER-GROWN kids on a count of they still were wearing SHORT PANTS.

Also you could tell they were Big Babies cause all they did was DRIBBLE all over the place.



Another reason is Daddy said they were Students from his old SCHOOL. Only I don't understand how they fit in the desks.



And Another thing is they had on UNDER-WARE, & ONLY BABIES CAN wear them WITHOUT getting AR-RESTED by a POLICE MAN.



Another way you could tell was they were trying to make a BASKET & didn't even know HOW. I learnt how in ARTS & CRAFTS when I was still in KINDER GARDEN.



Instead they spent the whole time fighting over a big BALL THAT one of them had brought with him.



Lucky for them there was a Police Man with a Whistle who made them give it BACK, or else they would of been fighting ALL the time.



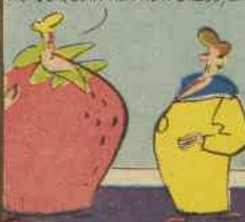
BUT WORST of all they were Big Babies on a count of they still drank from a BOTTLE.



Next time Daddy takes me to a BASKET BALL game, I'm GONNA stay HOME!

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

MY DEAR YOUR DAUGHTER LOOKED WONDERFUL IN HER NEW DRESS.



DID SHE BUY IT WHEN SHE WENT OVERSEAS?



By RUD

NO. IT'S MY OLD DRESS I WORE IN TWENTY



KIDNEY TROUBLES?
like this.
Pressure and pain in kidneys, weak bladder?

Then start a course of
DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOLS

When your kidneys are not working properly, uric acids and poisonous waste are deposited in muscles and joints, causing aches and pains that make life a misery.
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If you or yours suffer kidney and bladder weakness, bad back, aching muscles and joints, rheumatism, neuritis, headaches or hot flashes, start on **MENTHOLS** treatment to-day.
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Manufactured for Racapan Limited by Muir & Neil Pty. Ltd., Sydney and Melbourne.

could hardly believe it,
HAIRSETS FOR 4d!
Like Jill said I would get thirty hairsets from one 4/10. I'm just amazed. But it's true. I'm now saving money on my hairsets and find that Curlypet gives me the best hairsets I've ever had. Like Jill I'm telling the girls how good, how magical Curlypet really is. It's true!
Is-Quickset with Curlypet!
Curlypet

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Scholl's ZINO-PADS protect against pressure and friction. Pain stops. Relief is wonderful. Medicated powder corns. Sizes for Callouses, 3 1/2", 4", 4 1/2", 5", 5 1/2", 6", 6 1/2", 7", 7 1/2", 8", 8 1/2", 9", 9 1/2", 10".
Scholl's ZINO-PADS

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE, Master Magician, and Princess Narda and Dr. Tate were exploring a large cave when they were confronted by a robot in the figure of a caveman of the past ages. They also see what seems to be the petrified body of a dinosaur. They are bewildered

by these strange things. The robot says that the answers to all questions are built into him by a science they could not understand. Then he begins to tell them why he and the dinosaur robot are here. NOW READ ON:



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Such quantity of drink should be sufficient for a fish (4).
3. Besprinkled by sad peers (8).
7. Paid attention with broken deed which he preceded (6).
9. For blowing or for holding an ice-cream (6).
10. Pest made sudden panic and flight (8).
11. The French I see is not clerical (4).
12. In this African river there is nothing but fruit (6).
15. Lo, such hat is fitting for a digger (6).
17. Fail to find a young lady (4).
19. These are obtainable by manufacturing or by multiplication (8).
22. On fire, started by a sailor (6).
23. Organ of touch on invertebrate animals (6).
24. Steals by snatching (6).
25. The printer puts him to proof (6).



Solution of last week's crossword.

DOWN

2. Sluggish if of finer taste (5).
3. Confuse mentally dad with the help of the French (5).
4. Pointed stakes starting with the best (7).
5. Of the country, not necessarily from Russia as the end would indicate (5).
6. Ice a leg (Anagr., 7).
8. This evil spirit turns me in a fellow (5).
13. Many-colored artist in a curve (7).
14. This ruler orders me to turn from the press (7).
16. The rudimentary seed (5).
18. M.P. was the cause of the bog (5).
20. Proposal in waterproof fermentation (5).
21. Subject on which you write or speak (5).

Solution will be published next week.



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Arnott's **CRISP**
Sao Biscuits



There is no Substitute for Quality



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

November 25, 1959

Teenagers'

WEEKLY



**NEW
QUIZARAMA,
Pages 6, 7**

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly Not to be sold separately

LETTERS

Do boys like 'em tall?

I DON'T know why it is that tall girls keep wishing they were two or three inches shorter. I am inclined to think tall girls are much more feminine and graceful than some of the five feet 2ins. My friends all feel the same way. So, all you tall girls, don't feel ashamed of your height—be proud of it. Boys admire tall girls.—P. Simpson, Williamstown, Vic.

Great-aunt, 15

I'M not yet 15, but I am already a great-aunt. As well I have nine nieces and 13 nephews, making a total of 22. Can anyone beat that?—Evelyn Thomas, Dareton, N.S.W.

Careless speech

THE recent death of the N.S.W. Premier, Mr. J. J. Cahill, saddened people all over the world. I listened to the A.B.C. on the night of his death and heard various Parliamentary officials pay their respects. What a pity they didn't take care with their speech. Mr. Cahill was the late Premier, not Preeciemier, and he will be remembered for what he did—NOT for what he done.—"Australian," Glen Innes, N.S.W.

Study first

I WOULD like to congratulate "Student's Mother" (T.W. 28/10/59) who advised us girls not to interrupt our boy-friends' studies. It is necessary for a boy to attend Technical College until his early 20's to get a good solid education. In the long run girls will profit by these years the boys spend at Tech., so we should help them as much as we can. Only take up what time they offer and don't insist for more.—Judith Tomkinson, Bankstown, N.S.W.



JUDITH TOMKINSON
... excellent advice

There are no holds barred in this forum. Send your snaps, too, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Send them to Box 7052 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

OUR COVER: Young ballerinas Shirley Clarke (left), of Ryde, and Pauline Stead, of Rhodes, pose in Centennial Park, Sydney, for staff photographer Ron Berg.

OUR PIN-UP: Yvette Mimieux, 18-year-old Hollywood actress, who will play in "Platinum High School" and "The Time Machine."

From the U.S.

A LETTER in "Teenagers' Weekly" (19/8/59) states that "most American schools have their own heated swimming-pools, and swimming twice or three times a week as a regular lesson." I am afraid that is a bit wrong. I am an Australian who has been living in San Francisco for the past three years, and I have the Women's Weekly sent over. It

surprises me to find that many Australians have the wrong ideas about American schools and how they are run. I have recently graduated from a San Francisco High School and it certainly did not have a swimming-pool. Actually there are only about four public swimming-pools in San Francisco, and none in any of the high schools. It is possible to take swimming as an after-school sport, but this is not counted, and you have to go some distance. And there are definitely regulations on what you should wear to school. Not many teenagers here go steady till they are 16 or over, and they are definitely not more mature. I think Australians mature earlier than American teenagers.—Pat McKernan, San Francisco, U.S.A.

Travel teaches

I AM an Australian girl of 18, who has been lucky enough to visit India and Ceylon. I would like to advise all Australians who are dissatisfied with their country, and who think it is a dull place, to save up and go and see how others in the world live. You'll soon come running back, realising how good your country is and how well off you are in it.—"Grateful," Rosewater, S.A.

Her big feet

WHY don't shoe manufacturers make a larger size in girls' shoes? I am a school-girl of 15, and spend valuable hours searching for a pair of suitable court shoes. Hosiery too, is a problem. Surely I am not the only girl in Australia who takes a fractional shoe fitting of 11B.—"Flapfoot," Clapham, S.A.



CHRISTA WAGNER
... old-fashioned rule

Not crazy

I AM nearly 16. I do not really think a lot about boys, although I have been out with them a few times. I just cannot see why a girl my age should always be spoken of as "crazy" about boys. Sports, dancing, and study are generally the main topics of discussion among me and my friends. Recently I met a girl of 13, who talked about nothing but boys. She never mentioned sport, or anything of interest.—"Sightseer," Scarborough, W.A.

He was cruel

DRIVING through the country last Sunday, I saw a man in a car drive deliberately out of his way to run over a sleepy lizard. I thought this quite unnecessary. Dumb animals have a life to live as well as people.—Alison Hammer, Somerton Park, S.A.

Blacked out

WHILE out motoring last Sunday I was amazed to see quite a number of young teens wearing all-black outfits. They are not very becoming. Bright clothes are much nicer for young folk.—Miss J. M. Francis, Canterbury, N.S.W.

Mature at 18

AT 18 I think most teenagers are mature and capable of looking after themselves. It makes one tired to hear parents say day in and day out: "When you are 21 you can do as you like, but now you do what I tell you." I think that it is an old-fashioned rule, and should be changed.—Christa Wagner, Townsville, Qld.

Favors curfew

I THINK all young girls under 17 years of age should not be out later than 11.30 p.m. Girls who come home at all hours often end up in trouble. Every girl should tell her parents where she is going and make sure she comes straight home.—"Involved Teenager," Cairns, Qld.

... And it rained

I'VE found out that some old sayings are true—for example: "A black cat means rain." A few days ago, walking along the street, I saw a black cat across the road. Sure enough, that afternoon it rained quite heavily!—Tina Sturges, Rosetta, Tas.

STAYING ON AT SCHOOL

● Margaret Hale (T.W., 21/10/59) urged that students planning to leave school after the Intermediate should stay on and continue their schooling.

FOR

THANK you, wise person, who suggested all third-year pupils go on for the Leaving Certificate. It has confirmed my decision to go on to 5th year.—"Leaving Candidate," Byron Bay, N.S.W.

I WAS one of the silly ones who left school after third year, but I was lucky enough to realise it in time to return to school after missing a year. Those two years will make a great difference even if I have no intention of a tertiary education.—Malvena Dan, Revesby, N.S.W.

SOME children at the age of 14 and 15 have to leave school because of lack of finance. This is unfortunate, but if these children have any real ambition they will educate themselves later in life.—Tom Madern, Merewether 2N, N.S.W.

I SIMPLY cannot understand teenagers who are longing to leave school. I go to college and I love it. I meet lots of people my own age, have lots of friends, do all the interesting things there are to do at school,

and, of course, try to increase my knowledge.—"Happy Collegian," Melbourne.

SOME teenagers who live around my way and who left school when they just turned 14 tease me because I am still a little schoolgirl (I am 16), and think that it is about time that I started working. But I think I am most privileged, and owe all my thanks to my parents who have guided me. I am proud of my education, and hope to go on with my studies and become a teacher.—Nicole Mangan, North Melbourne, Vic.



NICOLE MANGAN
... most privileged

I LEFT school after the Intermediate and I regret it very much. It is only now that I realise what a wonderful time I had at school.—"Regretting," Violet Town, Vic.

TOO few teenagers realise the personal satisfaction they get from knowing that they have a good education. You may be able to get a well-paid job without a good education, but it is just as important to be able to take part in any conversation with any people without saying silly things or feeling ill at ease.—"La Belle," Beauty Point, N.S.W.

... AGAINST

MY parents want me to continue school until I pass the Leaving. They themselves had very little schooling and are keen on the idea that a good education is a passport to prosperity and happiness. Although I am fond of learning, and am good at school, I don't want a white-collar job. I was happier when we lived in the country, and I suppose that is why I would rather be a truck driver or a shearer, or some other outside occupation. I could then start

earning right away and should be able to help my parents financially. I am an only child and they are making real sacrifices for my sake, so I don't like disappointing them, but I hate the thought of ending up as a civil servant, bank clerk, or school-teacher. This difference in opinion on higher education is the nearest we have come to discord in our little family, so I guess I am destined to become yet another academic misfit.—"Flat Top," Alberton, S.A.

I THINK it is unnecessary for a girl to go for her Leaving Certificate. I left school when I was 14 and have never been out of work, and have been most successful in bettering myself. I now have a Government job with a very good salary. Several of my girl-friends who stayed on for their Leaving have the same job and some even have worse jobs. Those who stayed to become teachers have the chance that they may get married before they have earned enough to cover the cost of their education. I'm not sorry I left school at 14, as I am now, at 17, self-supporting.—"Satisfied," Bridgeport, W.A.

DATING — these are the rules

By **LESTER A. KIRKENDALL** and
RUTH FARNHAM-OSBORNE

● *Getting a start in boy-girl relations is like everything else; it takes time and understanding.*

WHAT kind of understanding? What's the secret formula?

Believe it or not, one of the important things is to be yourself. That means acting the same friendly way you act with your parents and with friends of your own sex.

Some people start their first boy-girl friendships by going on group dates. Janie may have a party and invite a group of fellows and girls. You are Janie's best friend, so of course you'll be invited. Here's your first chance. If the party is well planned, you'll have fun and you'll get much better acquainted with a group of boys.

After you've made friends in the group, double dates may be the next step in your dating career. A fellow you met at Janie's party may want to take you to the movies; his sister may want to go with some fellow she has met. So the four of you will go out together and you'll find yourself more at ease with your date because others are present.

Maybe you'll find one person

with whom you'd rather be than anyone else. Perhaps you'll even "go steady" for a while, dating only one person. That's all right, too. It is this kind of process of testing the qualities you like in persons which you'll be using later when you think of marriage.

There are many things most boys and girls seem to require in dates. A high school class recently made a survey of their likes and dislikes about members of the other sex. Look at their conclusions and see if you don't, on the whole, agree with them.

What girls like

Courtesy seems to be an important requirement. Girls expect it in fellows.

"What are you doing tonight?" Are you guilty of posing this question during a phone conversation?

Girls want good planning for a date.

They also like to be consulted about the plans in advance, if only to know what to wear.

Are you as considerate as you



You are on a date . . . and one of the most important things is to be yourself, to act naturally, just as you would with your parents and friends.

want your date to be? Are you concerned about whether she has a good time? You'll have more fun if you show the same consideration you expect from her.

How's your personal appearance? More than likely, you are never mistaken for a movie star! However, if you are well-groomed and neatly dressed, you'll please almost any date.

Are you poised? Girls like boys who seem grown-up, who "act their age."

Sincere straight-forwardness is definitely the right approach with women. They don't like to be given a "line," which may be your way of impressing them. A girl wants to be liked for herself, rather than for the way she flatters the male ego.

What boys like

A peppy, wide-awake person who likes to have fun. A fellow likes a girl who is genuinely enthusiastic—alive, alert, and full of life. Such a girl is intelligently interested in the world about her—her vivacity is not made up of affected mannerisms.

Personal appearance is important, too. Boys like beautiful girls, there's no denying that. But that doesn't restrict their attentions to girls who are the movie-star type. A friendly smile and a pleasant disposition, poise, alert bearing and good posture, and appropriate clothes are what the boys like in their girls.

Good sportsmanship is another requirement.

Warmness and cordiality are as much expected in boy-girl relationships as they are in other friendships. Boys like girls who can accept them as persons and friends, without being stilted or unnatural towards them because they are boys.

Possessiveness in boy-girl relationships can be disastrous. Boys have an aversion to girls who hang all over them in public and who take too much initiative in their relationship.

Girls who are considerate have a high place in the estimation of any boys. Do you consider your boy-friend's financial state when you plan a date? You should! Fellows appreciate a girl who doesn't insist on doing things they can't afford.

Here is a list of dating questions compiled by a high school class.

1. At what age should you start dating?

● To page 12

TEST YOUR DATING QUALITIES

● Check yourself against the following lists—one for girls, one for boys—to see how you measure up to the qualities each sex likes in the other.

FOR GIRLS

- ☐ 1. Do you enter enthusiastically into planning activities with your date or the gang?
- ☐ 2. Are you intelligently interested in the world about you?
- ☐ 3. Is your appearance pleasing? Do you have a healthy, glowing look about you? Are you neat? Do you avoid using too much make-up?
- ☐ 4. Do you usually have a friendly smile for people?
- ☐ 5. Do you have a pleasant disposition? Are you easy to get along with?
- ☐ 6. Are you well poised?
- ☐ 7. Have you an alert bearing and good posture?
- ☐ 8. Are you a good sport? Do you play fair with the fellows you date?
- ☐ 9. Do you avoid acting possessive (and feeling that way, too) towards both boy and girl friends?
- ☐ 10. Are you considerate? Do you think of a boy's feelings as well as your own before you act?
- ☐ 11. Do you appreciate the fact that the car is less important than the boy himself?

FOR BOYS

- ☐ 1. Are you courteous — gentlemanly and polite?
- ☐ 2. When making a date do you tell the girl what activity has been planned?
- ☐ 3. Do you keep your voice well modulated on a date?
- ☐ 4. Are you considerate of the girl you're with. Do you see that she has fun?
- ☐ 5. When you tease a girl, do you make sure you do so in a kind way?
- ☐ 6. Is your personal appearance up to par?
- ☐ 7. Are you sincere and straightforward with girls?
- ☐ 8. Are you poised? Do you act at ease?
- ☐ 9. Are you interested in a variety of things, so that you can converse with a girl on subjects other than football and model planes?
- ☐ 10. Are you dependable? Do you arrive at places when you say you will?
- ☐ 11. Are you congenial and fun to be with?

How do you rate? The more questions you were able to answer with a "Yes" the more successful you are likely to be with the other sex. Give yourself one point for every "Yes" answer and see where you stand.

9-11: You probably don't have to worry much about getting along with the opposite sex. 6-8: You're pretty well up on what it takes to be successful in boy-girl friendships. 3-5: You're on the right track, but will have to make more effort. 1-2: You'd better take a good look at yourself to see where you can make some improvements.



CAROLINE DRURY poses with artist Holland's impression of her as a ballerina—a painting which is really the lid of a cosmetic package. At left is the photograph which was used as a guide for the painting.



PAMELA QUINN (above and right) wore a switch of long hair for her portrait. The pictures, in shadow-box frames, are ready to hang—you just remove the "lid" from the package and presto! you have a new picture.



They've both been framed

By DAWN JAMES

● Two pretty Australian girls will decorate some of this Christmas season's most attractive packages.

THESE two Sydney teenagers, Caroline Drury and Pamela Quinn, have been framed—artistically speaking, that is.

How did it happen? To begin with, a well-known cosmetic company decided to manufacture a brand-new range of Christmas packages.

Their make-up and toilet preparations are in boxes, as usual, but this year the boxes are decorated with reproductions of French Impressionist-inspired paintings—a series of portraits from life, using Australian girls as models.

Two of the packs have unusual "lids." They are paintings of Caroline and Pamela in moulded plastic shadow-box frames. The only commercial identification is an easily removable ribbon; take it off and the pictures are ready to hang.

The cosmetic company began early last January planning this Christmas range and continued working on it right through the year.

Sydney artist Arthur Holland took about three months "with continual interruptions" to carry out the commission of nine portraits.

For the "framed" models, Caroline and Pamela, it was a

three-minute job that unexpectedly blossomed into a big-time affair.

Soon their portraits will be on show at cosmetic counters all over Australia.

They're impressed and excited about it all, in a bewildered sort of way.

"It was all so quick," explained Caroline, a tall, black-haired beauty with sleepy, blue-green eyes.

"I was at Mr. Holland's studio. He showed me a picture of a woman holding a baby and said, 'This is how you have to look.' Then he took some photographs in about three minutes.

"I didn't even know what it was all about."

Like a cameo

Pamela, who has tawny hair, blue eyes, and a face like a cameo, said the same thing happened to her.

"Mr. Holland showed me a picture of a woman with long hair. I'd just bought a switch, so I put it on. He gave me some roses to pin on my hair—and took the pictures.

"It couldn't have taken any longer than three or four minutes."

A few months later Pamela went along to the artist's studio again on another job.

"He showed me a painting and said, 'What do you think of this?'"

"I didn't recognise it. But it was me!"

"The paintings are beautiful—but no one would recognise us," Caroline added rather regretfully.

"It's such a big thing from such a little thing. We really didn't have anything to do. I mean, it wasn't like modelling swimsuits on the beach in winter or anything difficult like that."

It might have been quick and effortless for the girls, but for artist Arthur Holland it was a commission that brought a lot of concentrated hard work.

"It came as pretty much of a bombshell being asked to do nine classic-style paintings after doing cheesecake all day," he said.

"But I always try to combine the two—commercial art and the fine arts."

He chose the models for his portraits "because they remind me of the blue-and-rose period of Picasso, and of Marie Laurencin's paintings.

"I didn't want them too far removed from the present day. But I wanted them to have a romantic, ethereal quality—not brittle or commercial.

"We got a lot of props: ropes of pearls, artificial flowers, bits of net, and so on. Then I took pictures of the girls."

And then the real work began. Holland used the photographs for reference.

"I suppose the paintings took about three months," he said, "but I wasn't working all the time. There were continual interruptions, and I had to meet the time limit."

For his ballerina paintings he used a photograph of some ballet students, in traditional poses, as a model.

"I had to go to Melbourne. But the painting had to be finished," he said.

"I began at 10 p.m. and painted till six in the morning. Then I got a taxi out to Mascot and caught the 10 a.m. plane to Melbourne.

"When I arrived back home the next day, it was the first time I really saw what I had painted."

Now the Degas-like ballerinas of that picture decorate an octagonal dressing-table tidy. But it's also filled with cosmetics—another of the "dual purpose" Christmas packages.

"Our packaging varies each year," Miss Billie Reid, the company's cosmetic development executive, told me.

"And we feel very proud that we're the first to introduce this new idea. It's entirely Australian.

"Our advertising people, the cosmetic sales staff, artists, and the creative team from our advertising agency began a series of meetings at the beginning of the year.

"But I can't say who thought of this new idea—it just seemed to develop.

"In January, of course, we'll begin more meetings—to decide on the packaging for next year."

This is one company where the staff has the Christmas spirit all year round!



BEAUTY-BOX BALLERINAS

● Artist Arthur Holland took these photographs of students from the Norton School of Ballet. Then he painted the ballerinas for the cosmetic package below. This can be used afterwards as a useful dressing-table tidy.



Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — November 25, 1959



Teenagers' Weekly — Page 5

Here it
is again . . .

QUIZARAMA



HOW TO PLAY IT

HERE we are back again with our fascinating match-making game, QUIZARAMA.

Above are 13 secretaries, and on the opposite page are the bosses they work for.

You have to match them up. Study the descriptions and pictures.

Each of the bosses clearly thinks he has the Perfect Secretary. Why? That's up to you to work out from the appearance and characters of both the bosses and their secretaries.

You'll have fun working out what makes their perfect partnerships work so well. No prizes.

Match these perfect office teams

1 JENNIFER BARNES took on her job because she is interested in foreign folk. Calls her boss by his rank. Her ambition: to travel as much as she can.

2 JOYCE TRUESDALE finds her boss a honey—to work for. She calls him by his surname in the office, Christian name on social occasions, needs qualities of an encyclopedia.

3 PAT BISHOP joined her boss because she's a television fan. She calls him by his Christian name. At home she has a husband and family waiting for her—when she's fed up with television.

4 JUDY CHARD finds her boss humorous and easy-going. He even allows her to call him Mister.

5 MAGGIE ROSS took on her boss because she was trained as an artist. She admires him because he is

good-tempered, even in the morning.

6 ARTHUR ROBBINS calls his boss by his Christian name and thinks him perfect.

7 BETTY BARKER. Her interest in racing got her

quite a lot. Her ambition: to get married—in five years' time.

9 JILL NEWMAN chose to work for her boss because behind a rough exterior he has lots of patience and a marvellous sense of

ambition: to be a fashion photographer.

11 JANE GORDON admits to taking her job in a moment of madness. It was an inspired moment. She has the perfect attributes for it. She is unimpressed by the glamor of her work, and is interested only in its commercial implications.

12 ANTHEA WARWICK chose her boss because she knew and liked him. Also liked tennis, was promised time off to play.

13 JUDITH ANDERSON got her job by typing and keeps it by more housewifely qualities. Finds it easier to please her boss than he does to satisfy all his customers.

THE SECRETARIES

her job. Tact and patience help her to keep it. If she loses it, her ambition is—to marry her boss.

8 ANN SUMMERS has a high regard for her boss and a liking for the work. She keeps it by her patience—and looks. She calls her boss Mister occasionally, and by his Christian name

humor. She calls him Mister as his appearance demands, and does his spelling for him.

10 SALLY ANNE VIVIAN took her job because she wanted some new clothes. She has plenty to choose from. Uses her boss' Christian name. Her

BOSSES AND SECRETARIES

PUT YOUR ANSWERS HERE

● Against the number of each secretary below put the number of the boss you think she works for.

1..... 4..... 7..... 10.....
2..... 5..... 8..... 11.....
3..... 6..... 9..... 12.....
13.....

Turn to Page 12 and see how perceptive you are.



1 JAMES DEDALUS, 25-year-old director of a literary and artwork agency. Chose his secretary because he was lonely, and keeps her because she thinks he is a genius.

2 KENNETH PETERS, newspaper features editor. Chose his secretary because she looked the right type and could type right. Now he likes her because she looks neat and sews his buttons on.

3 JAMES PENNOCK, director of a firm producing technical publications. He chose his secretary because of her looks.

4 CHRISTOPHER HODSON, television executive. Chose his secretary because he thought she would brighten his office. He can't let her go, as she can always lend him a pound when the banks have shut.

5 LARRY COOMBS, director of a firm of pharmaceutical manufacturers. Finds his secretary always in a good temper, manages other people, too, and remembers the dates he forgets.

6 NEVILLE GATES, partner in a model agency. Chose his secretary because, although extremely pretty, she didn't want to be a model.

7 JUSTIN JOHNSON, sales manager of a big car firm. He didn't choose his secretary. She was in the office when he arrived.

8 JACK BOND, racing motorist and proprietor of a car agency. Why did

he choose his secretary? He fell for the secretary's daughter.

9 CAPTAIN INNES WATSON, manager of an advertising agency. He inherited his secretary, who never forgets the tea.

10 TONY DE MICHELI, proprietor of a tony restaurant and coffee bar. He chose his secretary because she looked beautiful and looked as though she could type. He still thinks she looks beautiful.

11 CHARLES DENHAM, a bookmaker and member of a number of sporting clubs.

12 MARY QUANT, dress designer and director of a group of debs' and teenagers' dress shops. She chose her secretary because she's size ten and can wear her designs.

13 TEDDY BROUGH-TON, designer of women's glamor sportswear. His secretary chose him. She has long legs and good shorthand. And tells him to shut up and not to fuss.

THE BOSSES

Patterns in GINGHAM

● Here on-and from a summe 4060, state

F5540.—Tailored shirt-jacket and matching shorts (left). The shirt can double as a beach-coat, the shorts with a series of pretty mix-'n-match tops. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 3½yds. material. Price 4/9.

F5542. — Pretty party - cum - sundress (right) mixes small and large checks effectively. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. large-check material and 2½yds. small-check material. Price 4/6.



F5540



F5541

F5541.—New for the beach is this sleeveless smock (above right) worn over brief matching tailored shorts. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 3½yds. of 36in. material. Price 4/9.



F5542

Spindt

we show check gingham in gay young
off-the-beach fashions. All can be made
easy-to-follow pattern. Order now for
sewing. Address mail orders to Box
P.O., Sydney. When ordering, please
state the pattern number and the size.

F5544. — Slim Jim beach-suit (right) has cardigan-
type jacket with patch pockets and neat matching
pants designed matador-style. Sizes 30 to 36in.
bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.

F5546. — Bare-shouldered on-and-off-the-beach dress
(below right) has a dainty self-frill trimming bodice-
top and roomy pockets. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust.
Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Pattern price 4/6.

F5543. — Lace-trimmed sissy shirt-
blouse and matador pants. Sizes 30
to 36in. bust. Requires: pants 2½yds.
36in. large-check material, blouse
2½yds. 36in. small-check material
plus 4yds. 1½in. edging. Price 4/9.

F5545. — Summer threesome (right) —
short-cut pants, loose sleeveless jacket,
and shirt-blouse. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust.
Requires 4½yds. 36in. large-check mat-
erial for pants and jacket and 2½yds.
36in. plain material for shirt. Price 4/9.



Louise
Hunter

Here's your answer

Her secret dates

"I AM a young active girl of 15½ and still going to high school. I am not madly in love as some teenagers quote to you and I don't intend to be for a few years yet, but I am very fond of a Greek boy who I know likes me very much. Each night after school he meets me in his car and drops me off at the top of the street so Mum can't see us. My girl-friend, who is 14½, also does the same, and we are wondering why it is that our mothers hate the idea of our going out in groups with these two Greeks? If they were Dutch or Yankees, I reckon they wouldn't

mind. Why is it so? And why is it that mothers have to stand in the way of us modern kids and try to make us act old-fashioned? We are seeing the two boys behind our mothers' backs, I know it isn't right, but I can't help it, can I?"
"Wondering," Vic.

You certainly can help it. You are two "modern kids" who make things tough for everyone. Your mothers are trying to turn you into well-behaved girls whom people will like, so that when you are older you will have lots of friends and a good time.

You probably think you are having a good time now, disobeying your parents and going out with your boy-friends. What you are actually doing is enjoying the wrong kind of popularity, building up a bad reputation that will probably cause you quite a bit of unhappiness later on.

I am sure your mothers don't mind your boy-friends being Greek. It would be exactly the same if they were Australian boys from next door.

They know — and they are absolutely right — that you are both too young to be steadily dating boys of any nationality. Another thing they know very well is that they can't trust you. You've proved that. Obeying your mother hasn't been old-fashioned for the past 2000 years and it never will be.

What will happen to you is that any time now your parents will find out about your deceit and that will be the end of the section. It will take you years of good behaviour to overcome that. All your friends will suffer, too. Their parents will think they behave like you do, and be stricter than ever with them. That is what I mean by making things tough for everyone.

You and your friend are just the end to other teenagers. Open your eyes wide and take a good look at yourself. If you've got good sense, and I am sure you have some carefully hidden away beneath your foolishness, you will both stop standing in your own way, obey your parents, listen to their advice, and have lots of fun later on.

Nursing ambition

"I AM very interested in taking up nursing in a maternity hospital and was wondering if you could tell me if I would have to do the three years' nursing first. Also, could you tell me the necessary educational standard?"

B.J., Vic.

No, you don't have to do your three years' general training first, but it is recommended that you do. You can go straight to a maternity hospital and in two years you are a trained midwife, but that's all.

Girls who have their double certificate for general nursing and midwifery have far greater opportunities. General nursing takes three years and midwifery training (when you already have your general nursing certificate) takes only 12 months. If you did this, you could



He has a roving eye

"I HAVE been going steady with a terrific girl for a little over a year. At the moment I am staying with friends in the country and have met a very nice girl whom I would also like to date when she comes to the city to live next year. They are both wonderful girls and I cannot two-time them for long. I am 18. Please give me your advice."

H.H., N.S.W.

I can't miss this opportunity of saying "See what comes of going steady." I suppose you've made all kinds of vows about undying love to the terrific girl. If you have, and still date the country girl when she arrives, watch out for stormy weather if you don't give Miss Terrific the brush-off first. Why not resign from the going-steady circle and play the field for a while. Then you could take both of them out occasionally.

specialise in midwifery after you graduated.

Nursing trainees are required to have gained their Intermediate Certificate or to have passed the Nurses' Entrance Examination. You should call at or write to the Victorian Nursing Council, 431 St. Kilda Rd., Melbourne. They will give you complete details of examination standards and when the Nurses' Entrance Examinations are held. There are generally several of the exams each year.

Confused, desperate

"I AM madly in love with a boy in my home town. He is 20 and I am 18 years old, but although he says he loves me, leads me on, often dates me, visits my home frequently, and becomes very jealous when I associate with other boys, when my back is turned he carries on with another girl, who also is very fond of him. We have had several rows, but he always assures me that his love for me is greater than for the other girl. I cannot see eye to eye with her (nor she with me) and so we cannot straighten this out between ourselves. What am I to do? Please do not say 'drop him,' as I have tried this but have found it impossible. I am desperate. I have been going with him for 14 months."

"Confused," N.S.W.

If you won't give him up, why not go out with other boys when he takes the other girl out. That seems to be the only way to get results.

Take no notice of him when he tells you he loves you more than the other girl. That is nonsense. If he did he wouldn't want to see her.

Boring kisses

"SINCE I began going with boys I had hardly ever been kissed, but when I was on the first few occasions I was really thrilled. Now, at 14, I am often kissed by different boys, but their kisses hardly thrill me at all. My girl-friends say they are the same way. We don't pretend to be really in love

with our boy-friends. Are we too young for kissing?"
"Doubtful," Vic.

Yes. The trouble is that you are far too young for kissing. Kissing is queer, it has no rules, and I think you've been making them. Kissing by rule is never any good. Nothing is less thrilling. The sort of kisses that are supersonic (and kisses can be) are ones from someone you're really madly in love with.

I think this kissing you do must be ghastly, and so boring. I'd give it away until you meet someone you're in a swoon over. You'll be quite a lot older — at least over 16 — before this happens to you. Wait until then and romance will seem much more like what it is in books and pictures.

I don't think you should ever have kissing boy-friends before you're 16. Until then a girl should be at school or preparing for her life in the adult world, where dating and other social occasions are part of everyday life.

No young girl I've known has been able to cope adequately and without embarrassment with all the social occasions you encounter before this age. And kissing is a social occasion, a private, romantic social occasion.

I don't mean that girls should not enjoy the company of boys before they are 16. After all, we seem to get them on our minds from the time we're about 12. But until you are 16 I think boys should only be on your mind, or the fascinating creatures you meet at occasional parties, church or school socials, or the good friends (not kissing friends) you meet at the beach or outings with your crowd.

Tell parents

"Syndell," S.A. You must tell your parents immediately. They will decide what is best for you to do.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

A WORD FROM DEBBIE



DID you start work this year for the first time? If you did, you're wondering what happens in the office for Christmas. What do they do? What about presents; who gives what to whom?

You're the junior in the office, so play it quietly; ask someone what is the office tradition. Sometimes there's an office party, sometimes there isn't, sometimes you're told you may leave early on Christmas Eve, sometimes you are not.

Whatever happens at Christmas-time in your office, accept it gracefully. No grumbles to anyone if there's no party, no special privileges. They are not your due, they are a concession. But if there is a special celebration, or you are given an hour off or something similar, don't take it for granted, thank the boss for it.

Present-giving in the office is generally a matter of tradition. Some workers exchange gifts, proper ones or silly ones, others don't. If you have a special girl-friend in the office and you want to give her a gift, give her one, but make it small and thoughtful, not lavishly embarrassing.

And the big question. Should you give the boss a Christmas present? No, never. Not even if you really want to, not even if he gives you one. Just wish him a Merry Christmas.



1. ROLL wet bangs over cotton-wool and clip. Part hair on extreme left side. Rollers are placed all over the head: all roll downward on each side for bouffant look. Headband is placed where bangs begin.



2. BRUSH wet bangs back into hairline first of all. Scotch-tape into place, following the natural flow of your hair. Clip upwards two rows of pin-curls on each side and around the back to create easy wing look.



3. BRUSH wet bangs from crown over roll of cotton wool. Place ponytail with rubber band, separate into two large curls, and clip. Set two rows of pin-curls on each side and across back to make page-boy.



4. COMB wet bangs over cotton-wool. Clip one side upward in double row of pin-curls, from the nape to the front-side. Clip other side downward from the side to nape of neck for nice back effect.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — November 25, 1959



1. For bangs-down and an exciting swirl-twist we recommend this longish "do" for the gamin-type teen. Hair that is utterly straight needs a soft, light permanent to hold this style.



2. More bangs? Yes, they're here and a very big part of that swept-back look. This simple style may be a real change from your present idea of yourself; that's the charm of a new "do."

Ways to wear long hair

● These four easy-to-do hairstyles for the girl with long hair all go with a bang. Check the instructions at left for the style you like before you begin your set, and make quite sure that all the equipment you need is on hand.

3. Bangs in front, swept-back sides, and a ponytail-turned-elegant make this party-going hair-do. The model's hair is so soft and fine she had to reinforce it with a perm.



4. This page-boy is quite different from its ancestor a few years back. If you know your history or have seen some movies you'll know this is the Renaissance look, new and young.



Teenagers' Weekly — Page 11



When you're on a date from page 3

There really is no one age at which everyone begins dating. Provided your parents are in agreement — and somebody you're interested in asks you — you usually start dating just as soon as you graduate from the whole-gang-together stage.

2. Can a girl ask a boy for a date?

Sometimes. It's social custom for boys to ask girls for dates; when the reverse happens, it's usually a special situation. Jean may be having a party and asks each of her girl-friends to bring a date. Naturally, in such a case, it's perfectly all right for a girl to invite a boy.

3. How can you let your date know you like him, or her?

It's easy. When you enjoy being with a person, he or she knows it. You're in a happy frame of mind and it's catching.

4. What about a goodnight kiss on the first date?

The answer to this question lies partially in custom and circumstances. In some communities kissing is disapproved and a kiss on the first date would leave the impression that the girl was "easy." As a girl, you have a perfect right to wait until you really mean your kiss.

5. How can you bring a date to a close?

Frankness tempered with tact works best. You might simply say, "My parents and I have agreed on a 10.30 deadline for weekday nights. That gives us a half-hour more. Let's listen to the Gershwin records and then we call it a day."

6. Should you invite a boy in after a date?

If the date consists of a walk or an early film you might ask him in for a while, provided it's early and your parents are still awake. But if it's late and

they are asleep, the smart thing to do is to say goodnight at the door.

7. How do you make up after a quarrel?

A frank discussion is the best way to clear the air. Even though you may have been in the right, some kind of compromise may be possible. If you have been wrong, admit it.

8. How often should you go out on dates?

Your own answer to this question will come from using your head plus the judgment of your parents.

9. What about "pick-up" dates?

If you meet a boy while you are with your crowd and he asks to take you out, you might accept provided the others know him and there will be a group along with you.

However, under any other circumstances, day or night, say "no!" when it comes to dating boys you have not met through friends.

Parents and dating

Though it may be hard for you to see, your parents are often justified in raising questions about your dating. They worry about your running around with people they don't always approve of or even know.

Here are answers to a few of the questions you and your friends ask.

1. Do your parents object to your dating?

Find out why, if they do. If they feel you are unable to take care of yourself, it's your job to prove to them that you are a sensible person, able to use good judgment both on dating and on other things.

If they object to your friends, maybe it's because they don't really know them. Ask your friends over more often.

2. Should you date secretly?

No! Clandestine meetings, whether you're a girl or boy, are unfair to both you and your date. Furthermore, your parents' trust in you may be severely damaged.

3. Should your family always know where you are going?

Yes.

Going steady

Now we come to the stage where you found yourself looking forward with particular pleasure to dates with one person, and not caring much about the others. The two of you seemed to feel the same way, and began to talk about making it "official" — in other words, about going steady.

Why do people go steady? In most cases, it's because they like each other a great deal, but there's more to it than that.

One of the main attractions of going steady is the security it provides. You're sure of yourself and of your steady.

Another reason is that you have someone to whom you can give affection and love.

Going steady results naturally from group, double, and single dating; it's an accepted social pattern. You have been using the process of trial and elimination necessary for choosing a marriage partner wisely.

There are disadvantages however to going steady.

By confining your interests to a single person during your social and emotional growing-up period, you also limit your personality development. Your personality develops through interplay with a wide variety of people.

You respond differently to each individual. And when you go steady you may experience only one of many possible responses.

Does one person make you feel protective? Do you feel more comfortable and easy with one date than with another?

Does another date give the feeling of being mothered? Does this one make you want to put forward your best effort in your work? Would a different response make you happier?

You're likely to know better if you date a lot of people.

You are building for future happiness in the kind of boy-girl relationship you are forming now. You do not find happiness in marriage; you take happiness into marriage with you.

[From the book "How to Be a Successful Teenager," by Dr. William C. Menninger and others, published and copyrighted by Sterling Publishing Co., Inc., of New York, U.S.A., as excerpted from the pamphlet "Dating Days," copyright by Science Research Associates, Inc., of Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A.]

LISTEN HERE with Ainslie Baker

POPS: A new Pat Boone 45 is always something worth noting, and "Fool's Hall Of Fame" is a typical Boone number with a message. On the flip of this London disc Pat slides easily into a semi-Western groove for "Brightest Wishing Star."

GENERALLY speaking I'm not much of a fan of film star Mr. Rock Hudson. But for those who feel differently a Festival 45 offers Rock with two songs from the Hudson-Doris Day movie "Pillow Talk." As well as the title song (all about a poor bachelor with only his pillow to talk to) Rock sings "Roly Poly." In the film, due for Australian release next month, Rock and Doris sing "Roly Poly" as a duet in one of several screamingly funny sequences.



ROCK HUDSON

FROM Polydor comes a 45 with a difference. For one thing, you don't get a new Satchmo single every day of the week, and it's quite an event when Louis Armstrong raises his golden trumpet and rusty voice. It's too bad that on this occasion his material was no more distinguished than the frankly commercial "Uncle Satchmo's Lullaby," which he sings with nine-year-old German hit-parade songstress Gabriele. The popular "Morgen," played by Bert Kampfert and His Soloists, is the coupling.

NEW boy Kimball Coburn proves himself a likeable, easy personality with his teen-styled "Kam and Pam" (R.C.A. 45). On the flip he adopts just the right rustic approach to the novelty oldie "I'm My Own Grandpaw." A bright little disc.

LOCAL TALENT:

A trick-idea LP that provides a lot of highly agreeable listening is "Around The World With The Dargies" (Columbia). The polished quintet supposedly take off by jet for foreign countries, letting you have a taste of the musical fare of each as they travel. Mlle Jackie Monnier helps out in France, but our well-travel-

led boys handle the other countries themselves. It's a grand, typical Dargie effort, mixing sweet music, gags, and some very atmospheric stuff.

THE Delltones, four members of the Bronte (Sydney) Surf Club who earlier this year got together as a vocal group, are already known for their radio, TV, and stage-show appearances. You can hear how they're developing on a Leedon 45, with "Every Little Thing I Do," and lead vocalist Noel Wideberg's own ballad "Tonight."

WHEN Leedon put out the first single disc for Sydney teenage rocker Lonnie Lee, "Shame On You, Miss Johnson" was presented as the big side, with the tune composed for Lonnie by Johnny O'Keefe, "Ain't It So," as the flip. "Ain't It So" is going so well that it gives every indication of ending up among the big sellers. A real success for the local boys.

CLIMBER: Neil Sedaka, a 20-year-old singer with a light, reedy voice and a gimmick delivery, had his first hit with "The Diary," for which his Brooklyn neighbor, Howard Greenfield, wrote the lyrics. The pair come up now with "Oh! Carol," a swinging ballad that is predicted for the top 40. Flip to this R.C.A. 45 is "One Way Ticket" — to my mind not such a happy choice for a singer naturally so far away from the blues style.

AMERICAN teenage idol Frankie Avalon comes up with a double-barrel offering with the rock-a-ballad "Two Fools" and "Just Ask Your Heart," an H.M.V. 45. Both are better than average and Frankie is in fine form. Peter De Angelis directs orchestra and chorus.

DANCING MUSIC:

Orchestra leader Nelson Riddle, whom you hear in support of so many top U.S. vocalists on disc, makes an appearance as a conductor with his soft, swinging orchestra in "The Joy of Living" (Capitol LP). Twelve evergreens, beautifully presented, are as good for listening as for cheek-to-cheek dancing.

CHA CHA on a budget is offered by Festival with its "Tea For Two Cha Chas," an EP with the Tommy Dorsey Orchestra and Warren Covington. On parade with the title number are "My Baby Just Cares For Me," "Dinah Cha Cha," and "I Still Get Jealous Cha Cha." Good chow — I mean cha.

QUIZARAMA RESULT

• Here's how the Quizarama Perfect Office teams paired off:

- 1 Jennifer Barnes works for 9, Captain Innes Watson.
- 2 Joyce Truesdale works for 5, Larry Coombs.
- 3 Pat Bishop works for 4, Christopher Hodson.
- 4 Judy Chard works for 7, Justin Johnson.
- 5 Maggie Ross works for 1, James Dedalus.
- 6 Arthur Robbins works for 8, Jack Bond.
- 7 Betty Barker works for 11, Charles Denham.
- 8 Ann Summers works for 10, Tony de Micheli.
- 9 Jill Newman works for 3, James Pennock.
- 10 The Hon. Sally Anne

Vivian works for 12, Mary Quant.

11 Jane Gordon works for 6, Neville Gates.

12 Anthea Warwick works for 13, Teddy Broughton.

13 Judith Anderson works for 2, Kenneth Peters.

Give yourself one point for every boss and secretary you linked up correctly.

This is how you rate:

11 to 13. You're very perceptive and don't miss anything.

10 to 8. Good. You're pretty perceptive.

7 to 5. You can put two and two together, but you miss a few clues.

Below 5. Look around you. Study other people and you'll get on better yourself.

A RECORD IS BORN

By SHEILA McFARLANE

● Ever wondered what goes into producing the 40 minutes of tracks on a 12-inch LP record? We did, so we swung along with the W. & G. recording team to see Bruce Clarke and his Rockers put their recently released disc, "Rockin' Like Wow Dad," 'in the can.'

BRUCE and his Rockers have been playing together for ten years and turned their talents to rock-'n-roll only six months ago.

The recording session took place in the old Memorial Theatre in St. Kilda, Melbourne.

We climbed through the seatless stalls over a tangled mass of wires and battery boxes out of which sprouted a crop of oddly angled microphones, a few chairs and music stands, a valuable collection of instruments — and a large tin of baby powder.

Engineers, technicians, and off-duty disc jockeys were rushing about.

We broke up a heated debate around the bass fiddle and met Bruce Clarke and his Rockers — drummer Billy Hyde, trumpeter Ron Webb, guitarist Jack Gay, and 20-stone bass strummer Ron Terry, who's known as "Elmer" to the boys.

"Don't mind the fighting — it gets them in the groove," W. & G. producer Ron Tudor explained.

"We argue all the way, both sides of the record," Bruce said with a grin.

Owner of the tin of baby powder turned out to be Billy Hyde. "It's for my tympani," he told us.

And it was. The huge tympani drum is treated to a dust-

ing of talcum when it develops a squeak under its skin.

Bruce and his wife, Georgia, and producer Ron Tudor searched through thousands of musical numbers written since 1899 to select the 12 numbers they would rock on to this recording.

Bruce is a composer, too

The title number, "Rocking Like Wow Dad," and "Rock Crusher" are both Bruce's compositions. The others are "Dardanelle," "Camptown Rock" (from "The Camptown Races"), "Bugle Call Rag," "Golden Wedding" (rocked), "St. Louis Blues," "Sugar Blues," "How Come You Do Me Like You Do," "At the Woodchoppers' Ball," "When the Saints Go Rockin' In," and "40 Miles of Bad Road," which is Bruce's current hit-parade entry.

Bruce spent two weeks writing the arrangements whenever he could — on trams and trains, in cafes, cabs, broadcasting studios, even under the shower.

Now everything was set. Melbourne's first stereo tape recorder was ready to roll in the control room.

"Right, now, let's kill 'em off, boys," Bruce ordered.

"Oh, by the way, music has gone out of date, you know. This has to do till it comes back,"

he called to us as they ran through a few bars of his own wild "Rock Crusher."

Reliable rumor has it that "frantic rock" is on the wane now, and "melodic rock" is just around the corner.

Bruce and his boys are among the first to try this "melodic" brand.

It's a lot easier on the ear. "The tape's rolling . . ." a voice sounded a warning from the control-room window.

"Now let's get this dog off the ground," Bruce called out.

He speaks a dialect of his own to get his message over to the boys. "A bit more hoof beat now," to guitarist Jack, "Bit of dog growl there," to trumpeter Ron, "More back-hand flips on that bar, daddyo," to drummer Billy, and "Now I'll drop in some of that hen clucking."

They stop the instant anyone plays a wrong note. Some numbers need up to two dozen "takes" before they get a note-perfect rendition.

When they think they have one they huddle round the speaker unit, and each listens anxiously to his own performance on the playback. "Listen to the suck solo from the trumpet in the next one. It'll send you," Bruce told me as they prepared for the first take of "Sugar Blues."

As 3DB disc jockey Rod McLennan excused himself from the session because he had an appointment, Billy Hyde told him to "get back fast."

"We'll need some hand-clapping soon, and last time we were fresh out of hands we wasted half an hour recruiting some from the street," he said.

Incidentally, one Melbourne girl is thinking of launching a hand-clapping association to meet the increasing demand.

"Just can't get it off the ground over here," Bruce groaned as he "goofed" his part in "Rockin' Like Wow Dad" for a second time.

"Well, you wrote it, Dad," Billy reminded him.



RECORDING SESSION in progress as Bruce Clarke and his Rockers put their latest release on disc. From left: Drummer Billy Hyde, bass player Ron Terry, guitarist Jack Gay (back to camera), leader Bruce Clarke, and trumpeter Ron Webb.

"Yes, but I spent so much time writing the thing I haven't had time to study it," Bruce replied.

"Or did you just write it too hard for yourself?" Billy persisted.

"Make with a bit of that sound from Mars on the side there," Bruce told Ron Terry as they settled down for take five.

Then Bruce forgot to come in on the sixth take; and on the next Elmer didn't make it.

They all finally did on the eighth.

They played and played and played

"Suppose we could slip down to St. Kilda Baths for a salt rub-down. It might help," Billy suggested as tempers were fraying on the tenth take of "Golden Wedding."

"Stop! I've goofed it," Jack yelled on the third take of "Bugle Call Rag." "It was go-

ing to be a gasser, too," Billy scolded him.

Then it happened again . . . "You must have your diver's helmet on and you're not coming up. Want a pull?"

"Well, that should be jangly enough for the kids," Bruce sighed as they finished a perfect run-through of the number on its twelfth take.

"Man, it's sweet. They'll be flipped," Jack assured him.

Drummer Billy was the first casualty. Midway through the afternoon, cramp seized his hands as they pounded the tympani through the 14th take of "Golden Wedding," and a stop was called till he recovered.

By the end of the day Jack's and Elmer's fingers were almost bleeding as they "lucked out the last notes of "When the Saints Go Rockin' In," which concludes the record.

Everyone was so elated to be near the end that they broke into song, and it sounded so good on the play-back they left it that way.

WORTH READING

THE YOUNG MELBOURNE
by David Cecil

THIS is a gracefully written account of the early life of the clever, charming, and unhappy statesman from whom the city of Melbourne derives its name. It gives, also, in a short space a vivid picture of the life of the elegant aristocratic society which ruled Britain 150 years ago.

Lord Melbourne had a hard time with his pretty wife, Lady Caroline Lamb. She conducted a public love affair with Lord Byron and went crazy after he became tired of her. In his easy but extremely well-informed manner Lord David Cecil makes the pleasures and troubles of these notables of long ago seem real and close to us.

— ROSS CAMPBELL

Try this experiment

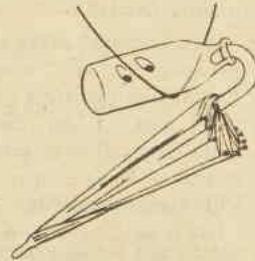
The tightrope-dancing bottle . . .

YOU'LL NEED:
string, bottle, umbrella,
some chalk.

Make a loosely stretched string stiffish by rubbing it with chalk.

There is nothing dishonest in doing this, for real tightrope-walkers do it, too, only they rub the chalk on the soles of their shoes.

Push the handle of the umbrella into the neck of



the bottle (make sure the umbrella fits).

Then lay the bottle on the cord and you'll see how the bottle and umbrella keep their balance just like genuine tightrope-walkers!

● Experiment from "The Book of Experiments," by Leonard de Vries, appears by arrangement with the publisher, John Murray.



**A GUY on
fe-mails
discusses ...**

BLACK Letter Days!

● The most popular game with a heap of Australian girls must be Postman's Knock.

I DRAW that conclusion from the number of "knocks" I get in girls' letters!

Just because I make a few disparaging remarks about MY Fair Ladies (for their own good, mind you) I get threatening notes from all over putting me in fear of being beaten to death with eyebrow pencils.

Like to look at some of these letters with me, and find out how I feel about how they feel about me?

Here's a selection of some of the best (or worst, depending on your point of view!).

Kay Ryan, of Casino, New South Wales, has a lash at my puns.

"The corn you use in your column," writes Kay, "is really a-MAIZE-ing. It must take you hours to work out those weak puns."

Actually, Kay, it doesn't take me hours. I usually write the column

after I've been out on a date. So you can see I often write it in daze.

Anyway, why shouldn't I have corn in my column? It runs each week, doesn't it? That makes it a cereal.

And may I point out, Kay, YOU are obviously cornier than I am. You have Ry(e) in your name, I'm sure you're in the flour of youth—and you

So smile!

ROBIN ADAIR.—I am fully convinced you are a sourpuss. Ever sat in front of a mirror? Ever wondered what little defects of yours sicken your dates? Why don't you look around for something you approve of? Go ahead, smile; give your face a holiday! — "Anti-Sourpuss," Brisbane.

obviously use your loaf when you read my column!

Barbara Kupp, of Caulfield, Melbourne (one of the Caulfield Kups, y'know), takes me to task for appar-

ently kissing girls, then telling the world about them.

Well, Barbara, when a boy takes out a girl and doesn't find her interesting—one way or another—enough to talk about that's the time for her to worry!

Maureen Glencross (I think I've deciphered her surname correctly—anyway, she sounds "cross"), of Lismore, New South Wales, says she was going to refer to me as a gentleman but decided I couldn't be, as "no gentleman ever criticises."

Which immediately makes ME wonder whether girls who criticise are ladies.

Then, Wendy Davidson, of Malvern, Victoria, asked why, when I'm so scathing about girls, do I bother to chase them.

I don't chase 'em. Honest. It's just that I run so hard from some girls that I accidentally catch up with others!

Jennifer Nicholson, of Willoughby, New South Wales, has a far-fetched idea—to fetch me far away to the South Pole!

"There would be no females to pick on there," says Jenny. "You would soon realise how much you miss beautiful girls and then (I hope) you would stop writing rubbish about females."

What do you mean, Jenny, that there would be no females down at the South Pole?

There's that (n)ice Flo(e), her Aunt Arctic, and Nell Gwyn's daughter, Pen Guin.

My going to the South Pole would appear unnecessary anyway.

A lot of girls (like Jenny) and I seem to be Poles apart already!

Not all my mail is knocking—at least I don't think so!

For instance, there's Alice Ayer, of Elsternwick, Victoria, who has asked for cuttings of all my columns so far.

I'm not quite sure why she adds in her letter that her house has a chip bath-heater. Perhaps she thinks there's no fuel like a young fool!

And I'm framing a note from a country fan who tells me that a young woman out of Wagga, New South Wales, has named her baby in my honor.

Of course, this baby-talk might really only be a subtle hint that I'm childish.

Still, I like to get your letters.

After all, we mails must stick together!

—Robin Adair



Pretty as a picture . . . and just about as talkative . . .

She isn't REALLY a backward babe — despite the fact that she hasn't learned how to talk well yet! It's just that, when the conversation gets away from everyday subjects, she can't really THINK of anything to say that doesn't sound obvious or silly.

Diagnosis: she's suffering from lack of "chatter-matter"! Remedy: read the brightest newspaper of them all — the Daily Telegraph. And read it REGULARLY! Because a

vivid, popular personality needs just as much regular preparation as an attractive face.

Crisp and clear reporting . . . well-written features on exciting people and events . . . "inside stories" of sport and fashion . . . exclusive serials . . . dramatic action photographs. That's the recipe that makes your Daily Telegraph as entertaining as it is informative — don't miss a day of it!

PEOPLE AT THE TOP TOMORROW READ THE TELEGRAPH TODAY!

Daily Telegraph



**YVETTE
MIMIEUX**

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Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — November 25, 1959